WHEN BLOOD IS THEIR ARGUMENT

AN ANALYSIS OF PRUSSIAN CULTURE

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

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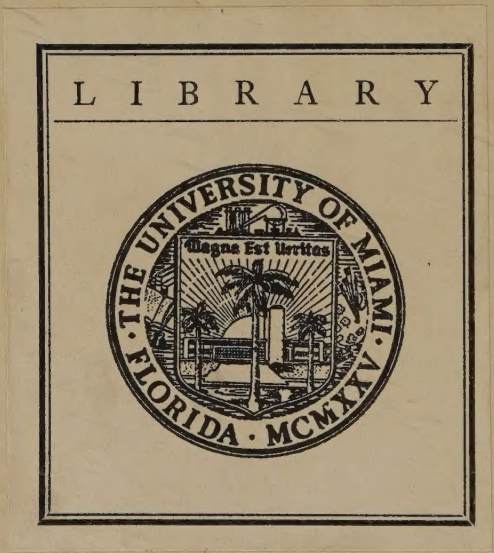

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WHEN BLOOD IS THEIR ARGUMENT

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AN ANALYSIS OF PRUSSIAN CULTURE

BY

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Ford Madox Ford

"For how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument?"

Henry V, Act IV, Scene 1

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TO
OUR MUCH LOVED FRIENDS

THERESE AND EMILE ——

WHO,
BEING OF —— ON THE FRONTIER OF BELGIUM,
DISAPPEARED FROM THE KNOWLEDGE
OF THE OUTER WORLD ON
THE THIRD OF AUGUST
MCMXIV,
THE FIRST OF MANKIND
TO EXPERIENCE THE EFFECTS
OF PRUSSIAN CULTURE,
THIS
WITH AFFECTION IF THEY
BE SPARED TO ENJOY THIS WITNESS
OF AFFECTION.
THEIR NAMES
I DARE NOT INSCRIBE
LEST THE INSCRIPTION
ENSURE FOR THEM THE FINAL CULTURE OF DEATH.

PREFACE

Resolutely, on the other hand, the Roman surrendered his own personal will for the sake of freedom, and learned to obey his father that he might know how to obey the State. Amidst this subjection individual development might be marred, and the germs of fairest promise in man might be arrested in the bud; the Roman gained in their stead a feeling of Fatherland and of patriotism such as the Greek never knew, and alone among all the civilised nations of antiquity succeeded in working out national unity in connection with a constitution based on self-government—a national unity which at last placed in his hands the mastery not only over the divided Hellenic stock, but over the whole known world."
—(MOMMSEN'S " Roemische Geschichte," vol. i, p. 31.)

I HAVE been charged with deliberate unfairness to the traditions of German learning and of German scholarship. The following must be my reply as far as the following pages are concerned:

I have approached the form but not the matter of this work with the deepest misgiving. The matter of it has been familiar to me all my life. From my father as from my grandfather, Madox Brown, I imbibed in my very earliest years a deep hatred of Prussianism, of materialism, of academicism, of pedagogism, and of purely economic views of the values of life. At the same time I was, by those same men, inspired with a deep love and veneration for French learning, arts, habits of mind, lucidity, and for that form of imagination which implies a sympathetic comprehension of the hopes, fears, and ideals of one's fellow-men. So that, since this work is, in essence, a reassertion of the claims of, or of the necessity for, altruism, whether Christian or Hellenic, I may be said to have passed the whole of my life reflecting upon these propagandist lines.

At the same time my father's South German Catholic

origin left me in a position, fortunate for the purposes of this work, of being able to regard at any rate South Germans as ordinary human beings. My grandfather, on the other hand, having been born in Calais and being, to the end of his life, more French than English in manners and point of view, I have similarly never had any feeling of foreignness in France. The French in fact have always seemed to me to be "just people," like the South Germans or the English. For as long as I can remember, therefore, I have been accustomed to think indifferently in French, in German, or in English, and I am indeed conscious that whilst I was framing this sentence in my mind, since I am writing with extreme care, I began to phrase it in French before committing myself to its final form.

I might indeed say that, throughout my life, whenever I have thought with *great* care of a prose paragraph, I have framed it in my mind in French, or more rarely in Latin, and have then translated into English; whereas when it was a matter of such attempts at verse as I have made my thinking has been done exclusively in colloquial English. When, on the other hand, it has been a matter of pleasures of the table, of wines and the like, I have been quite apt to think in German. When I have been in the mood, in short, for exact thinking and a practicable grip upon the arts I have gone to France; when I have desired to lead an ordinary home life with a certain homely poetry about it I have remained in this country; when I have desired still more homely, kindly and material pleasures, cool and delicious wines and the shadows of great mountains falling across a mighty river, I have spent a month or two in South Germany. But I have never, I think, done any of that spying into the habits of these people which is usually connoted under such a heading as Notes and Observations of Foreign Travel. Going into Western Europe has never, for me, seemed to be travelling; it has been merely a change of abode, as it were, from one county to another.

I have had therefore no difficulty about the matter of

this work. I have had no difficulty whatever in getting together what in German professorial language are called "Quellen." Indeed my special difficulty has been not so much to select matter to lay before the reader, since my whole life as a conscious artist has been a matter of selecting this or that illustration so as to convey to readers this or that impression; and my difficulty has not been so much any lack of that passionate interest in the subject which would underlie any work of art. No, my difficulty has been simply and solely to decide to what extent I can afford to be impersonal and to what extent I must force myself to be personal.

To be impersonal, to acquire an aspect of a certain factitious weight by shrouding oneself in indefinite allegations, generalisings, and apparently sober statements without giving the grounds that one has for arriving at conclusions is so extremely easy—and so extremely unfair. Nothing, for instance, is easier than for Professor Delbrueck to write of the "somewhat naïve metaphysics"—the "etwas naive Metaphysik"—of English constitutional theories, and so to attain to an aspect of aloof generalisation which would be altogether lost if he were to write: "I, Professor Hans Delbrueck, am a paid official of the Prussian State who was once fined five hundred marks for criticising the action of the Prussian State. By inclination, by self-interest, by national interest, and by conscientious belief I am forced into thinking that the methods of the Prussian State are beneficent and necessary if I and humanity who are of good will are to prosper. I am therefore ransacking history in order to find incidents and precedents that shall make effective propaganda. I am, in fact, a barrister employed by Prussia and I am doing my best for my client. Therefore I call all theories of constitutionalism 'somewhat naïve metaphysics.'"

Such a statement would be neither as effective nor as impressive as the method usually employed by Professor Delbrueck and his colleagues of the Prussian

professoriate—but it would be much more fair, and in the end much more convincing. For, as it is, one approaches the works of this illustrious professor with respect, almost with awe. One says to oneself that one will be perusing the products of an extraordinary mind that has concerned itself judicially with the high facts of history and has distilled therefrom subtle empiricisms and high truths. One leaves the perusal with a feeling that one has been in contact with a mind ordinary and commonplace beyond the ordinariness and commonplaceness of the mind of a police-sergeant, who is distorting facts in order to secure a conviction of an innocent female accused of streetwalking. One doubts every historic instance adduced by this special pleader; one suspects him of forging his "Quellen" and of exaggerating even his own beliefs; and one feels that any Berlin shopkeeper or any prince of a German reigning house, given the assistance and the resources that have been at the disposal of Herr Delbrueck, could have done his "job" just as well or better.

Of course that is not fair to Professor Delbrueck; it is the natural reaction which occurs in one's mind when one discovers that a professedly impartial scientist is really a passionate pleader briefed for some special cause or other. Such a reaction will not occur in the case of such a special pleader if he announces that, whilst striving to be fair in his methods of argument and not falsifying his authorities, he has a distinct bias in favour of one party or another. Whilst maintaining that I have certainly not falsified any sources or employed any form of argument that seems to me to be unfair, I do not lay claim to any aspirations after fairness of mind. Let me say frankly that I consider myself to be a special pleader, briefed on behalf of altruism, of constitutionalism, and of such forms of art and learning as promote a sympathetic comprehension of my fellow-men, briefed more particularly on behalf of French learning, French art-methods, habits of mind, and lucidity, and briefed on behalf of Anglo-Saxon opportunist constitutionalism.

I hope the reader will take it for granted that I am bringing forward and putting as incisively as possible everything that I can select to make these things appear lovely and desirable and that I am selecting, bringing forward, and putting with a hatred inspired by a cruel and cold indignation everything that I can think of that can make Prussianism, materialism, militarism, and the mania for organisation appear hideous in their products and disastrous for humanity. That a rat has as great a moral right to exist as I myself I am ready to concede. But if I can kill it I will kill it, and its death seems to me to end its rights to existence. And in writing the present book I am attempting to cast such a stone at the rat of Prussianism as posterity will not willingly . . . well, the reader may complete the simile himself.

That being so, I determined to adopt as far as possible the personal tone in this work. I am aware that to adopt a personal tone is to subject oneself to the charge of immodesty—but I am indifferent to the charge of immodesty. Indeed I might say that this book is levelled as much against the professorial hypocrisy of impersonalism as against any other hypocrisy or evil of the world. For impersonalism is a professorial product, the refuge of an empty and non-constructive mind that is afraid of setting down its own conclusions as its own conclusions. Robert of Gloucester wrote a chronicle and it is true that Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle is only made up of Robert of Gloucester's own observations and his records at second-hand. You say: "Oh, he is only an individual writer." But when Professor Maetzner, writing impersonally, makes various deductions from the story of King Lear as recorded by Robert of Gloucester, one says: "This is very learned: this is very erudite." And when Professor Sievers makes further deductions from Professor Maetzner's deductions from Robert of Gloucester's deductions one says: "This is still more learned; this is still more erudite." Yet if you come to consider it, you will see that Robert

of Gloucester's deductions must obviously have been made at least at second-hand, Professor Maetzner's at third-hand, and Professor Sievers' at fourth-hand.

Let me briefly illustrate what I mean by the difference between personal and impersonal methods. At the end of the first chapter of this book I am concerned to illustrate the extreme poverty of Germany at the end of the eighteenth century, and I do it by an anecdote concerning a letter written by a schoolmaster to an ancestress of my own. This makes fairly entertaining reading and I have put it as entertainingly as I could. That, then, is the personal method. Had I wished to be impersonal I might have quoted at enormous length from innumerable works by professors and others which would demonstrate at once the wideness of my reading and the weight that must be attached to my pages. Supposing I had wished to show the poverty of school-teachers in the German eighteenth century by this method, I should have quoted from the Report of the Oberkonsistorium of the Kurmark to the Oberschul-collegium to the effect that :

> The condition of the country school-teachers was lamentable. Many posts had a salary of from 5 to 10 thalers per annum (from £2 to £4). The average was from 20 to 30 thalers (£8 to £12) ; positions worth more than 100 thalers were extremely rare. Teachers who had no supplementary profession were recommended to beg. . . ." [1]

And I should have gone on to quote from Frederick Gedicke's " Annalen des preussichen Schul- und Kirchenwesens," from Thilo, from Harkort, and from Clausnitzer and Rosin's " Geschichte des preussischen Unterrichtsgesetzes," so as to prove that Prussian elementary school-teachers were mostly tailors, carpenters, and old soldiers, dependent upon the bounty of the peasants for their bare maintenance. I might, in fact, have so overloaded the pages of this work with

[1] Quoted in Heppe's " Deutsches Volksschulwesen," vol. iii, p. 78.

footnotes that the pages themselves disappeared. But in that case I could expect to find only very few readers. I have attempted therefore to play rather the part of Robert of Gloucester than of Professors Maetzner and Sievers ; to write rather a Chronicle than a compilation. I claim in short to be the " Quellen."

> . . . Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
> Et quorum pars magna fui. . . .

And by " pars magna " I do not mean to claim that I have played any large part or any part at all in the evolution of the Prussian professorial habit of mind or methods of instruction, but that all my life a large part of my miseries have been caused by these phenomena. The stupidities of the ordinary English reviewer ; the extreme difficulty of finding any soul in the Occidental hemisphere who is not *ergoteur* and *ergoteur* and again *ergoteur* ; the impossibility of conducting any unconstrained and pleasing conversation about the feast of Trimalchio without being brought up short by some one who will have read Professor Friedlaender's " Cena Trimalchionis mit Uebersetzung und Anmerkungen " or Professor Buecheler's " Satirarum reliquiæ "—these things are not merely the humorous disagreeables of life ; they are real and actual causes of intellectual death. And they are all the products of Prussianism ; they are all the products of a type of mind that desires to see every phenomenon of life encyclopædised, laid upon the shelf and done for.

The ordinary English reviewer really wishes not to be troubled with the consideration of new metrical forms, and therefore, very gladly, he takes refuge in the fact that Professor Alois Brandl may have said something about the metre of Tennyson in the introduction to the Standard Library of International Literature ; the *ergoteur* is a gentleman whose passion is to sidetrack main arguments by dilating upon infinitely unimportant immaterialisms—the type of gentlemen who maintain that Jesus Christ is unworthy of attention because Professor Kuno Meyer may have discovered

five grammatical errors in a Celtic translation of the Sermon on the Mount; and the gentleman who will silence a pleasing conversation about Petronius Arbiter by quotations from Professors Friedlaender and Buecheler is a gentleman who does not really wish the beauty of Hellenic literature or of Roman-Hellenic derivative literature to play about the modern table-cloth.

I have been reproached, as I have said, with unfairness to the really great traditions of German learning—to the great service they have rendered to the classics in the settling of texts and of ascriptions. But I do not think that any one who will read my chapters upon the defects of the Prussian University system will accuse me of having been unfair to German learning. It is of course a splendid, if a secondary, thing to have purer classical texts. But before the desirability of pure texts comes the desirability that any kind of a text should be spread broadcast about the world—should, in fact, be in every household of the Occident. And if the discussion as to whether the word "*at*" should be read into the text of line 21 of Catullus' version of "The Rape of the Lock of Berenice"—if this and similar discussions are to render the reading of Catullus burdensome to the lover of learning, then these discussions should be made penal offences. If every schoolmaster who has given a boy a distaste for the works of Shakespeare by insisting on the boy's attending to learned annotations rather than to the story of the play—if every such schoolmaster had been imprisoned on the occasion of his first offence of this sort Shakespeare would be better beloved in England, and England a more lovable and a better place.

And this is very serious writing; it is in addition sound common-sense and Christian charity. It in no way detracts from its soundness that, to some extent, these remarks are platitudes; it no way detracts from the Christianity that these remarks run counter to the accepted conceptions of two Prussianised generations. The first duty of philosophy is to help men to

live their lives ; the first duty of learning is to teach the children of men that the objects of learned study are beautiful. It is better to induce fifty thousand men to read a defective text of Tibullus than to grant fifty doctorates for emendations of that text. The obverse of these doctrines is to produce what Professor Huber calls " monomaniacs of their special subject." But the production of monomaniacs is hardly a proud record for a great civilisation. Yet it is nearly all that Prussia has to show in the realms of the humaner occupations.

By speaking of Prussia it should be understood that I imply Prussia since 1848. Before 1848 the German universities produced men of great erudition who were also men of great constructive ability. Mommsen's " Roemische Geschichte," which I have lately been re-reading, remains for me still one of the immense masterpieces of the world—it ranks, as far as I am concerned, with Maine's " Ancient Law," Clarendon's " History of the Great Rebellion," and Mr. Doughty's " Travels in Arabia Deserta." But Mommsen was a product of pre-1848 Germany.

And of course I am not saying that none of the constructive ability that distinguished the great men of the German universities between 1810 and 1848 remains in Germany of to-day. I have only tried to point out that Prussia and that the Emperor William II with the aid of his Ministers of Education have done everything that they could to crush out the constructive spirit and to limit academic activities purely to what are known as " Forschungen." And " Forschungen " Prussia conceives primarily as exercises having no necessary relation to learning, to philosophy, or to the arts, but simply as exercises in discipline. As far as Prussianism is concerned a young man might as well receive his doctorate for tabulating the number of times the letter " t " was defectively printed in British Blue-books between the year 1892 and the year 1897, as for a collection of theories since Sir Thomas Browne's days as to what songs the Sirens sang. Industry, in

fact, not gifts, is what the Prussian Government demands of its learned—and industry that shall provide a population tenacious in acts of war, infinitely courageous in the contemplation of death, and utterly and finally at the disposal of the State, whether the actions of the State be good or evil.

And this tendency has coloured even the activities of such professors in Germany as have kept alive some of the flame of constructive classical learning. I have been particularly requested by an erudite Englishman who has been pained by my attacks upon Prussian learning—for there are erudite Englishmen who cherish affection or reverence for the Prussianisation of the sources of knowledge—to pay some attention to the works of Professor Wilamowitz-Moellerndorff. I must confess to having heard very little of this professor, but I have read carefully his "Reden und Vortraege"—which is a collection of his public utterances during nearly forty years. And I will admit at once that Professor Moellerndorff's work contains at least one very charming and almost ideal dissertation—upon the "Berenice." It contains articles also on the sources of "Clitumnus," upon "Egyptian graves," and upon the "Zeus of Olympia," which have a very nearly equal charm and a great beauty and distinction of writing.

But it contains also—though these too are charmingly written—patriotic orations on the Emperor's birthday in 1877, on the jubilee of William I in 1885, on the Emperor's birthdays in 1897 and 1898, and on the opening of the new century in 1900. And all these orations, though they are delicately expressed, and though they do take into account the existence of France and the United States, are none the less glorifications of German culture. They state that there is a German culture; that it is wonderful that there should be a German culture; that German culture can take its place alongside the culture of the United States and France. One asks oneself, in short, what other professor of what other civilised State would exhibit such a singular national self-consciousness, such astonish-

ment, or such pride. And one says to oneself that it is lamentable that a professor with the lovely and lovable gifts that are exhibited in the classical orations should be forced to waste his time upon innumerable demonstrations of what should either be self-evident or, if it be not self-evident, is unworthy of attention.

My attack, in fact, is not upon German learning, which, when its exponent has a sense of form and a gift of expression, is a thing fine enough; my attack is simply upon the paucity of the products of German learning. Professor Wilamowitz-Moellerndorff writes beautifully, but he does not write enough; Mommsen writes clearly, colloquially, and suggestively, but there are not enough Mommsens, and the present system of German university education at best affords little chance of rising to intellects of the type of Mommsen's, and, at worst, crushes out such intellects. And such intellects as those of Herren Fontane and Liliencron are forced by the exigencies of their careers and by what in the eyes of the Prussian educational authorities appear to be national and imperial necessities into wasting an unreasonable amount of time in patriotic and semi-militarist orations and writings.

It may be argued that Prussia is within her rights in exacting these sacrifices of her loyal sons. And one has nothing to say against that claim. But Prussia cannot, whilst asserting that claim and exacting these sacrifices, assert at the same time a claim to dominate the culture of the entire Occident and of the entire world. What Prussia may do within her own boundaries is the concern of no mortal being outside Prussia; it is only when Prussia emerges from the territories east of the Elbe that Prussia must expect to be judged and will very certainly be found wanting. And the very definite defect of Prussianism is the fact that its chief characteristic is an intellectual laziness and a constructive cowardice. Not gifts but industry is, as it were, the motto of Prussia, just as not individual perfection but organisation is another of her mottoes. It is largely to be laid to the account of Prussia that

prominent chairs of learning throughout the world are occupied by non-gifted individuals whose claim to occupy those chairs is solely that of an uninspired capacity to aggregate facts.

There is, I am aware, a great deal to be said for the fascination of absolute learning. But the fascination of absolute learning in no way correlated to life or the arts is a fascination purely private. There is no reason in the world why a man should not pass a large portion of his time or his whole time in collecting instances of misprints or any other similar "Forschungen"; there is no reason why a man should not pass a great part of his time in playing patience or in collecting postage-stamps. These are innocent and innocuous occupations, and all of them are mental soporifics and anodynes in a world that is sad enough and tragic enough. But let me repeat for the hundredth time that though these occupations may be absolutely innocent they do not confer upon their followers the right to rule an immense world teeming with passionate and erect sons of men.

Let me labour these points and re-labour these points. The first province of philosophy is to throw a light upon life; the first province of an historian is to throw a light upon how men act in great masses; the first province of learning is to render the study of beautiful things attractive and practicable for proper men. But all these things have secondary and higher provinces. The higher province of philosophy is to lead the individual men to pass better and saner lives; the higher province of an historian is to lead those large bodies of men which are called nations so to learn from the experience of the past that in future they may avoid what in the past were national crimes; and the higher province of learning, which is the highest province of all and the noblest function of humanity, is so to direct the study of the beautiful things of the past and the present that the future may be filled with more and always more beauties. The true and really high function of our professors is to teach us so to

read the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes that more such poems may be written by our children for our children even to the furthest generations. And until a civilisation shall arise whose professors can do this no civilisation has a right to claim world-dominance.

In this direction the civilisation of the French has gone farther than any other; the civilisation of the English has gone less far, but still has had some glimmerings of this ideal. The civilisation of Prussia, on the other hand, has struck constantly and remorselessly at this ideal. And will the world see with equanimity the beautiful and beneficent civilisation of France and the more homely, more domestic, but still charming civilisation of Anglo-Saxondom disappear before a rudely machined organisation, the product of a quarter of a century of desperate and bitter strivings, whose chief characteristic, whose chief province of life is the provision of "monomaniacs interested in their special subjects"? That question still waits its answer. That enigma, terrible with the possibilities of horror for children and the children's children of all the world, still remains unsolved.

It is at any rate this problem that I have attempted to put in bold outlines before the reader of the present book. That the present book may well be styled sketchy, didactic, and insufficiently impersonal I am well aware. But I have been faced with the problem of producing in a form that may be easily handled and read without too much effort the history of an entire civilisation. It is very widely held that a really learned and serious work should not be "written," using the word in the sense of the creative artist. Why this should be held I do not know: it is, I suppose, merely another product of the Prussian habit of mind. But I desire to be read as widely as possible. I desire that this book should be read by every person in the habitable globe since the subject is a subject of the greatest importance to every inhabitant of the habitable globe at the present moment. Therefore I have limited myself to the utterances of certain representative

personalities and I have adopted a form of narration as readable as, to the measure of the light vouchsafed to me, I could contrive.

Put into four or five words the problem that is now before humanity is whether the culture of the future, the very life and heart of the future, shall be materialist or altruist. The form in which this problem is presented to the reader matters very little; but I am anxious, if I can, to avoid the charge of egoism, since, if such a charge can be maintained and substantiated, by behaving discreditably I should bring discredit upon the cause which I have at heart. I have, then, written personally throughout great portions of this book because I wished to make it as readable as possible—because I wished to suggest to as many people as possible lines of attack upon the chief enemy of humanity and the human letters. It is, in short, the merest rough pioneer work that I have attempted. If I knew of any other form that would have been as readable I would thankfully have adopted it. But readability, as far as I have observed it in its effects upon myself, has seemed always to resolve itself into relating anecdotes and drawing morals from those anecdotes.

This is all that I have done and all that I ask is that ten thousand other pens more skilled, using as many other forms more adapted for the purpose, should take up this attack, for, in the end an attack upon a form of civilisation can only be made by the many pens and the many tongues of another civilisation. Looking at the world as I see it I can only perceive that the Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilisations have for the last forty years been browbeaten into timidity by the formidable productions of an alien barbarism; and all that I have been trying to do is by hook or by crook, employing now colloquialism, now rhetoric, to unmask the face of this barbarism and, in that way, as far as I might, to put some heart into unnecessarily depressed populations.

F. M. H.

London,
February 3, 1915.

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CONTENTS

PART I

CHAPTER I

PAGE

GERMAN CIVIL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY UP TO 1780 3

CHAPTER II

GERMAN CIVIL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY, 1806–1870 18

CHAPTER III

GERMAN CIVIL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY, 1849–1880 79

PART II

CHAPTER I

TWO GERMAN FIGURES 99

CHAPTER II

PAGE

TWO FURTHER GERMAN FIGURES . . . 127

CHAPTER III

FROM FONTENELLE TO SYNTHETIC CAMPHOR . 156

PART III

CHAPTER I

"THEIR ARGUMENT" 209

CHAPTER II

THE DEFECTS OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY SYSTEM 239

CHAPTER III

GOETHE AS SUPERMAN 270

EPILOGUE: KULTUR 291

APPENDICES 319

INDEX 345

PART I

CHAPTER I

GERMAN CIVIL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY UP TO 1780

I

THIS book will pay no attention to politics, in so far as politics in their international aspects are concerned. A writer must claim a certain intimacy—a certain greater intimacy with a theme than is accorded to most men—or he could not have, as the saying is, the face to write upon his particular theme. And if I who write must claim a certain intimacy with Germany, it must be postulated that I should be hardly human if I did not feel for German individuals a certain, an even very deep, sympathy, and for various German national institutions a certain, even a very deep, regard.

And it is impossible to contemplate the history of the Germanic peoples from the days of the wars of freedom of 1813–15 until the day of their apparent unification in 1870—the long struggle towards self-expression, the lyrical aspirations towards national unity—it is impossible to contemplate these things intimately, to have known the landscapes where these struggles took place, to have known individuals who themselves took part in these struggles, without having stirred, in however slight a degree, that region of the heart which is stirred at the mention of the names of Marathon or of Agincourt.

It is impossible to avoid having tens, having scores, of little and intimate pictures of humanity, or of large and thrilling landscapes come up before the mind's eye. I remember suddenly a very old, extremely

enthusiastic and vivacious man with the ribbons of many medals upon the breast of his ancient frock coat, hopping about fiercely amongst the shadows and ruins of the palace of Treveris Romanorum, and crying upon the memory of the Red Prince. Well, he had fought under the Red Prince at St. Privat.

And it is impossible not to remember a procession of years before, a procession in honour of a hundredth anniversary in the life of that queen who was, during Napoleon's years of supremacy, Prussia's Joan of Arc. That sounds a ridiculous statement; yet it is not in the least too much to say that the then Queen of Prussia appears to German eyes like Germany's Joan of Arc. The procession was in itself commonplace enough. There were counterfeit presentments of Merovingians, victors over Cæsars; there were counterfeit presentments of the robber counts of the terrible Mark of Brandenburg, conquering Slav intruders; there were actors got up like Frederick William of Prussia and his staff, conquering whom you like; and of the old Dessauer, and of Bluecher and of Moltke, and there were thousands and thousands of troops of all arms; of troops in the blue and silver uniform; of troops in the light grey coats; of sappers with spades; several hundred field guns; a whole corps of aviators; and all these people passed by beneath the ancient gables; beneath the Roman arch; beside the old fountains, in the old market-place. And I remember feeling pity for the whole lot of them—pity and concern because none of these blue uniforms; none of these efficient and masterful animals; none of these Prussian eagles, nor any of the nonchalant field-guns would ever be dimned by the smoke of war! For in those days we thought that war was impossible.

We thought that there was an end of war; there were all these kindly people—for even the soldiers were kindly people; there were the old gables, the old fountains; there were the orderly crowd, the profusion of ordinary flowers. And then there came

the long line of old men. Old men, blind; old men with thin beards; old men without eyes, without arms, without feet; old men upon crutches; old men, mere shaking envelopes for dry bones; old men with the iron cross, and old men hardly able to bear aloft the French standards they had captured. And upon all those old faces there was one queer, half-blind expression—that of rectitude. They, at least, had that one unquestionable action to their credit, they seemed to say. All day long they had charged up that terrible bridge, against that terrible slope, at Gravelotte. They, at least, had done their life's work —for German unity.

II

And, indeed, there is about all Germans who date from the pre-seventy days a certain air of serenity. Their problem, at least, was settled for them. They had fought for German unity. It was only after 1870 that doubts began to arise. For, before the day at Versailles, the ideal of an Empire of Germany was an unassailable ideal; the German Empire that arose in the Hall of Mirrors was a purely commercial undertaking. It was an undertaking by which the much more civilised but very poor sovereign states, free cities, and principalities of Germany bound themselves to accept the hegemony of Prussia in order that Prussia should lead them towards material wealth. It was in itself an unnatural union. The South German States are upon the whole cultivated, spendthrift, and gay, good-humoured and quite as much concerned with the workings of the next world as with the workings of the Customs Union. Think if it is possible to say any one of these things of the Prussians who gave to that union their colour, and upon that union, considered as a nation amongst the comity of nations, enforced their characteristics. The fact is that, had there arisen in 1870 or there-

abouts a South German Confederacy or a South German Empire under the rule of the Hapsburgs, the peace of the world might for ever have been ensured. With the founding of the present unnatural union, under the war-lordship of the Hohenzollerns, the wars of to-day became inevitable. For the seeds of the war of to-day were sown upon the battlefield of Sedan.

The Hohenzollerns, down to the last of them, are very proper examples of a division of the human family. They began as robbers of the Mark, and they have retained their characteristics to the present day. No doubt a certain proportion of such individuals is necessary to give stiffening to the backbone of humanity. But the whole career of the family of Hohenzollern is so amazing, is so outrageous, is so like a fairy tale that no one who has tried really to understand it can much wonder that the present head of that family should say that God is with him. For, as I have pointed out in another place, the whole history of Prussia until 1866 was one long chronicle of defeat ending in the acquisition of territory. The Romans beat this race out of the civilised world, and to-day the treasures of Roman Germany repose in Prussian museums; the French, under Louis XIV, again and again defeated the troops of Prussia, and Le Roi Soleil is only a little gleam beside the figures of the Fredericks; Napoleon trampled this land under his feet, and eventually Prussia was much aggrandised; the Hanoverians beat the Prussians hopelessly upon the field of Langensalza, and awoke to find all Hanover in Prussian hands. And then at last there came the Organiser of Victory.

III

It is a little difficult to know whether one can presume upon any knowledge of German history in readers of this country, and it may be best to imagine that such a reader will have no knowledge whatever.

Let me therefore give here the merest thumbnail sketch of the history of Germany: let me at least give it sufficiently to make the general lines of my argument hereafter comprehensible. It is the history of German culture with which I am concerned, and the history of German culture might be summed up in the one word: Poverty. I shall elaborate this point more carefully later on, but, for the moment, let it suffice to say that the whole history of Germany is one long chronicle of strivings on the part of civilians to attain to material prosperity, and of strivings even more efficient on the part of Emperors, Kings, sovereign Princes, and foreign generals, to destroy in campaign after campaign whatever material prosperity the peaceful citizens of Germany could attain to. This is, I think, a fair statement of the case.

South German artists of the middle ages, and of what is roughly called the Renaissance, produced in their various genres the most exquisite things of the world. There were the minnesingers who were knightly and princely poets; there were the mastersingers of Nuremberg who were burgher poets; there were master-painters who came from towns like Augsburg, and master-painters who came from towns like Cologne. But this condition of things—this condition of strongly fortified, rich and proud towns supporting rich and proud burghers who turned as a duty and as a passion the whole of their municipal and much of their private resources to the erection of vast, stately, or quaintly Germanic buildings, painted by masters like Holbein or by masters like Duerer—this condition of things came to an end in the day of Holbein. That symbol is at least exact and significant. That master at least Germany was unable to support; it was England that provided for his closing years.

The material reasons for the career of Holbein are exactly material reasons for the existence of "culture," in these islands and in France, as opposed to the "Kultur" of the German Empire to-day. This proposition can be put in innumerable terms. You might

say that the simple Germans took their religion more seriously than the English or the French; you might say that the Anglo-Saxons and the Latins had a more practical method of dealing with religious dissentients. The French massacred the Huguenots; the Spaniards disposed of heretics by means of the Inquisition; Italy on the whole had few religious troubles because of an amiable indifference. England and Scotland hanged their Catholics off, and disposed of their most acute religious problems with the return of Charles II in the year 1660. The twenty years or so of war and unrest caused by the Great Rebellion were a comparatively small matter; and even if the death of Cromwell found this country actually bankrupt of coin and impoverished to an extreme degree, religion itself played but a small part in what was in the end more a constitutional than a religious struggle. The religious struggle, on the other hand, that began in Germany in the days of Holbein has impoverished Germany from that day to this, and is, as I think I can prove, one other direct cause of the war at whose hands to-day we are all suffering.

Culture is a thing very difficult to define, but let us put it as roughly as we can and say that the province of culture is to produce such men as can live harmoniously together in any circumstances. The province of civilisation is, roughly speaking, to enable men to live harmoniously together in large quantities. It is civilisation that enables Jews, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Nonconformists, Hindoos, Free Traders, Tariff Reformers, and what you will to live side by side in their houses, to meet in the street without scowls, to enter public vehicles swiftly and in an orderly manner, or to encounter each other in public meetings without threats of physical violence; but culture we may take to be something higher than this.

The word "cultured" should, I think, be reserved for such human beings as have had developed in them by the arts, by science, and by religion such a sympathy that they can not only live side by side with, but can

understand and appreciate the motives of, all the men with whom their lot is cast. The public, the civic province of religion, is the engendering of charity which is sympathetic comprehension; the public, the civic province of the arts is to produce such a facility of expression between man and man that no man shall misjudge his brother; that also is a public and a civic province of the scientific mind. (I must ask the reader to facilitate what is for me no easy task by accepting these statements as broad generalisations, not as in any sense dogmas.)

If, then, we can accept this definition of culture it must, I think, be fairly obvious that Great Britain and France have attained to a higher standard than can be claimed for the German Empire or even for Austria. I am perfectly ready to admit that I have met South Germans infinitely more sympathetic than any Englishman or any Englishwoman that I can set myself to imagine. It might be said that the marvellous efficiency of the English State in preserving peace between individuals and the really marvellous honesty of English commercial firms in trades of any long standing, have banished the necessity for personal loyalty from the English world. You might almost say that personal loyalty or personal sympathy are almost non-existent in this country, because it is almost impossible to think of the arising of any set of material circumstances in which those qualities could be called forth.

It will, I hope, be observed that I am attempting to deal as impartially as possible with international phenomena as they present themselves to me. And if the English State appears to me to be an almost perfect organ for the regulation, not the ruling, of human intercourse, I must be permitted to set down what appears to me to be the deleterious converse of this perfection. And if the Prussian State appears to me to be a blind, gross, and imbecile machine, having for its aim the production of a barbarous and uncultured type of Kulturmensch—I must be allowed to

point out that the effect of this pressure upon individuals must logically be to develop in many individuals many fine qualities. To put the matter quite colloquially: if you are a Socialist in England the State will leave you very much alone, and so will private individuals. If you are a Socialist in Germany the Government might at any moment drop upon you, ruin you, imprison you, or do what it pleased. And this would cause you to receive a ready sympathy from numbers of private individuals whether Socialists or non-Socialists. That, again, is merely a rough statement which in its various parts may be contested; I use it solely as an image to make more plain what I am driving at.

Let us return once more to the consideration of the historic circumstances that have contributed to making the Prussian State machine what it is. Let us consider once more German material poverty and what it was that caused that poverty. I have pointed out that, in the Middle Ages and up to the period of the Renaissance, there were to be found through all South Germany and what was known as Almain thriving communities who patronised very lavishly one art or another. In order that the arts may rise and flourish there must be communities of some material prosperity and of some temporal safeness. Thus you had Augsburg, Rothenburg, Cologne, Basle, Nuremberg. Earlier still you had the society in which the art of the minnesingers was born. But this also depended upon a measure of security and of wealth. Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide were not as wealthy or as secure as a millionaire of to-day resident in Park Lane, but, in their castles and with their revenues, they had such security as the world in that day could afford.

But the Reformation, with the atrociously sanguinary wars that succeeded to it, completely changed all this for Germany. The castles of the knights were blown down, the strong and proud cities might at any moment be razed to the ground; the knife of brother

might at any moment be turned against his brother's throat. Holbein, whom we may regard as the "cultural" symbol of the beginnings of all this, was one of the first of cultural practitioners to experience the effects of these beginnings. In the early years of his career he found in Germany commissions galore, to decorate town halls, churches, convents; to paint portraits; to commemorate the pious donors of pictures of the Virgin and Child. But towards the thirties of the sixteenth century all this began to change. The members of municipalities began to inquire whether Holbein were a supporter of the New Learning or of the Old Faith. Dissensions came amongst the members of the municipalities themselves; it became more and more difficult, it became impossible to obtain municipal commissions at all. The rich free cities had to save their funds for the purchase of pikes and gunpowder; the rich free burgesses found commerce between town and town more and more interrupted. There were no more portraits to be painted. Holbein therefore came to England.

In England, thanks to the genius of Thomas Cromwell and thanks to the encircling sea, and thanks, possibly, to the indifferentist psychology of the population, there were to be found security, wealth, and sea-borne commerce. And so the religious dissensions of Germany contributed directly to the growth of culture in this country. I do not know that it is any special merit in England to be an island, but I do know that there is special merit attached to the nature of the English in their ability not only to produce, but to pitch upon leaders of men. It might have been possible for Germany to produce a Thomas Cromwell, the drunken bastard of a substantial brewer. But Thomas Cromwell was the founder of modern England; in Germany of that day he could by no possibility have made a career at all. His only counterpart in Germany arrived, say, three centuries and a half later in the person of Adalbert Falk, who, I hope to prove, was almost as responsible for the spirit

of modern Germany as was Thomas Cromwell for the spirit of post-sixteenth-century England.

IV

The history of modern Germany divides itself sharply into five periods: the pre-Reformation period; the period from the Reformation to the battle of Jena in 1806; the period from the battle of Leipsic, 1813, to the battle of Sedan in 1870; the period from 1870 to 1890; and the period from Bismarck's retirement to the present day. I have sketched lightly the characteristics of Pre-Reformation Germany. As for the effects of the period between the Reformation and the battle of Jena, I can best describe that by describing a landscape. There is a little hill in one of the Hessian duchies—a hill whose summit is about as high as the pond on Hampstead Heath. From this summit, in the year 1530, you could count eighteen villages. From this same summit in the year 1780 you could count only three. This is the history of Germany between the time of Luther and the time of Napoleon.

Using this same hill as an image I may say that in the year 1869 you could count still only the same three villages. In the year 1912 there were four in the part of the landscape that is in Hessia proper; and one more, visible across the border of Hessen-Cassel which became Prussia in 1866. If you read these statements carefully, and if you consider the further statement that the two new villages are purely industrial—the one in Hessia proper housing the employees of several cigar factories and the one in Prussian Hessia clustering round some great quarries—you will understand most of the history of Germany.

If you will add in your mind to the space between, say, 1550 and 1800 a number of names and a number of words, pell-mell and unarranged, but each word and each name a symbol of disaster—if you will add, then, the names: Tilly, Wallenstein, le Grand Condé, Turenne, Marlborough, William of Orange, George II.

the sack of Magdeburg, the sack of Heidelberg, the sack of Augsburg, the siege of Muenster, the campaigns of Frederick the Great, the name of Maria Theresa—you may have a fairly good idea of what the history of Germany was during those centuries. And, if you will add to it a consideration of the tremendous struggle that eventually closed this chapter in the days of the French Revolution and of Napoleon I, you ought to be able well to understand the state of impoverishment and of exhaustion that was Germany's in the period after 1815.

Napoleon and the French Republic were of course the founders of the German national spirit.

Before carefully considering this statement let us consider what patriotism was possible for a West German before the year 1800. Roughly speaking, as far as Austria was concerned a measure of patriotism was possible. Austria more or less represented the Holy Roman Empire, and, if only on account of its name, that Empire found a certain, if a gradually diminishing, reverence. But outside this, in infinitely little principalities, duchies, grand duchies, prince-bishoprics, Curfuerstenthums, the spirit of patriotism to the individual State, and of loyalty to its particular ruler, might be thinkable but can hardly ever have been very enthusiastic. A spirit of German patriotism was impossible since any idea of a complete union of all these little, mostly absolute monarchies, had hardly yet been conceived by a human brain.

Let me present you again with an image. Some years ago, on the Rhine, I was presented to a very, very old lady, the Freifrau von P——, a distant connection of my own. This lady's father had been, for a short space of territory on the east of the Rhine, provost, bailiff, and chief representative of the Curfuerst of Cologne. As such this functionary had the power of life and death over every inhabitant of that piece of land which might have been as large as Hyde Park and St. James's Park put together. And the old Freifrau, who had been born, I think, in 1790, could

remember her father sitting upon the stump of a tree and exacting the hat from every passer-by who did not belong to that territory. The hat, I think, was the symbol of the power of life and death.

You have to add, too, that this territory, which was an outlying patch of the Curfuerstenthum of Cologne, was at its broadest not more than five miles in breadth, and that the principal commercial high-road of South Germany passed through it. In addition to the surrender of his hat, the traveller had to pay duty on any merchandise that he carried, and had, as often as not, to change his money for this purpose. Five miles farther on came another territory, that of the Grand Duke of Hessen-Nassau. Here the same processes, with the exception of the surrender of the hat, had once more to be gone through. A little farther along was the territory of the Prince-Bishop of Muenster, where there were more customs dues to be paid. You will thus perceive that, until the French Revolution and Napoleon unified all this territory, even the most elementary forms of commerce were almost impossible.

Culture, in so far as literature was concerned, was further impeded by the difference in religion of different principalities; it was, as the saying is, up to any Catholic prince to prevent the works of Protestants passing through his dominions, and Protestants were equally active in the suppression of works emanating from the presses of Catholicism. And you had even singular arrangements like that of the Prince-Bishopric of Osnabrueck, where the Prince-Bishopric was constitutionally held by a Catholic bishop or a Protestant prince of the Hanoverian line turn by turn.

I am not going to say that there were no culture and no loyalty in Germany at all during this period. In their own way the German princes, modelling themselves mostly upon Le Roi Soleil and Versailles, patronised the arts of music, of painting, of sculpture, of literature, and of the drama. In times of peace each of these princes would build himself a palace called

Sans Souci, where according to his means he would form a collection of pictures, found an orchestra, and erect a theatre. Outside the Sans Souci there would be parks with avenues sheltering statuary, fountains of dryads and cherubs and conches and cornucopiæ.

This tendency was not altogether contemptible. The services of the Grand Dukes of Sachsen-Weimar to the arts are not even yet numbered and have not yet, in spite of the Prussian hegemony, died away. The Weimar court was, and is, a sort of Mecca of the arts. The other courts gradually tailed away in the direction of brutishness and stupidity. But, enlightened and refined, or brutish and stupid, this princely civilisation was entirely French—French classical of the Regency, of Louis XIV, of Louis XV. Nevertheless it should be taken quite seriously.

It should be taken quite seriously for several reasons. It kept, with its virtues, some spirit of culture alive in the regions of High Germany; it riveted with its disadvantages the burden of poverty upon the German neck. All these statues, mistresses, *maîtresses en titre*, *maîtresses d'occasion*, *Parcs aux cerfs*, Trianons, avenues, picture galleries, and the like, had to be paid for in each principality by the subjects of each principality. Thus, what with the impossibility of commerce, what with heavy taxes, what with the selling of peasants for use in foreign wars, the condition of even the Mittelstand in Germany towards the end of the eighteenth century was one of little elegance and of few comforts.

I will repeat here, for the benefit of the present reader, some details as to this German poverty collected in another book of mine. An eighteenth-century ancestress of my own, dating only four generations back, a lady of the highest burgherly, not court, nobility, was considered to be of so much culture that she was made president of the "culture league" of one of the chief cities of Germany, where her husband was the burgomaster. Amongst the letters of this lady, who was practically minister of education for the

Prince-Bishopric in question, I find this impressive correspondence with the schoolmaster of seven parishes in the district. The schoolmaster writes that he has been for fifteen years schoolmaster in these parishes. He has fifteen children. His salary is only £7 5*s.* 4*d.* by the year. He is expecting a sixteenth child and, finding his resources somewhat limited, he appeals, in view of his faithful services, for a rise of salary amounting to about £2 by the year. The ministress of education replies that the resources of the Prince-Bishopric are absolutely unable to meet so considerable a financial strain, but, in view of his services, which had been entirely satisfactory, the schoolmaster is accorded a licence to *schnorren* during three months of the year. To *schnorren* means to beg.

There exists a letter from this same lady to her daughter who was about to marry. This is a letter bewailing the increasing luxury of the times, and declaring that the ancient German standard of frugality, chastity, sobriety, and Christianity in general is departing from the land. This lament was called forth by the fact that her prospective son-in-law, who was building a house, proposed to have a special room for eating his meals in. The mother-in-law—who had raised eighteen children—had been accustomed to have only one room. The family slept in box-beds around this house-place, and in it were conducted the entire cooking for the family, for the fattening cattle, for the servants; the entire dressing, ablutions, eating, and all the domestic operations of that household of twenty. This seemed to the old lady—it was about 1780—the proper, godly, and decent way of life for a family whose social rank was about equal to that of the Lord Mayor of London, if the Lord Mayoralty had been hereditary.

I may add the following as a detail, showing the rise of wealth in a family of this class in Germany between the years 1780 and 1890. The son-in-law in question was an only son. He received from his father as whole inheritance the sum of £3,725. He left twelve sons

and seven daughters, to each of whom at his death he allotted the sum of £3,725, the rest of his property, which was considerable, going to the Church. He died in 1850. His eldest son emigrated to America. This son, out of regard for the memory of his father, in the year 1895 left to every descendant of his father the sum of £3,725, the rest of his fortune going to the Church. His father's descendants at the date of his death numbered 315. He left altogether over £4,000,000. This last fortune was, however, made in the United States, not in Germany.

CHAPTER II

GERMAN CIVIL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY, 1806–1870

In the foregoing chapter I have sketched roughly—I have tried to give the reader an impression of—the financial and social conditions underlying the history of culture in Germany up to about the year 1789. A very slight acquaintance with the intellectual history of Germany will let the reader know, for instance, that two great men who existed in Germany at this epoch—Goethe and Hegel—were not by any means distinguished for ardent patriotism or for attachment to the German ideal. I have tried to suggest the reason for this lack of patriotism—the fact that there was nothing in particular for a German to be patriotic to.

It is possible to have a local patriotism—a patriotism for Notting Hill or for Bronx Park—when behind Bronx Park and Notting Hill there are respectively New York City, the State of New York, and the United States of North America; or the City of London, the Administrative County of London, the United Kingdom, and the British Empire. But such a local patriotism is much more difficult to arouse when the State to which one is subject is not so large as the Borough of Paddington and much smaller than the suburb of Hoboken; and when the State is entirely isolated. A great mind—and both Goethe and Hegel had minds greater than those of the common lot of humanity—must have something larger than what is immediately under its nose to attach itself to.

The Countess von Platen—I mean the mistress of both the Elder Elector and his son the Younger Elector, who was afterwards George I of England—and the mistress also, no doubt, of the gallant adventurer Koenigsmark, whose mistress in turn was the Electress Sophia Dorothea, afterwards the uncrowned Queen of England—this dangerous and terrible Countess von Platen could no doubt interest herself violently in the intrigues of Hanover, of Brunswick, of Brunswick-Wolfenbuettel, of Brunswick-Celle, and their respective courts. And the Countess von Platen may have been loyal to the Old Elector and the Young Elector, or she may have been in the pay of the French Court, or of Queen Anne, or even of the Young Chevalier. She had, at any rate, sufficient local patriotism or self-interest to let her have Koenigsmark murdered in the great hall, behind the stove. And no doubt she stamped on his dead face with her high heels before he was buried in quicklime beneath the flagstones of the great hall.

But the more extended genius of Goethe, or the more generalising intellect of Hegel, needed something more extended for patriotism. Johann Sebastian Bach, of course, could put his whole soul into the intrigues that he conducted against Ernesti or that Ernesti conducted against him. But musicians are a very quarrelsome and intriguing folk and have, less than most people, any Fatherland.

With the introduction of this one supremely great and these two considerable names, to which I will immediately add those of Ludwig van Beethoven and Immanuel Kant, you will perceive that I am up against what opposition there is to the main thesis of this book. The main thesis of this book, the reader will also probably have perceived—or if he has not already perceived it, I will now put it down boldly and definitely—the main thesis of this book, then, is that there is no such thing as "modern German culture." I imagine many worthy people at once exclaiming: "What, no such thing as culture in the land that

produced Beethoven and Goethe!" Well, there we are!

Germany—the German Empire, as it has appeared since 1870—divides itself, according to my thesis, into two sharply separated portions. If you will take a line from the mouth of the Elbe to a spot just north of the city of Dresden and if you will consult German dictionaries of biography, you will discover that every German poet known beyond the confines of Germany, every musician, writer of fairy-tales, painter and the like—that every German who has contributed anything noteworthy towards German culture, as opposed to German Kultur, was born to the south-west of that line, and that Prussian Kultur comes almost exclusively from the north and east of that line.

Now, I am making no attack upon South German culture. If, poor dear thing, it had had better chances it would very probably have made a better show. But the tract of country that produced Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, Wagner, the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm, the lyrics of poets like Freiligrath, has produced some very jolly, friendly, pleasure-giving and cultured stuff; and the tract of country which produced in addition Heine, Bach, Holbein, and Duerer has produced also enough of really great art to let it be able to take care of itself. But all these products are products of South Germany, and all of them, without exception, are products of South Germany before the year 1848—the year of revolutions. The great majority of them, even—Goethe, Hegel, and Beethoven, not to mention Bach and the others—are products of South Germany before the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars.

If we examine a little more closely the period between 1530 and 1790 we find that for a time before this latter date a certain amount of peace had fallen upon the Germanic peoples. Thus it was possible for figures like those of Bach, Mozart, Goethe, and Beethoven to find at least sufficient tranquillity in which to practise their respective arts. By the death of

Louis XIV it may be said that Prussia, Hanover, Great Britain, in so far as it was a German power, and North Germany in general had settled down into fairly secure Protestant monarchies. German Austria and its dependencies formed a fairly secure Catholic Empire. The middle South German states, the Rhineland, the Hessias, Westphalia, and the Royal and Ducal Bavarian States were more precarious, but still in an almost exhausted Europe they were relatively secure and, upon the whole, Catholic. I am not drawing any deduction from the religious side of these facts. Still, you had the great Southern Catholic system centring round Vienna. You had a great, apparently secure, Protestant system centring round the British courts at Hanover, and you had a great, apparently secure, quasi-Lutheran but mostly agnostic and purely materialistic system whose centre was the King in, afterwards the King of, Prussia. Between these three centres you had the smaller Duchies and States of one complexion and another.

We return then to the contention that the French Republican spirit and Napoleonic legend were the founders of German nationalism. How this apparent paradox came about is easily seen. By its abolition of the powers of the clergy the French people horrified Austria and the South German Catholic States; by its treatment of the Royal Family the French people horrified not only the Austrians, but every prince of South and Middle Germany, the English Hanoverian courts of North Germany, and what was by then the exceedingly formidable State of Prussia. Thus the whole of Germany found itself for the first time allied in what was, for one reason or another, a common Holy War. And, what makes it more apposite for the immediate purposes of this book, it was not only a Holy War in that it supported either the Church or the divine right of kings; it was also, in the fullest sense, a war for culture.

However much Frederick the Great, or the Dukes of Wolfenbuettel, or the Electors of Hanover, or the

Kings of England may have made war upon French monarchs, every one of these monarchs had modelled his court, his picture-galleries, his parks, and, as far as he could, his manners upon those of Le Grand Monarque, on those of the Regency, on those of Louis XV. The French kings might be too aggressive in the pursuit of glory, or might in the alternative be too intriguing or too Catholic to be left in peace, but when it came to culture they, and their fiddlers, their painters, their cooks, their sculptors, architects, and philosophers, were the unchallenged dictators of the world. You might, if you were a German prince, have to grab your means of obtaining pleasure, civilisation, and the generally higher things from the French, but when it came to expending your booty you had to patronise Voltaire the free-thinker, or imitators of Watteau, Lancret, Fragonard, and the rest.

The sudden apparition of the French people as ravening beasts who not only destroyed their monarchs, dethroned their God, and incommoded or blotted out the small German principalities upon their borders, but also rooted out the whole social life, with its train of fiddlers, cooks, architects, patch-box makers and curlers of wigs—this grim and monstrous apparition would naturally send a thrill of horror or of gloating right through the Teutonic nations. For the first time all the German peoples together, princes as well as populace, could say "We."

For the first time they could envisage the French as a different, as a Latin race. "We," they could say, "are not like these people. We have not dethroned our princes; we have not abolished the Deity; we stick to the beautiful civilisation of Jove and the nereids and the dryads and the conches and the periwigs and the picture-galleries."

I do not mean to say that the reader should exaggerate this idea; but the struggle with the French Republicans did for the first time unite these people of a common language in a common war for ideals of a sort and for righteousness of one species or an-

other. And, faintly beneath these campaigns organised by potentates, there began to stir a democratic spirit amongst the German peoples. Then came Napoleon. In a sense the immediate effect of the figure of Napoleon was to re-divide the German-speaking world. Along the Rhine, in Lorraine, in the Hessias, and even in Westphalia, he found his hero-worshippers; Austria he once more set against Prussia, and Prussia he seemed to stamp out of existence. The battle of Jena appeared to be the end of the power of the robber nobles of the Mark of Brandenburg.

We must now begin to consider the case of the Hohenzollerns. Up to the year 1450 or thereabout the Hohenzollern family were nothing more than the Margraves of Brandenburg—as you might say the Palatine counts of a not very large English county. They would have about as much power and about as many resources as an energetic Prince-Bishop of Durham.

It was in the year 1415 that the first of the Hohenzollerns became (by purchase from the Emperor Sigismund) Margrave of Brandenburg, and it was not until 1525 that a Hohenzollern considered himself to be of sufficient importance to style himself a Duke. The whole history of Prussia before that date is one of a barbarism and anarchy comparable to the state of England during the times of the Heptarchy. To use a convenient image, we may say that the civilisation of Prussia began about five hundred years later than the civilisation of Western Europe; that Prussia proper did not accept the Christian religion until two hundred years after the Norman Conquest; that a real and not a merely hypothetical Dark Age remained in those parts of the world for five hundred years longer than in the rest of Europe. Of course these figures are merely approximate. For instance, Berlin itself was not built until the end of the twelfth century, and the territory now known as Prussia proper had no really Teutonic complexion until at least the thirteenth century.

It was, this territory, the battleground of opposing forces like the Poles and the Teutonic Knights, and Berlin itself was founded by a colony from the Netherlands. What they actually are, these Prussians, is extremely difficult to state. In anywhere else but Prussia itself they are not accounted Germans at all, and most South Germans, in their more popular and off-hand frames of mind, call this hybrid race Slavonic. And there may, of course, be a considerable mixture of Slav blood in their veins. Ethnologically, however, it would be more precise to say that this people is most largely of Wendish, or at least of Lithuanian origin. No doubt the Polish dominance of the kingdom which lasted until 1657, when England under Cromwell had nearly settled most of its constitutional principles, and when France under Mazarin was already the leader of culture in the world—no doubt the Polish domination of Prussia would give to the people of those territories a certain admixture of true South Slavonic blood.[1]

At any rate, in 1525 Albert of Brandenburg, whom we may put, speaking culturally, as the equivalent of William the Conqueror, seized the territory of Brandenburg, declared himself a Lutheran and Duke of Prussia. That this remarkable and energetic sovereign had views as to the desirability of culture is proved by the fact that in 1544 he founded the ancient and illustrious university of Koenigsberg, which may be called the cradle of Prussian Kultur as the South German universities were the nurses of a culture more or less distinctly Romance in origin. In 1608 the reigning Hohenzollern was created an Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, which was a distinct step upwards for this family. It was as if—I am not writing in the least flippantly, but am trying to give you a comprehensible figure—it was as if the Dukes

[1] The reader interested in these matters might consult A. Waddington, "Histoire de Prusse," or Johannes Hoops, "Reallexikon der germanischen Altertumskunde," articles on "Deutsches Siedelungswesen" and "Germanen."

of Prussia were at that date acknowledged to be people upon whom other royalties could "call."

Throughout the seventeenth century the Dukes of Prussia added small or large pieces of territory to their dominions all over Germany. Thus in 1614 they acquired Cleves in the extreme west of Germany, and in 1618 the most eastern portion of East Prussia, which is also the most eastern portion of the present (1914) German Empire. Little isolated portions and dependencies of Prussia began in fact to crop up all over the map of Germany exactly, to use another image, as a rash will appear in isolated portions of the human body, heralding a disease that shall ultimately take possession of the whole frame. Thus in 1648 the Principality of Halberstadt and the Bishopric of Minden, in West Germany, became the property of the house of Brandenburg.

In 1657 Frederick William, the Great Elector, forced Poland to acknowledge the independence of Prussia, and the Elector Frederick William III in 1701, in an assembly of the States, was accorded the title of King in Prussia. He put the crown upon his own head and proclaimed himself Frederick I, King of Prussia, on January 18th, 1701. This was the father of Frederick the Great. Frederick the Great succeeded to the throne of Prussia in 1740. He waged ceaseless war, was victor in or was defeated in innumerable battles. In 1760 Berlin was occupied by the Austrians and Russians. Nevertheless, at the end of the Seven Years' War Prussia received Silesia and nine years later shared in the partition of Poland. Frederick the Great died in 1786, and was succeeded by Frederick William II. In 1793 this sovereign joined the coalition against the French Republic. The tortuous politics and unhappy military career of his successor, Frederick William III, came to their temporary end on October 14th, 1806, on which day were fought the battles of Auerstadt and Jena, Jena being merely a rearguard action to the more important battle.

With the Peace of Tilsit in July 1807 the real his-

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tory of German unity begins. Frederick William III was deprived of the greater part of his dominions, and the empire of Napoleon seemed assured throughout Germany. This state of things continued ostensibly until March 17th, 1813. But underneath the apparently autocratic security of the Napoleonic rule, Germany began to feel that there was such a thing as a German nation. Frederick William III was supine; but his Queen played a large part in presenting to Germany the origins of national aspirations. She played also a large, if concealed, part in the patronage of those secret societies which ultimately led to the overthrow of Napoleon and to the final uprising of Prussia as she was until the day of Bismarck.

These societies, or the societies ostensibly for some public purpose, but actually working in secret for purposes of national resurrection—these societies form one of the most fascinating subjects of study in the history of Germany. One is accustomed to laugh at the German Corps-Studenten when one sees them marching gravely through the streets of some little university town, attired, say, in high jack-boots, white buckskin breeches, a green tunic with a leather belt, immense white gauntlets, a three-cornered hat with many plumes, bearing a long, thin rapier.

It is, for instance, funny, or queer, or a little romantic to sit at the open window of a café in an old square, let us say in Jena. The houses all round the square are high and gabled, and beneath the summer stars there will be very little light and a great many shadows. In the centre of the square rises up a dim clumsy statue of some Grand Duke or other in seventeenth-century armour. Suddenly, from far off through the narrow streets of the little ancient town you hear the sound of choral singing. It will rise up in two directions: it will come nearer and nearer. From one side of the square there will debouch, still singing the chorale, a company with lanterns, pikes, beer-jugs. The leader, illuminated by his lantern,

will be much such a figure as I have just described. The students, beer-jugs, lanterns, great Danes and all, will surround the statue of the Grand Duke, who was also the pious founder of the university. They will place their beer-jugs upon the ground, the great Danes will pace solemnly amongst them, and the Chargierter—the herald of the corps—will read from a parchment scroll a long address to the Grand Duke. Looking down from above, in the silence whilst the herald's voice goes on, this is an odd, absurd, but actually rather touching scene. At the end of the oration the students will solemnly pour the contents of their beer-jugs over the base of the statue.

They are the Corps-Studenten of the university, giving the pious founder, who was a lusty, thirsty soul, his posthumous drink of beer. It is absurd; but it is remarkably symbolic. For the student societies and Burschenschafts of Napoleonic times were really secret societies engaged in preparing themselves and arming the country against their French rulers. The absurd ceremonies of initiation; the absurd institution to test the bravery of the men; the Mensur, that apparently absurd form of duelling, by which, the whole body being enveloped, very painful but never dangerous wounds can be inflicted—these were the signs and tests of trustworthiness and of courage of organisations that needs must test the courage of their men whilst they could not afford to lose one single man. And indeed, there could hardly be a more perfect test for the courage and resistance of a man than ceremonies like this particular form of duel, presenting you with wounds of the most painful sort which you must bear absolutely without flinching.

These societies sprang up between the years 1806 and 1813 in every German university, from ancient and illustrious ones like those of Jena and Koenigsberg, to the most indifferent of little places in the smallest of Hessian towns. And these volunteers did immense service in the final overthrow of Napoleon before and after the battle of Leipsic.

And these volunteers, again, were only a part of the national movement. Innumerable local poets, and quite historically distinguished poets like Arndt, who wrote the Songs of the Sword, contributed to raise up a Germanistic spirit.

In Koenigsberg, in 1807, immediately after the Treaty of Tilsit, with the cognisance of the Napoleonic Government, there was founded, under the patronage of the Queen, the Tugendbund, or League of Virtue. The ostensible object of this league was to promote the cause of virtue, and to relieve the sufferings caused by the war in Prussia. Actually, it was a very formidable semi-masonic society for the evocation of the national spirit and for recruiting.

Between 1809 and 1813, moreover, the great Scharnhorst spent his time in creating a national reserve force—a force which appeared incapable of foreign service, and which was tolerated by the French authorities. In these ways, almost every man capable of bearing arms throughout as much as was left of the Prussian Kingdom, and in many of the States that were actually under French rule, was drafted into what was practically a Landwehr—a body of efficient and enthusiastic German soldiers. And on March 17th, 1813, Frederick William III made his appeal to his country to expel the French invaders. These were the troops that Bluecher led.

It is rather curious, and may serve to illustrate how the German official mind in these things has changed, that Heinrich von Treitschke should write, in the period after 1870 :

> So it will continue for all time that the function of the great mass of humanity is to perform the grosser duties of our race ; and can one wish in earnest that every man should receive a spiritually aristocratic education ? We have already out-passed (winter 1892–3) reasonable bounds ; it would be in no wise ideal if still more Germans entered upon university courses. The modern Greeks have played ducks and drakes with their future in that

with unreasonable one-sidedness they developed only two lines of character: firstly a pursuit of learning which has led to the fact that Athens has over 3,000 students. . . . And then the modern Greeks have no army, they cannot strike; and so it has become doubtful whether they will ever possess Constantinople, however desirable that consummation may seem. So there are people who to their own cost have become over-cultured.[1]

Treitschke, indeed, in the 1890's must sadly have forgotten the services rendered to the cause of German unity by the students of the first decade of the same century. And indeed in view of the lessons of modern, or of any, warfare it is an obvious imbecility—that doctrine that an educated man cannot fight. Why, if that were the case, should German officers—and all other officers—be the most carefully educated persons of their respective armies? And it should be remembered that, as Clausnitzer points out, those very Prussian peasants who fought in the Freiheitskrieg and aided in the overthrow of Napoleon were the best-educated peasants in the world, since Prussia had enjoyed what was approximately universal State-aided

[1] "Politik," by Heinrich von Treitschke (ed. 1913), vol. i. p. 53. To give a really idiomatic translation from German professorial prose is exceedingly difficult—to render exactly, I mean, the fine shades. Treitschke is more colloquial than most German professors, and as such more translatable. But, in order to guard against misrepresenting him, I give here the German text: "So wird es für alle Zeit dabei bleiben, dass die grosse Masse der Menschen tätig ist für die gröberen Bedürfnisse unseres Geschlechtes. Und kann man denn im Ernste wünschen dass jedermann eine geistig aristokratische Erziehung erhielte? Wir sind schon über die vernünftigen Grenzen hinausgegangen; es wäre kein Ideal wenn noch mehr Deutsche studieren wollten. Die Neugriechen haben sich ihre Zukunft verscherzt dadurch dass sie in unheimlicher Einseitigkeit zwei Charakterzüge allein entwickelten: einmal einen Wissenstrieb, der dazu führte, dass Athen über 3,000 Studenten hat, . . .; und dann haben die Neugriechen kein Heer, sie können nicht schlagen, und so ist es zweifelhaft geworden, ob sie einst Konstantinopel besitzen werden, wie man es doch wünschen möchte. So gibt es Völker die zu ihren Schaden überbildet geworden sind."

education ever since the year 1717. I shall return to von Treitschke almost immediately, because Treitschke in the modifications that his character and doctrines went through is not only extremely typical of the Prussian frame of mind, but had also a great influence over the Prussian psychology of to-day. But in the meanwhile let us take one more glance at the history of German unity between the years 1815 and 1870. This history is again the history of the advance of that house which was originally of the Mark of Brandenburg—and the advance of that formidable conglomerate of northern races called Prussia, which like the dark shadow of a cloud seemed about to overspread the whole face of an otherwise sunny German landscape.

I think the time has come when we may say that the one crime that this country has committed against civilisation was its senseless opposition to Napoleon. It was, to me, extraordinarily odd to hear the British Prime Minister the other day talk of the campaign of 1815 as a war of freedom. For, if you come to think of it, by the treaty after that war, Great Britain, the Holy Alliance, and Metternich fastened upon the shoulders of Italy the yoke of Austria; affirmed upon Poland the triple yoke of Austria, Russia, and Prussia; re-established the Bourbons in France; placed Belgium under the rule of the house of Orange; and set round the neck of many South German States, which might be typified by amiable ladies in muslin, the hand which it is customary to call the mailed fist. That is a pretty record for a war of freedom!

And the speech was all the more extraordinary in that it was made by a Liberal Prime Minister, since the Napoleonic wars were purely Tory undertakings. The fact is that the ruling classes in England were far more frightened of Napoleon as firstly a Republican, then Demagogue, then Oligarch; and it was only latterly that they began to regard him as a military menace. It is those chickens that are to-day coming home to roost. If we are to-day fighting Prussia it

is because in 1815 we gave the Hohenzollerns the Rhineland and Westphalia; if the house of Hanover disappeared in 1866 it was because the house of Hanover in 1815 acquiesced in letting these South Germans come under the domination of the hereditary enemy. And if France, in 1870, lost Alsace-Lorraine it was because in 1815 France under the Bourbons acquiesced in the final partition of Poland.

Indeed, the legend of the Hohenzollerns may be put in such a way as to appear like a very queer fairy-tale—a fairy-tale in which whenever the hero is beaten he prospers ultimately because of that beating. And if that same good fairy continues to look after the world it may well be that because of the victories of 1866 and of 1870, the house of Hohenzollern may be reduced again to reasonable limits.

Let us consider the matter historically as well as romantically. As I have pointed out before, in 1760, during the Seven Years' War, Austria and Russia occupied Berlin. Nevertheless, three years later at the Treaty of Hubertusburg, Austria and Russia made Frederick the Great the present of an extremely unwilling Silesia. In 1806 Prussia was actually smashed out of existence. Nevertheless in 1815, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain presented Prussia with an even more unwilling Rhineland and Westphalia. Silesia did not belong to Russia and Austria when they presented it to Frederick the Great; the Rhineland and Westphalia did not belong to the Romanoffs, the house of Hanover, or the house of Hapsburg when they presented it to Prussia. But the Nemesis that surely lies in wait for States appears in the fact that all the wealth of industrial Prussia, all the formidableness of the German Empire to-day, come, on the one hand, from the coal-mines of Silesia and from the iron-works of Rhenish Westphalia. Most of the world, I think, has heard of Essen. Well, Essen in Rhenish Westphalia was presented to Prussia after the Napoleonic wars.

I labour this point because so few people outside

Germany have any idea of what was the history of Germany from the time of Napoleon to the days of Bismarck. And very few people have, either, an idea of how deep was the hatred for Prussia of these peoples, and how deeply and passionately these peoples resented their abandonment by Europe into Prussian hands.

One of the most painful memories of my youth is as follows: I was perhaps, twelve, and was walking with one of my relatives in Muenster in Westphalia, when there passed us a procession of school-children who were headed by a band playing the Prussian National Anthem. I took off my hat quite automatically because the melody of "*Heil Dir im Siegerkranz*" is the melody of "God save the King." My action was greeted by my relatives with an amount of abuse, of hatred, and of bitterness such as never from my worst enemies have I since received. It was no good my saying that I knew nothing about these matters, that the melody of the Prussian National Anthem was the same as the British, or for the matter of that the same as the National Anthem of the United States; my relatives retorted that at my age it was monstrous and horrible that I should not have heard of the monstrous, horrible, and detestable fate that had overtaken the home of my ancestors.

I am really unable to convey how exceedingly deep and painful was the impression that this scene made and still makes upon me. It was worse than the most horrible bullying one had ever received at school —and heaven knows the bullyings that one receives at school are probably the most horrible incidents in any man's career. And the persons who administered this quite just punishment were at other times the most kindly and gentle of Rhenish South Germans that it is possible to imagine. It was just their hatred of Prussia. . . .

II

1815–1848

The history of Germany between the years 1815 and 1848 was one of recuperation. Since I am anxious to perform what, in the end, is a polemical task as impartially as I can, I shall, as far as possible, from this point present you with such quotations from German historians and philosophers as I find necessary for my purpose. Here, for instance, is the great Niebuhr writing of the sentiment which actuated the Freiheitskriege—the struggles against Napoleon. Then, he says, he experienced—

> the exaltation of sharing with all his fellow-countrymen, the learned and the simple, one single feeling—and no man who experienced that in its clarity will forget for the length of his days the gaiety, joy, and the courage that were in his heart.[1]

And that passage, which is pleasant enough in English, has little of the lyrical beauty that, in Niebuhr's own tongue, it possesses. Indeed, paradoxical as the saying may appear, it is yet really true that German scientists are failures, principally because of a certain gift, homely-lyrical at its best and rhetorical at its worst, that underlies all German manifestations. There is about this particular form of Germanism something extremely infectious—and unfortunately it is in the rhetorical, rather than in the homely-lyrical form, that this bias has the most power over non-Germans. You perceive it in England very strongly in the Germanised styles of the late Thomas Carlyle and of the late George Meredith. In Prussia the influence is even more marked. For it is curious to notice that a great many Prussian thinkers—that the majority of Prussian figures which have "got through,"

[1] "Die Seeligkeit, mit allen Mitbuergern, mit dem Gelehrten und dem Einfaltigen, ein Gefuehl zu teilen—und jeder, der es mit Klarheit genoss, wird sein Tagelang nicht vergessen wie liebend, freundlich und stark ihm zu Muthe war."

as the saying is, to occidental European imaginations—have certainly not been of Prussian, and have very seldom been even of Germanic origin. Nevertheless, the peculiar Prussian gift of rhetoric, of allegorical rather than homely imagery, distinguishes most of their utterances.

Of Prussian figures then, Bluecher, Moltke, Roon, Nietzsche, Treitschke, were non-German by descent. Kant, though born in Koenigsberg, was a Scotchman; Herder, though born in East Prussia, was a Silesian. Even the notorious, and rather nonsensical von Bernhardi[1] is of Italian descent. That von Bernhardi should have been taken as the mouthpiece of official Prussia is a misfortune for official Prussia. I do not mean to say that the Prussian State did not wink at Bernhardi's literary excursions. But certainly no serious Prussian would wish to be represented abroad by the utterances of this military gentleman any more than the British Foreign Office would wish to be represented in the Chancelleries of Europe by, let us say, the British yellow press. The one and the other are intended merely for home consumption.

Heinrich von Treitschke, however, is an altogether different affair. Von Treitschke played a great part, after the year 1848, in the intrigues for Prussian ascendancy over German unity—the intrigues characterising the whole of the two decades that ended in the downfall of Austria. And Treitschke afterwards became the avowed professorial mouthpiece of the Prussian State. He was a doctrinaire, but his doctrines transcended even those of Bismarck. Or it might be more correct to say that his doctrines were those of

[1] It should be remembered that von Bernhardi is a very good specimen of the Prussian Kulturmensch as I shall describe him later. He has, that is to say, a side of his character on which he is perfectly sound and perfectly erudite. As a writer upon cavalry tactics, he is probably one of the best theorists that now exist, and his excursions into world-politics, epigrams though they may appear, are merely the occupation of his leisure hours. This is the exact function of the Kulturmensch.

William II and the men who succeeded Bismarck—the men who so very effectually undid the work of that great and beneficent autocrat. For Bismarck's autocracy was opportunist—and it is only in opportunism that autocracy can work practicably and find safety. And it was by reducing the Bismarckian autocracy to a set of doctrinaire rules that Treitschke, the present Emperor, and the professors and politicians of their followings have stultified the workings of Bismarck. Those are statements that I hope to establish later. I believe, however, that I shall be doing no injustice to the Prussian State if I take Heinrich von Treitschke as its representative and quote from him with some freedom.

Treitschke was, if not the first, then at least the prototype and the most prominent of those Prussian professors who have since become such formidable mouthpieces of the Prussian hegemony, of the Prussian State ideal, and of the Prussian world-politics. And you will have to bear in mind that Treitschke, whilst being a professor and very much of a doctrinaire, was a very considerable artist. I am almost tempted to say that he was a great prose-poet. And indeed it must be apparent to your reason that no man can attain to the vast ascendancy over a nation's consciousness that was von Treitschke's—that no man can attain to this without having in him a great deal of the national poetic feeling that must underlie all men as long as men are divided into nations.

Treitschke dated from long before the war of 1870—from the time when Germany was a loosely knit bond of small nations, comparatively indifferent to the ideal of a German race. He had in his mind very strongly the traditional feeling for German suffering at the hands of the great Napoleon. For Treitschke, as for any German at all poetic, the Napoleonic wars, after 1813, were the Wars of Freedom. And Treitschke's speeches, before the war of 1870, are, ironically enough, full of a passionate aspiration for freedom, and full of a passionate love for such freedom as the people of

the German States had by that time attained to. There is, for instance, a celebrated Oration, delivered at Leipsic in 1863, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. As a panegyric in favour of freedom, and as a passionate plea for national unity, this speech can hardly be excelled. Its periods are sonorous and magnificent; its language of the most lofty; its illustrations of the most homely and the most affecting. It is of the freeing of the peasant from corvées and overlords—it is of the arising of a proud burgherdom freed from the tyranny of the Guild system, that von Treitschke almost sings in the year 1863. And it is for the lack of German national unity and German state consciousness that he laments. "Still," he cries out, "our people is without rights and unrepresented when the peoples meet. Still in foreign harbours no salute is fired in honour of the German flag; for the German flag is without a home upon the seas, like the colours of a corsair." [1]

But, if von Treitschke was something of a poet, he was also a singularly careless writer. Thus, in one and the same paragraph, in the "Object of the State," he commits himself to the two following statements:

"The second actual function of the State is the waging of war," [2] the first being the regulation of individual contacts. Yet fourteen lines further down he commits himself to the statement that: "The protection of its citizens by waging war remains the first and most actual occupation of the State." [3]

I do not know that such a slip very much matters—

[1] "Zehn Jahre Deutscher Kämpfe," by Heinrich von Treitschke (ed. Berlin, 1913): "Noch steht unser Volk rechtlos, unvertreten, wenn die Völker tagen. Noch grüsst kein Salutschuss im fremden Hafen die deutsche Flagge; denn heimatlos ist sie auf dem Meere, wie die Farben der Seeräuber."—p. 3.

[2] "Politik," by Heinrich von Treitschke (ed. Leipsic, 1913): "Die zweite wesentliche Funktion des Staates ist die Kriegführung."—p. 72, ll. 1 and 2.

[3] "Der Schutz seiner Bürger durch die Waffen bleibt die erste und wesentlichtste Aufgabe des Staates."—p. 72, ll. 15–17.

unless we are to regard it as evidence of insincerity on the part of von Treitschke; unless, that is to say, he really regarded warlike enterprises as the first function of the State, and was only paying simulated deference to the idea that the most important occupation of a commonwealth is to regulate individual contacts. That this was Treitschke's real ideal is obvious enough, for on the succeeding page we find him suggesting that, although in the period between 1815 and 1870 appeals were made, on the grounds of culture or of commerce, to the smaller German States to sanction the hegemony of Prussia, the real appeal had to be made on the battlefields of Bohemia and on the Main (*den wirklich überzeugenden Beweis haben wir auf den Schlachtfeldern in Böhmen und am Main liefern müssen*).

This necessity for applauding war as, let us say, a spiritual disinfectant, was forced upon Treitschke by the exigencies of Prussia after the war of 1870. And this necessity forced him into many strange incongruities and self-contradictions. Thus in the second part of his lecture on "The Object of the State," this professor finds it necessary to advance the theory that the waging of war is either the first, or at any rate the second, function of the State. In order to do this it becomes necessary for him to advance that all times of peace are of necessity periods of national decay. Says he:

"It is always only weary, spiritless, and exhausted periods that have played with the dream of eternal peace. Modern history shows excellently three periods so characterised. Firstly there was the sad period after the Treaty of Utrecht, after Louis XIV's death. The world seemed to breathe again; Frederick the Great, however, sharp-sightedly styled these years a time of universal disorganisation of European politics. The Holy Roman Empire in its then laughable circumstances; the unready Prussia which was presented with the question whether to grow or to disappear—all these unripe conditions were declared to be desirable by apostles of reason. The elder Rousseau,

the Abbé Castel de Saint-Pierre and others made their appearance and wrote their mad books about eternal peace. *The second period in which people again vigorously smoked the pipe of peace came under similar circumstances after the Congress of Vienna.* The Viennese provisions were regarded as final solutions; it was considered to be reasonable and desirable that two noble nations, the Italians and the Germans, should remain for ever shackled. The third period we are living through to-day (1873), once more after a great war which seems to have destroyed all idealism in Germany. Does not the neighing laughter of the community sound loud and shamelessly at the ruin of anything that has made Germany great? The fundaments of our old noble culture are being destroyed, everything that has made us an aristocracy among the people is scorned and trodden under foot. This is then certainly the right time to make fantasies about eternal peace. However, it is not worth the trouble to talk longer of these conditions; the living God will take care that war, as a fearful medicine for the human race, shall always return. . . ."[1]

The last part of this quotation is of course the mere imbecility of an elderly gentleman—what is called in this country *laudator temporis acti*. But the words that I have italicised are of great importance since they show you how modern Prussia, in the mouths of the official professors, begins to throw over the work of such men as von Humboldt, Niebuhr, and the founders of Berlin University, and such other men as Stein and Hardenberg, the Liberal ministers of Prussia before, during, and after the War of Freedom. For the absolutely uninstructed reader I should like again to make clear that 1806 and the battle of Jena saw the absolute downfall of the Prussian kingdom; that during the years 1806–13 the men whom I have just named worked unceasingly at the re-moulding of the Prussian constitution, at the creation of a German spirit, and at the reorganisation of Germany as an armed nation.

And the foundation of the University of Berlin,

[1] For German text see Appendix.

which took place in 1810, was one of the events of capital importance for the whole world. For I think I am justified in saying that the University of Berlin, whose foundation was the work of Friedrich Wilhelm III, of Hardenberg, of von Humboldt, Niebuhr and the others, was the first university to take the view that the business of colleges was the furthering of learning and of investigation rather than the provision of pedagogues. I shall have so much to say against the Prussian educational system after the war of 1870 that I wish to labour the point that, from the point of view of culture, as the word is understood by the Western nations of Europe, Germany, in this period, officially despised by Treitschke, played a very valuable, and indeed capital, part, and I hope that such persons as are inclined to say that I am prejudiced against German learning will give me the credit of these sentences. If I have attacked German learning at all, it is German learning since 1879 and, in a lesser degree, German learning from 1848 to 1879. That Treitschke and official Prussians of later days have united to throw contempt upon this period of German history should, I think, make that proposition more evident.

The reason for the latter-day dislike of this period may be summed up in the three words, dislike of constitutionalism. I can make my point clearer, I think, by introducing another personal anecdote. (I must apologise for introducing, contrary to the habits of more serious writers, illustrations drawn from my own personal experience. My only excuse is that I cannot think of any other way to make my exact meaning clear.) Well then, in the year 1900, during the South African War, at a time when it was very disagreeable to be an Englishman in Germany, I was introduced to another very old South German lady, a member of the higher South German nobility (the fact of this lady's rank is important). And when I was introduced to this very old lady as an Englishman she exclaimed, as if automatically :

"Ach, la grande nation! . . . die grosse Nation!" And then, as if she were pulling herself together, she exclaimed: "But England has done some very shameful things since then!"

I wish I could render for you the extreme senility of that lady, the half-closed eyes, the nodding head. She was, I think, ninety-eight or a little more. At any rate, after lunch, when she had been, as it were, brought back to life by some teaspoonfuls of brandy in her coffee, she began to talk. She began to talk volubly and without ceasing, and she talked for several hours. She related how, from her castle above the Rhine as a child she had seen the troops of Napoleon pouring along the river banks and had seen the Russian troops pouring along them, back after Leipsic. And she related how in 1870 she had lain awake night after night and had heard the troop-trains ceaselessly following each other along the railways on both sides of the river. And she delivered a long, and I am bound to say a hardly comprehensible, harangue as to all that had been done for Germany by Scharnhorst and by Gneisenau; and, above all, by Bismarck, Roon, and von Moltke. It was only fitting that, when she spoke of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, who fought against Napoleon I, she was comparatively lucid, and when she spoke of Bismarck and those who fought against Napoleon III she became exceedingly indefinite and rhetorical, as if she expected to hear opposition, or as if she were answering an opposing voice that seemed to speak from within herself. At any rate, if you will carefully consider the statements that I have put down concerning this ancient Baroness you will have illumination upon the whole history of the German people.

For the mere twin exclamations: "La grande nation . . . die grosse Nation," show you at once why the Prussian State disliked the period between 1815 and 1848, and what were the characteristics of that period. That an old lady, born in 1801 or thereabouts, should at a time of the day when her

senile aphasia was at the highest, automatically call this country " La grande nation " implies simply that, when she was at the height of her powers—between the ages of twenty and forty-eight—England stood even to aristocratic Germany in the guise of the " great nation." The words came out so automatically and so pat because that was the fact that most had impressed itself upon this very old lady during her impressionable years.

And that England appeared to Germany of 1848 and before as the " great nation " was due rather to the battle of Marston Moor than to the battle of Waterloo. And the old lady used the French language because her youth was passed far more under French cultural auspices than under German.

The fact is that during this period of about one-third of a century, Germany, and even Prussia herself, came for a moment into contact with the broad tide of international culture. The universities were actually revolutionising the academic life of Germany, if not of the world itself. It began, as I have said, with Berlin, which was founded in 1810, and continued with the foundation of the universities of Breslau in 1811, of Bonn in 1818, of Munich in 1826. Other smaller universities like that of Giessen, of older foundation, attracted great concourses of students by electing to their professoriates such figures as that of Liebig.

And the general tendency of the German university of that day was to induce students not so much to acquire just sufficient knowledge to qualify themselves for further pedagogic careers, or, as is now too generally the case, to qualify themselves for very minor official positions. No, the academic province of the German universities of these thirty-three years was to equip students so that they should pursue further researches in their specific subjects. This, of course, is of immense advantage to learning ; since the student who learns from his master just as much as or a little less than his master knows in order to hand on just as much or a little less knowledge, will cause the sum

of knowledge in the world at best to mark time. These researches, embracing as they did almost every field of human knowledge and of human experience, embraced also the very debatable field of political philosophy. And it may well be that, since the study of political philosophy in those days limited itself almost entirely to the study of British constitutional and French revolutionary methods, such Prussians as Treitschke might well regard the activities of that period with dislike.

It is a little difficult to present to the uninstructed English mind how entirely different is the Prussian political point of view from the British. It is a difference not of degree, but of species; it is a difference not similar to, but as great as that which separates men from angels. This may well be due to the fact that the British constitution has always been a matter of slow growth, whereas such constitutions as Prussia has enjoyed have invariably been paper constitutions due to the genius of one man. The solidifying of the constitution of Prussia up to 1806—that constitution which broke and disappeared, as it were, with the battle of Jena—was the product of one mind, and that mind the mind of Frederick the Great. It was a caste organisation, the product of a quite inexperienced intellect, and, as must invariably be the case in ready-made institutions, it stultified itself to a large extent in its operations even during the times of peace. I will quote here, since I do not wish to leave the matter with my merely dogmatic assertion, a passage from the political writings of the illustrious Delbrueck.

Professor Delbrueck is an historian of the school of Ranke rather than of the school of Treitschke. That he is entirely without *parti pris* I will not assert; nor yet that he has not the defect, common to almost all German professors, of first framing doctrines and then ransacking history in its entirety in order to find support for those doctrines. But although, like all German historians and publicists, Professor Delbrueck holds the view that a certain measure of war is neces-

sary for the health of the body politic, his methods of attack are distinguished by far greater comprehension of the point of view of his opponents than was ever the case with the slightly absurd and absurdly lyrical von Treitschke. He would, I mean, be incapable of writing down a pacifist writer or a pacific nation as mad, as we have seen von Treitschke do. Let me quote a passage from a remarkable article on "Whigs and Tories"—an article which, if it slightly misunderstands English political parties and their aspirations, does nevertheless exhibit symptoms of a sympathy with foreign national ideals which is more than rare in the generality of his colleagues.

"We should do a serious injustice to English Liberalism of to-day," he says,[1] "if we should judge it according to its own philosophy of statecraft and of legislation. The ruling doctrine of this party bases itself upon the sentence that the object of the State is the happiness of the individual. The German may smile over this slightly naïve metaphysics, . . ."

and so forth.

Professor Delbrueck goes on to state that most German industrial workers and agricultural labourers who bear upon their breasts the three medals showing that they were present at the battles of Dueppel, Chlum, and Gravelotte could teach the English Liberal party a better statecraft than that. And he goes on to present the reader with an imagined monologue from such a workman who has fought at Gravelotte, in the course of which the peasant addresses a presumably English Liberal speaker in the following terms:

Do not choose a high-sounding and misleading expression, but say in one word what you mean: Comfort is the end and aim of the fatherland. The comfort of their compatriots is the expression that is to be employed when a father and mother announce to their friends that their

[1] Hans Delbrück, "Whigs und Tories," p. 134. For German text see Appendix.

son also has died a hero's death in the latest battle for his king and his fatherland.[1]

And the conclusion of this monologue is to the following effect:

> If happiness be the object of the State, then either we are fools, since we put ourselves in the way of the enemy's cannon-balls instead of saving ourselves at all costs for this happiness, . . . or you are worthless fellows in that you belie the natural decency of humanity which knows that there are things better than physical life and earthly happiness.[2]

All this is, of course, rather doctrinaire, and rather nonsensical writing. The British constitution is, at its worst and at its best, a blind amorphous product of humanity struggling forward in the dark towards one practical end. And that one practical end is the "good" of the people. The desire to promote this is neither a Whig nor a Tory monopoly. For, whereas the shibboleth of Liberalism might well be set down as: "The greatest good of the greatest number"; that of Toryism should be described as: "The greatest good of the most efficient." But that the "good" implies merely comfort is a childish want of comprehension of words. For the object of the English people, whether Whig or Tory, in striving to establish the "good" of the race—this object is to produce a race of men capable of living in harmony together, provided with a standard of comfort, but essentially with such material conditions as may enable mental and spiritual processes to continue without the interruptions caused by starvation, or the lack of necessities of life. And one may fail to see why it should be any less glorious for a soldier having on his breast the medals of Tel-el-Kebir, Paardeberg, and Spion Kop to fight for the security of the wives, children, authors, statesmen, clergy, and the professors that

[1] Op. cit., p. 134. For German text see Appendix.
[2] Op. cit., p. 135. For German text see Appendix.

he has left at home in England than for the German mechanic having upon *his* breast the three *Erinnerungsmedaillen* to fight for an indefinite entity called "the State." The merit of a soldier is, in fact, to fight for the little things he cares about; what those little things may be hardly matters very much as far as his glory or his merit are concerned.

Professor Delbrueck, however, is not so entirely blinded by prejudice as he would have one believe. Indeed, he is far-sighted enough to see that, in English political matters, doctrines count for nothing at all, and the practical outcome of specific pieces of legislation for everything. We are all familiar enough with the spectacle of Liberal cabinets promoting measures that, philosophically considered, are the purest Toryism, and Tory cabinets behaving in an exactly contrary manner. So we have Professor Delbrueck saying immediately after the speech of his be-medalled mechanic:

> Let us acknowledge from the standpoint of the objective historian with regard to English Liberals that although they may be very bad philosophers they are exceedingly good men. On the ground of, and by means of, this "principle of happiness and usefulness" they have partly carried through themselves, and partly by means of indirect moral pressure, have forced upon their fatherland the most wholesome reforms. The introduction of an ordered official organisation, after the Continental pattern, the imitation of Prussian municipal institutions (!), the freeing of all the productive forces are in great part their work. Not only their people and its posterity, but the whole civilised earth, has had its share and has to thank this party for the blessings that have proceeded from these reforms—the grandiose organisation of trade, industry, agriculture, sanitation—and all the arts that adorn and render life more beautiful. And in spite of the "happiness and useful principle" without any doubt in moments of danger the Liberals will defend their State as well as any other party. If a Russian fleet appeared before the Thames and the commander of the Expeditionary Force addressed to them a manifesto . . . then certainly

they would not trouble themselves with the business of adopting another philosophy of the State, but they would quietly take upon themselves the reproach of inconsequence and set to work with as mighty blows as possible to confront the enemy.[1]

This is very involved writing, but remarkably good sense. Indeed, Professor Delbrueck might say, as Flaubert said after the war of 1870, that if his country had read his works with care and attention they might well have been spared the horrors of the present day. For the passage that I have quoted was written in the year 1873, and appears in the Prussian year-book of that date.

III

1815–1848 (*continued*)

Let me, in order to make the ground safe beneath my feet, go over it once more. I have tried to point out the purely barbaric and non-national state that was firstly the Margravate of Brandenburg, then the unacknowledged Duchy of Prussia, then the acknowledged Duchy of Prussia, then the Kingdom in Prussia, then the Kingdom of that conglomerate of commonwealths unallied by anything but a common court language. And indeed it is a little difficult for an uninstructed Englishman to believe how exclusively the bond of a common court language is the sole bond that kept Prussia together during the centuries up to 1870. The inhabitants of the Principality of Halberstadt and the Bishopric of Minden which fell to the Hohenzollerns in 1648 were as different in language and in race from the inhabitants of East Prussia as are to-day the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the State of Maine from the inhabitants of Russian Finland. Between them there was absolutely no bond of union save the grasping hands of the great house of Hohenzollern. Upon these disordered and antipathetic

[1] Op. cit., p. 135. For German text see Appendix.

peoples Carlyle's hero, the great Frederick, enforced institutions of a uniform kind, but of very doubtful efficiency. In order that anything I may say may not appear to be the product of an exaggerated anti-Prussianism, I will here quote once more from Professor Delbrueck:

The state of Prussia which broke to pieces in 1806 at the battle of Jena was a political entity that was oppressed, as it were built over, but not absolutely destroyed by the absolutism of its monarchy. Nobles, citizens, and peasants were separated from each other by a system of castes. The peasant was an hereditary serf and must do suit and service to the noble. The citizen could only carry on his commerce within his own city and as a member of a guild; he could by no means obtain possession of a landed property of any size (*Rittergüter erwerben*), and was shut out from the higher official posts as well as from the rank of officer. The noble had the powers of an overlord over his peasants; the most illustrious offices of the State were reserved for him, and in matters of taxation he was highly privileged. As against this it was expected of him that he should devote himself to the service of war with the rank of officer; and, in order to preserve the nobility as a caste, it was forbidden to the individual nobleman to sell his landed property to members of the citizen class. As this latter class had ready money most easily at its disposal, the price of landed property was seriously diminished by this enactment, and the material advantages which otherwise occurred plentifully to the nobility were strongly decreased by these limitations.

The theory of this constitution, as Frederick the Great grasped it, was that each caste of itself should retain and hand down a traditional psychology. . . . In order entirely to understand what weight Frederick the Great attached to the fact that his officers were all or nearly all of the nobility, one must keep in mind that Prussia of those days was no national State. It was the merest chance that the territories of Prussia, Brandenburg, Cleves and the others were subject to one and the same lord. The nobleman's vassal-loyalty (*Vassalentreue*) must as far as possible replace what was lacking in national solidarity. The individual nobleman in turn reigned over his hereditarily subjected peasants. Practically nothing united the citizen

class to the lords of their country; as against that, however, nothing except the payment of taxes was expected of them, for they were practically free from military obligations.

This so artificially constructed State had not grown out of modern conditions, and, by the legislation of the next half-century or so, gradually became modified into a democratic-individualistic body.[1]

This gradual modification of the Prussian constitution was the work of the years 1815 to 1848—the years that Treitschke in his later periods characterised as an epoch of exhaustion and worthlessness. They were years of experiment, mostly along British constitutional lines. I cannot, of course, treat of these developments very minutely in this place. They were characterised as much as anything by the propounding, the solution or the dropping of various educational problems. Thus Frederick William III of Prussia in the twenties and thirties attempted to solve the problem of undenominational teaching in elementary schools. He was confronted by the problem that the Prussian national churches, of which there are several, were mainly divided into the Lutheran body and the Lutheran Reformed body. There were also many Roman Catholics. The King was unable to see why a common religious denomination between the Lutherans and the Reformed Lutherans could not be found. But that problem has not been solved to this day in Prussia any more than the similar problem has found its final solution in these islands. In Prussia indeed, owing to the Radziwill affairs of the thirties, contests between the Roman Catholic clergy and the State, which began in 1840 and did not end even with Bismarck's Kulturkampf of the 'seventies—this long and sporadically bitter contest added further difficulties to the troubles of denominationalism.[1]

[1] Hans Delbrück, "Stein, Hardenberg, etc.," pp. 193–4. For German text see Appendix.

[2] The reader interested in these matters should consult Clausnitzer and Rosin's "Geschichte des Preussischen Unterrichtsgesetzes" (Spandau, 1912).

It may then be taken for granted that the efforts of German publicists, intellectuals, and artists were during this epoch directed towards evolving, in Prussia and in the other States of Germany, a democratic constitution that roughly speaking resembled the British. But of course these processes did not go forward without more or less strenuous opposition from the rulers of Prussia and of the other German States.

I am, however, interested in the cultural rather than the political developments of these years. Upon the whole—for it is only possible to treat of such matters in terms of "upon the whole"—this period may be called, to use a Germanism, the last blooming-time of true German culture before it disappeared in the titanic efforts of Prussia to establish that quite different thing that is known as Kultur. Roughly speaking, then, the artists who were practising or the artists who were being born in this period were comparatively speaking cosmopolitan. They were open, that is to say, to French and to English, as well as very strongly to Italian, political and æsthetic influences, and they reacted very strongly upon English, French, and perhaps more particularly upon Italian æsthetic and political circumstances. If I mention such names as those of Heine, Richard Wagner, Thomas Carlyle, or Taine and Renan, or such institutions as the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Albert Hall, or the Albert Memorial, what I mean may become more plain.

It is perhaps not too much to say that Heine is the greatest lyrical poet of the last three hundred years. It is perhaps even not too much to say that he is the only lyrical poet of this period if we regard him in the sporting sense which dictated the words: "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere." These things are of course very difficult to test scientifically, but it is a statistical fact that more translations into foreign tongues from Heine have been attempted in the last century than from any poet in the world, with the exception of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. That, of

course, is not a very valid test, and although I may personally prefer Heine to any other lyric poet, I do not wish to establish any more than the fact that Heine was a very considerable international influence. Heine was, moreover, a very virulent politico-revolutionary writer; he was born in the year 1801, and the hatred and contempt with which Heine is regarded by official Germany is due much more to his political writings than to the fact that he was a Jew.

It is indeed queer to consider that here we have a poet whose words are upon the lips of every member of a nation particularly verse-loving and that yet there exists in the whole breadth of the German Empire not one single memorial to the author of "Wahlfahrt nach Kevlar." As I have related elsewhere, I have myself seen every member of the audience in a vast theatre in Frankfort sobbing when this poem was recited. And it is certain that the work of no other German has the same emotional power over the German imagination. Goethe, for instance, is a considerable German poet, though, as I shall have occasion to point out later, very much of the admiration for Goethe which in latter-day Germany has amounted almost to idolatry is a State-machined feeling. Still, the fact remains that few poems by Goethe will stir a German in the same way as the smallest lyric by Heine, and the fact remains that the personality of Heine is detested, or at least viewed askance, by every German of an official or of a docile mind. Heine, indeed, was so inspired with hatred of Prussia, and his ironic pen was so fiendish and so skilful, that, if much honour were accorded to his figure, or if his prose writings were read with much respect or attention in Germany, the Prussian State could hardly exist as leader of the united German people.

Heine, in short, lived in exile, and the whole efforts of the Prussian State organisation for the diffusion of learning have been directed towards the obscuring of his personal and political doctrines. How formidable the effects of the Prussian State organisation may

become I hope to prove in my chapter on Goethe in the later part of this volume. But the following quotation may serve to show a little of what I mean. It is from a work by Professor Calvin Thomas, LL.D., Professor of German in the University of Columbia, and, as is so often the case with the writings of American professors who have accepted the hospitality of the Prussian Minister of Education, it reads exactly like one of the commands that that Minister issues to the professoriate whose appointments he sanctions :

What wonder if the Germans of to-day decline, on the whole, to concede to him (Heine) that towering importance commonly ascribed to him in English books ? He was a great lyric poet, they say, but what else ? A witty journalist, an entertaining but not a profound or just critic, a radical agitator who, to a great extent, misread the signs of the times, and embittered the very people whom he professed to love and serve. Where are the great imaginative works which entitle him to be regarded as the inheritor of Goethe's mantle, and as the most important German writer of the nineteenth century ? They simply do not exist. Heine's fame must rest on his verse, and not on what he chose to call his service in humanity's war of liberation. He was not one of the great liberators, for in the long run men are set free only by the truth and high sincerity ; but he cared less for truth than for piquancy, and high sincerity was not in him, though he knew how to counterfeit it effectively. His assaults on . . . Schlegel, Prussia, the Catholic Church, are not the work of a deliverer, but of a man who himself needed to be delivered from malice.[1]

Even Professor Calvin Thomas, however, cannot restrain himself from stigmatising as dull-witted the suppression of the writings of Heine and his colleagues. For on page 377 of the work just cited we may read :

In the year 1835 a dull-witted decree of the Federal Diet forbade the publication and sale of the writings of

[1] " German Literature," by Calvin Thomas, LL.D. (from the series of " Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," ed. by Edmund Gosse), pp. 379–80.

the literary school known as Young Germany, and named, as constituting the school, Heinrich Heine, Karl Gutzkow, Ludolf Wienberg, Theodor Mundt, Heinrich Laube.

IV

1815–1848 (*continued*)

The mention by Professor Calvin Thomas of the Germanic Confederation seems to suggest a fitting moment for the introduction of some reference to non-Prussian Germanic peoples. Few people in England have any idea of how diversely constituted are the peoples of the Federation now known as the German Empire. I used the words "now known" because, long prior to the war of 1870, and long prior even to the Empire of Napoleon, there existed an empire of Germany which was, roughly speaking, commensurate with the fictitious Holy Roman Empire. This was the Empire of the ancient and illustrious house of Hapsburg—an Empire that has left many traces [1] upon the world, but that never seemed to enjoy much of the prestige that attaches itself to national feeling. It was, that is to say, from the year 1439, the year of the first Pragmatic Sanction that conferred the Empire upon the house of Austria, more a matter of the personal prestige or want of prestige of succeeding Emperors than of national feeling. And in the rest of Germany there may be said to have been no national feeling at all.

I have already pointed out that, even in Prussia herself, national feeling, until the year 1807, was to all intents and purposes non-existent. Let me once more labour this point before abandoning it for the last time. The fact is, that the peasantry of Prussia being a serfdom and the citizens a purely irresponsible caste, it was impossible for any class other than the

[1] It is curious, for instance, to consider that the fishermen of Avignon, upon the Rhone, still speak of the left bank of that river as "Empire" and the right as "Royaume."

nobility and the officers to have any strong sense of national existence or attachment. And thus you have such phenomena as the desertion of four thousand Prussians in a body to the Austrians under Frederick the Great, or of nine thousand to the French during the battle of Jena. And let me again repeat how very capitally was Napoleon the Great responsible for the ideal of a really operative German Empire with a real national spirit.

Before 1806 this ideal was practically non-existent; by 1815 it had already assumed the aspect of a desirable but altogether Utopian scheme. Thus in the latter year we find von Clausewitz writing that it was laughable to think of a real union of Germany. And this is all the more remarkable in that Clausewitz, along with Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, was one of the Prussian generals in the Napoleonic wars, and along with them was the organiser of the new and great Prussian Army. He was, moreover, the father and the greatest of the Prussian school of military theorists. He was this to such an extent that when in 1866 the Germans defeated the Austrians at the battle of Koeniggraetz, it became amongst non-Prussians a contemptuously proverbial saying: "It was the schoolmaster who won the battle of Koeniggraetz." To which a Prussian general answered: "Jawohl, dieser Schulmeister hiess Clausewitz"—that schoolmaster was called Clausewitz. And in commenting upon this statement that the ideal of German unity was a laughable thing, Clausewitz added: "Germany can only attain to political unity by one means: this is the sword, if one of its States gets all the other States under its yoke; but the time has not yet come for such a subjection." [1]

And it was not only by arousing the fighting spirit

[1] "Deutschland kann nur auf einem Wege zur politischen Einheit gelangen; dieser ist das Schwert, wenn einer seiner Staaten alle andern unterjocht. Für eine solche Unterwerfung ist die Zeit nicht gekommen."—"Leben des Generals Karl von Clausewitz, etc.," von Karl Schwartz (Berlin, 1878).

of Prussia that Napoleon pointed the way to German unity; for it was he who first founded a Germanic Confederation. It was true that this Confederation was called "La Confédération du Rhin" and that it had for its object only the formation of a satrapy or province of his Empire, and of the proconsulate, as it were, of Jerome, King of Westphalia. But the idea of a Germanic Confederation was one that was never to die until the whole German Empire was founded in 1870.

It will aid the reader to gain some impression of the complexity of Germanic populations and problems if I here tabulate the names of the several States which gave adhesion to one Confederation after another. This, for instance, is the constitution of the Confederation of the Rhine which was founded in 1806 by Napoleon when he abolished the Holy Roman Empire. It consisted, besides France, of the Kingdoms of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Westphalia; of seven Grand Duchies; six Duchies; and twenty Principalities, all more or less South German in character. This organisation, the seat of whose diet was the free city of Frankfort, came to an end with the fall of Napoleon in 1814.

In 1815, stimulated by its example and modelled upon its form, there arose the Germanic Confederation, which held its first Diet at Frankfort in November 1816. Consider the vast number of Kingdoms, Grand Duchies, Principalities, and free cities which constituted this Confederation, and, from the mere names, you will see how divided Germany was until the year 1870. It contained one Empire—Austria; five kingdoms—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg; twenty-one other sovereign States, varying from Duchies to Grand Duchies and Principalities, viz. Baden, the two Hessias, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Brunswick, Nassau, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, three Anhalt and two Schwartzburg Duchies; of principalities, two Hohenzollerns,

one Lichtenstein, two principalities of Reuss, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe-Detmold, and Waldeck-Pyrmont. There were also four free cities, those of Luebeck, Frankfort, Bremen, and Hamburg. In addition the kingdoms of Denmark and the Netherlands participated in this Confederation because their sovereigns owned, the one the territories of Holstein and Lauenburg, and the other the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. It was the diet of this Confederation that decreed the suppression of the works of the Young German school of writers in the year 1835.

In 1864 Prussia made war upon Denmark and assimilated the territories of Holstein and Lauenburg. In 1866 Prussia made war on Austria, and although the majority of representatives of the diet supported the Empire, towards the end of the year the Confederation dissolved. It was succeeded by the North German Confederation which was bound together by an offensive and defensive treaty and contained the following twenty-two States: Anhalt, Brunswick, Coburg-Gotha, North Hessia, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Lippe-Detmold and Schaumburg-Lippe, Oldenburg, the younger line of Reuss, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Meiningen, the kingdom of Saxony, the two Schwartzburgs, and the free cities of Luebeck, Bremen, and Hamburg. Frankfort had already been absorbed by Prussia, and Prussia of course was the leading spirit of the North German Confederation. Thus "by way of the sword," as Clausewitz put it, Prussia was beginning to assume the aspect of war-leader in Northern Germany.

And it is very interesting to observe how essentially the way of the sword has been the way of Prussia, and how the "historic enlightenment" of the German professorial phrase has been always a process of discovering new arguments for the way of the sword. It is really almost amusing—or it would be amusing if it weren't so grim—to observe how professor after professor, whether merely truculent like Treitschke or sedate and comparatively mild-spoken like professors

of the school of Ranke and Delbrueck, have always come nearer and nearer to the doctrine of force until finally the blinding light of the argument that the first object of the State is the waging of war bursts upon the professorial brain.

It continues its course, this doctrine, contemporaneously with the rise to power of Prussia herself, and indeed the whole history of nineteenth-century political thought is the history of two doctrines—the doctrine that the object of the State is the good of the State's individual constituents or the other doctrine that the object of the State is to wage war. The one ideal we may well call occidental or opportunist, the other northern or doctrinaire. And nothing is really more engrossing than, historically, to watch the progress to the light of what, for us occidentals and opportunists, may well seem the sinister doctrine of the sword.

Before 1848 we may say that Prussia and her doctrine alike hardly came into the light of day as far as occidental Europe was concerned. And even to Germany they were of comparatively little importance. To the thinking Germany of before 1848—to the Young Germany of Heine and his contemporaries—such a doctrine as that of Prussia and the sword would have seemed laughable, since the accepted political cosmogony allowed, roughly speaking, for only two schools of political thought—the English ideal of "freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent," or in other words, constitutionalism; and the more French and more revolutionary ideal of the natural rights and equalities of man—of Rousseauism, in short.

Even Prussia herself with her ministers, Stein and Hardenberg, and her King, Frederick William III, was actively engaged in liberalising every institution upon which she could lay her hands. These three, between 1807 and 1816, had abolished, as if with one stroke of the pen, all the old Prussian caste institutions, and had set up what Professor Delbrueck calls "Demo-

cratic-Individualist Institutions." Hardenberg was Foreign Minister until 1806, when Napoleon insisted on his retirement; but in 1810 that Emperor allowed him to become Chancellor, or Chief of the Prussian Cabinet, and as such he remained until his death in 1822. Stein united in his person the offices, roughly speaking, of Finance Minister and Home Secretary until 1807. And those two ministers may be called thorough-going Liberals, and for the time being thorough-going dictators. This is not to say that there did not exist any trace of what we might call a hard-and-fast and perpetually grumbling Tory opposition. Thus we have old von Marwitz alleging that these new doctrines are "quite literally a work of Satan" (*ganz eigentlich ein Werk des Satans*), or that Stein's reforms "had cost the land so much that the extortions of Napoleon disappear before them like a child's shadow-play before monstrous realities." [1]

The history, then, of Germany between 1815 and 1848 is the history of the great struggle between internationalism and Prussianism, though, oddly enough, at the Congress of Vienna it was rather Metternich and the Austrians who represented Prussianism than Hardenberg, the Prussian Minister, and Frederick William III of Prussia. Indeed, we may say that from 1807 to 1815 Prussia was the leading Liberal State of the world. Its policy, its trend towards what Professor Delbrueck calls Democratic-Individualism, was perfectly clear and perfectly definite. But, once Napoleon was really out of the way, reaction, as typified by von Marwitz, from whom I have just quoted, was perfectly certain to set in. How precisely that came about it is not my business to trace here. Indeed, many great volumes might be written as to the policy of Metternich at the Congress of Vienna—and indeed many great volumes have been written upon

[1] "Haben soviel gekostet, dass die Erpressungen Napoleons dagegen verschwinden wie ein Gaukelspiel vor einer schreckendsvollen Wirklichkeit."—"Nachlassen Marwitz," vol. i, p. 291.

that subject, though nothing really final can well be said about it until the present war shall have proved whether Prussianism or international constitutional doctrines shall have the upper hand in this world. The proof of the pudding is, in the end, in the eating, and if the effects of the carefully cultivated Prussianisation of the North German Confederation prove in the end to be that Prussia absorbs the whole occidental world, there will be triumphantly established the maxim that Might is Right. I do not see that all the truculence of Treitschke and all the subtlety of Delbrueck go to establish anything more than that elementary proposition, for what the whole world is really fighting for to-day amounts to no more than that. I will elaborate this theory more carefully later on.

Let me return for a moment to the Congress of Vienna, which was indeed the most important event in the history of the European world as we see it to-day. For the Congress of Vienna meant the re-furbishing of Europe after the twenty years of adventures of the French Republic and Napoleon the Great; and the Congress of Vienna was dominated by one great statesman—Metternich. Metternich was actuated before everything by a feeling for the interests of his nation, Austria. And with the feeling for Austria was bound up a passionate dislike for constitutionalism and for popular government.

It is almost exactly true to say that Metternich might have modelled the map of Europe in any form that he chose to select. He might have re-established the Holy Roman Empire or the pre-Napoleonic German Empire under the domination of the Hapsburgs. His reason for not doing this may be roughly shadowed by the words: *Divide et impera*. He foresaw with sufficient clearness that the really serious competitor of the house of Hapsburg would be the house of Hohenzollern, and rather than bring the house of Hapsburg right up against the house of Hohenzollern, he chose to re-establish a whole host of minor sove-

reignties and principalities which should act as buffer-states between the two great prototypes of Germanism. For Germanism divides itself perfectly sharply into two sections so diverse in point of view, in characteristics, and in the relative values each attaches to life, that it may almost be said that they are absolutely differing races. These two races are then the South German, Catholic type, and the North German, non-religious and purely materialistic species.

Now it would have been perfectly easy for Metternich, at the Congress of Vienna, to have united the whole of the South German, Catholic, countries of Germany in one Empire under the rule of the Hapsburgs, and such a union might well have ensured the lasting peace of Europe. There would then have remained the North German kingdoms of Prussia, Hanover, and possibly Saxony. But such an arrangement would have left the issues too clear, and statesmen of the type of Metternich have an almost automatic horror of clear issues, their preference being to fish in troubled waters—which is a taste like another.

And it may be said that the future of Europe turned upon Metternich's treatment of the problems of Saxony and the Rhineland. Saxony was a Protestant kingdom with a Catholic reigning family. By the rules of war then accepted, Saxony, which had been freed from the Napoleonic yoke by the efforts of Prussian soldiers, might without dispute have fallen to Prussia. And similarly the Rhineland and Westphalia might well have been accorded to the Catholic reigning house of Saxony. This would have produced another perfectly clear issue. Prussia would have gained about four million Protestant subjects and the house of Wettin would have had substituted for them about four million Catholics. Metternich's policy, however, was to divide and rule. He wanted to have a Germanic Confederation consisting of as many weak sovereign States as could reasonably be constituted. He therefore insisted that the Catholic Rhineland and Westphalia should go to Prussia, which

would be weakened by the Catholic element, and he insisted that Saxony should remain under her Catholic rulers, whose authority would also be comparatively weak.

This policy, far-sighted enough in the immediate present, was calamitous enough in the long run. For, instead of leaving the clear issue between North and South Germans open and obvious to the world, it gave Prussia the opportunity without ceasing to press the claims and to put forward the ideal of a German unity—a union of Germans, whether of the South or of the North; whether Protestant or Catholic. And inasmuch as northern races, by their more fierce energies and more determined insistence on the material side of life, invariably gain the palm over races of southern origin, whose preoccupations are rather with religion, with culture, and with peace, it followed inevitably that Germanism, as the term conveys itself to the rest of the world, has gradually come to stand for Prussianism, for by-products as the crown of life, and for what is known as Kultur.

Let us come straight then to the years 1848 and 1849. Minutely to write the details of the opposing influences of these years of revolution would be to write the history of the world itself. For the forties formed a period when many thrones fell and many constitutional developments established themselves the world over. The set and enormous battle between Constitutionalism and Prussianism may by this date be said to have been engaged, and as a world-wide battle it may be said to have ended in a draw, with gains for the one side in one country or another, and with losses for the other side here and there.

In England the 'forties were characterised by the gradual arrival of a democratic franchise, by the arrival of Free Trade, by the arising of the school of politico-economics which might be typified by the name of John Stuart Mill, and by the Chartist agitations. In France you had the fall of Louis Philippe and the establishment of the second Republic. In Italy you

had struggles that universally failed; in Russia, the birth of a philosophic school called Nihilism. Thus the struggle between democracy and absolutism or oligarchism may be said to have been fairly world-wide.

It was in Germany alone that the failure of democracy was absolute. That this absolute failure was natural and inevitable, no one could very well deny. Once again, the liberalisation of Prussia — which was the salient feature of German liberalisation — that liberalisation of the Prussian Constitution which took place while Napoleon I was still ruling, had been what I will call a stroke-of-the-pen revolution rather than a popularly evolved expression of national necessities.

Stein and Hardenberg were very considerable statesmen, and the reforms that they initiated are only to be criticised in detail. Indeed, as reforms they may be considered entirely salutary, whether for Prussia or for any other similarly constituted State. They abolished the privileges of the nobility; they set free the peasantry from serfdom; they emancipated the citizen class from the thraldom of the Guilds and gave the citizens a share both in national responsibility and in national profit. Thus the Stein and Hardenberg reforms had nothing against them as measures. But as factual elements in the constitution and the history of Europe, they had this very great defect, that they had not been demanded by the people and they were in consequence not backed up by any great body of popular feeling.

It was because of this that at the Congress of Vienna, although princes of so little importance that their principalities had long since been mediatised out of existence by Napoleon, were present or were represented in large numbers, and although Hardenberg, von Humboldt, and Stein himself were present—Hardenberg and von Humboldt representing Prussia, and Stein, oddly enough, being the representative of the Tsar—there was not present any representative whatever of the popular elements of Germanism, and the

Congress of Vienna was absolutely a congress of princes and absolutely not a congress of peoples. This may, in fact, be said to have been the last chance of constitutionalism in Germany. For, although reforms of a sort continued to be made throughout the constituent sovereignties of the Germanic Confederation, and although popular and national feelings in individual kingdoms and Grand Duchies continued to swell from the year 1815 until, in the years 1848–9, they had assumed the dimensions of what Turgieneff called the "torrents of spring," nevertheless these aspirations as far as Germany was concerned remained merely in the form of emotions and had neither corporate entities nor representation.

Thus, when in the years 1848–9 the final great democratic efforts were made throughout Germany there was neither cohesion between the revolutionaries nor Parliamentary bodies to give force to their desires; neither any settled form of government towards which the separated peoples aspired nor any widespread national sympathy which could create a union of democratic ideals. Thus, when the people of Vienna rose against the Hapsburgs, the revolutionaries of Dresden could hardly extend to them even the sympathy of comprehension, but regarded them as long-haired, becloaked, and slightly savage young men, much as a London artist would regard the typical "rapin" of the French Quartier Latin to-day. And when Dresden rose in 1849, having given no help to the democrats in either Vienna or Berlin of the year before, the Saxon revolutionaries received no assistance from either their Prussian or Austrian sympathisers and were finally blown out of existence by the muskets of the Prussian troops whom the Saxon Government called in.

Nothing could indeed be more typical of the want of a sense of direction in the German democracy of these two years than a conversation between Bakunin, the founder of Russian Nihilism, and Heubner, the head of the Saxon provincial government which established

itself in Dresden in May 1849, after the Saxon Court government had fled to the castle of Koenigstein.

This conversation is reported in the autobiography of Richard Wagner, a work which, in so far as it casts light on the actual nature and happenings of the revolutionary movements of Germany during these years, is of an extreme picturesqueness and value. Indeed, to read this autobiography is to have afforded more insight into the nature of the events in the Germany of those days than could be attained to by an immense amount of reading of serious historians and of profound theoreticians, since Richard Wagner, if he were an essentially selfish man, and if his autobiography is rendered still more selfish by the rewritings and dilations of his wife, had yet a considerable gift of picturesque narration and a quite considerable power of psychological analysis. And his picture of the Saxon insurrection is rendered unusually convincing by the peculiar selfishness of the narrator.

During all the days of the fighting at the barricades, Wagner represents himself as walking about in the company of Heubner, Roeckel, Marschall von Bieberstein, and of Bakunin. He represents himself also as having taken no central part in the insurrection itself and of having given it very little sympathy. But since his autobiography was dictated to Frau Wagner at a time when it would have been exceedingly unprofitable for him to evince any revolutionary sympathies, at a time when he may have been said to be the absolute dependant of the King of Bavaria, the actual state of his sympathies in 1848 may be taken to have been of a questionable quality. It is certain that he was very intimate with, and that he was constantly in the society of, the revolutionary leaders, and that Bakunin was one of the few figures who moved him to any expression of generous admiration. I will, if I may be allowed to, dwell a little further upon the figure of Wagner in this connection, since Wagner is the one great figure of pure German culture who survived beyond 1870.

For it should be remembered that the main thesis of this book is that all, or that nearly all, German culture was a product of the years antecedent to the Franco-Prussian War, and that no cultural work of international value, or practically no cultural work in an occidental sense, has proceeded from the German Empire since that date. Let me not be misunderstood in this connection. I do not mean to say that Gerhart Hauptmann is not a very fine poet; Richard Strauss a very interesting musician; Sudermann or Thomas Mann very conscientious, if uninspired, novelists; or that there have been no painters in Munich or in Dresden. But the thesis perpetually propounded by the Prussian Government is that the culture conferred on the rest of the world by the German Empire since its union in 1870 has given the rest of the world cause to be thankful to the German Empire and for the union of 1870.

Germany since 1870 has given the world nothing whatever in the domain of pure culture. It has produced no music that by comparison with the music or the musical inspiration of Richard Wagner can be said to have influenced, ennobled, or enlightened the world. It has produced no poetry that by comparison with the works of Heine, or even of Goethe, can be said to have moved the world. It has neglected religion altogether upon its emotional side. It has neglected learning altogether upon its emotional side. Or, indeed, it may have been said to have reduced learning entirely to "philology"; religion entirely to historical criticism; and music entirely to scientific polyphony.

I am not going to say that Richard Wagner was a great musician because he was a democrat of the pre-1849 type; but I am going to say that a frame of mind in a nation which permits the individual to some extent to question and to some extent to influence national institutions is a frame of mind favourable to the arts, and that a State which presents a rigid theory of statecraft must find itself in contest

with almost all artists. For the public function of the arts is the discovery of sympathetic relations between man and men, and the function of the doctrinaire State, at any rate of the Prussian type, is to discourage, or at any rate to disregard, sympathetic relationships between its constituent individuals.

I have never been more startlingly impressed by this fact than when I came across, in one of Treitschke's lectures, this astounding statement: "*I have never in my life given one thought to my duties to society; I never in my life by so much as one single thought neglected to consider my duty to the Prussian State.*" I think this is the most astounding pronouncement Europe has ever produced. And yet if many conscientious Englishmen really questioned themselves upon this point we might almost all of us say that we have attempted never to neglect our duties to society whilst we have seldom given any thought at all to the State. Amongst Anglo-Saxon races in fact the State is almost universally regarded as a necessary evil; in the German Empire the State is the be-all and end-all of human existence. And the system of espionage and of interference with the individual that this entails is the very spirit that is most fatal to the prospering of the arts or of culture in the large sense.

Wagner relates—I don't know with how much truth—that his only overt offence against the Saxon Government was his having given six tickets for a performance of *Tannhäuser* to revolutionary refugees from Vienna—that in addition to his having gone about a good deal in the company of Heubner, Roeckel, and Marschall von Bieberstein. On account of these acts for the space of sixteen years he was successively driven out of Germany into France or Switzerland, or, later on, harried from pillar to post, from principality after principality, of Germany itself. Now almost the first requisite for an artist if he is to produce at all satisfactory work is that he should be allowed to choose his companions and to ask whom he will to witness his performances, and if the State interferes

in these things the satisfactory production of works or art becomes increasingly difficult. It is true that it was not Prussia itself, but Saxony, that directly persecuted Wagner; but it was Prussian troops that put down the Saxon revolution and so left the Saxon Government in a position to persecute the man who was to become the chief glory of Germany.

For it may, I suppose, be taken as granted that Richard Wagner was a great musician. I will at least take it all the more readily for granted in that I am considerably out of sympathy with Wagner's music and intensely dislike his operatic conventions. And if Wagner was the chief glory of Germany, and if Germany harassed and beggared him during the years when Germany was more and more inclining towards unity under the leadership of Prussia, it may, I think, fairly be said that Prusso-German unity was, *ipso facto*, hostile to its chief cultural glory.

Let us devote a moment's more consideration to the political psychology of the years preceding that period of futile insurrection and then let us cursorily examine the period between 1848 and 1870. I have already referred to a curious conversation, reported by Wagner, between Bakunin, the Nihilist, and Heubner, the chief of the revolutionary provisional government in Dresden. In May 1849, then, the city of Dresden was in full revolt against the royal house of Wettin. You are to think of Dresden as a town with a centre all old streets, narrow alleys, and high houses. Until May 1849 the revolutionary leaders in Dresden had hoped to come to terms with the royal house—to effect, in fact, a constitutional change under royal auspices. But at the beginning of that month the Court and the Government, as I have already said, abandoned the capital and betook themselves to a strongly fortified castle from which they dispatched troops for the purpose of subjecting the capital.

You want to remember that at that date the whole of Germany was still, or had been, in a state of seething insurrection. Thus, in March 1848 there had

begun in Berlin a revolutionary movement that lasted until, in November of that year, Berlin was declared to be in a state of siege. Six days after this the King of Prussia granted to his people a constitution. And it is significant that four months later still—in March 1849—the diet of the German Convention, seated in Frankfort, requested the King of Prussia to assume the title of hereditary Emperor of the Germans.

The reason for this request on the part of the Frankfort Convention, in so far as it was a democratic body, was that the Convention saw in Prussia a comparatively stable State, having at its head a King, Frederick William IV, who, however chameleon-like his political complexion may have afterwards become, appeared at that date to be a sovereign of thoroughly constitutional aspirations. The reason why the other sovereigns of the Germanic Confederation offered little opposition to the idea is to be found in the fact that these princes, or these representatives of princes, saw in the incomparable machine of the Prussian army, as it had been invented by Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and perfected according to the theoretic teachings of Clausewitz, an irresistible instrument for the suppression of the peoples subjected to those princes or to those politicians.

Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Clausewitz had intended this iron machine for use against Napoleonic aggression. It is thinkable, but unlikely, that when Clausewitz wrote the passage that I have already quoted as to the unity of Germany being only possible if one State should become strong enough to subject all the other States to its yoke—it is thinkable then, but unlikely, that Clausewitz had in his mind the subjection of all the other States of Germany to Prussia, by means of the army that he was perfecting. But not one of these three men had in his mind the idea that the Prussian army should be used for the suppression of the insurrectionary subjects of, say, the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont. This, however, was the idea that was in the mind of the diet of the Ger-

manic princely Confederation at Frankfort in March 1849. They were ready to elect the King of Prussia Emperor of the Germans, so that his troops might be automatically at their disposal for the suppression of revolutions.

It becomes at this point worth while to advance the thesis that an institution really well modelled and adapted to the psychologies of the nation in which it is founded may become of such absolutely disproportionate strength as to mould the fates of whole nations, of whole congeries of nations, or of the whole world. In founding the Prussian army, from 1807 to 1815, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were doing no more than has been done by innumerable statesmen in innumerable commonwealths, through the ages, the world over. They were enacting chiefly some very efficient rules for what we should call "recruiting." And it was not because these methods of recruiting were singularly subtle or singularly well thought out that the Prussian army became the arbiter of the fate of Central Europe, and has threatened to become the arbiter of the destinies of mankind. No, there was nothing very special in evolving the principle that every man of arm-bearing age and of arm-bearing physique should bear arms.

The army system of Frederick the Great, which was at times efficient, at times inefficient, during the wars of that sovereign — this army system broke down hopelessly before the pressure of Napoleonic strategy. This was because the army of Frederick the Great was a feudal army and the Prussian peoples have never been psychologically adapted to feudal ideals. For the feudal ideal implies a system of linked responsibilities—the responsibilities of the vassal being as great as the responsibilities of the overlord, and the responsibilities of the overlord being as great as the responsibilities of the vassal. The Prussian populations, on the other hand, martial, brave, and with an infinite contempt for death and suffering, have never been a people that contemplated with equanimity a

prospect of responsibilities. They were ready to offer their lives in return for orders from above, and they were ready to take it for granted that the orders from above were pleasing to some one still higher up. Their responsibilities began and ended with the preservation of the person of the sovereign from death in a battle.

It is interesting in this connection to consider a speech by Professor Delbrueck delivered as late as September 11th, 1914. In this speech, undeterred by terrific events that might well have shaken the most determined of doctrinaires, the professor continues tranquilly on his way. His thesis is that the dominating characteristic of the Germanic peoples has been since the days of Arminius an unreasoning obedience to the command of the sovereign in times of war; and that such an unreasoning obedience is the only means by which a people may survive and spread its Kultur into the dark places of the earth, *ob sie je Kulturvölker sein werden*—if they are ever to become *Kulturvölker*.

I would ask you to pardon my introducing another long passage from the lectures of this illustrious professor, simply because, if you bear in mind the date of the oration, you will find it to be an instance, of the most dramatic nature, of a ruling passion remaining a strong obsession, if not in the hour of death, at any rate in an hour when some doubts might have invaded the mind. And it should be remembered that Professor Delbrueck is not what we should call an out-and-out Jingo, as is the case with so many of his colleagues. By the mildness of others of his utterances against this country he has earned in Germany an immense reward of vituperation and hatred and the name of a Pro-Englishman. Well, then, says this professor in the course of an oration "On the Warlike Character of the German People":

It is told us by the Romans that bravery (was the distinguishing characteristic) in the whole mass of the peoples of the Cheruscans, the Chattians, the Bructerians,

the Angeivarians, and whatever all these little clans were called. . . .

In this connection we are further informed: the people was ruled by princes, the chiefs of prominent families who were called to the command; and these princes had about them a warlike following, men who amongst all the brave had distinguished themselves by a special bravery. They dedicated to their princes, as Tacitus the Roman says, . . . *In pace decus, in bello præsidium*—in peace their fame, their honour, and their pomp; in war their protection. If the prince should fall it would be shameful for each follower to return alive from the battle. In the later Chansons de Gestes the men of such followings were called 'Bench-fellows' (*Bankgenossen*), because they sat on the same bench with the prince. They live in his house, they are nourished by him, and from him they receive their weapons. By a later folk, by the Langobardians, they are called "Austalden," which is no other than our word "Hagestolz," because they founded no families, but lived in the court of the prince as his warriors and lieges. The peculiar point of this arrangement is that these warriors, with souls of immense proudness, dedicated themselves to the service of their lord with an absolute subjection. The inner significance (of this arrangement) is that they united the service which they rendered to the prince to a high feeling of freedom. . . . And troth or following, rendered to a lord—that is in very truth the fundamental of statecraft.[1]

And the professor in another passage combats the statement of Tacitus that the Germans were an agricultural or a pastoral people. "No," says the professor:

For the old German was no peasant. Only in cases of necessity did he trouble himself about agriculture: he professed to leave that to women and serfs, if he had any; he certainly went hunting or fishing, but his favourite occupation was war.

This is a fairly true statement of the case, though

[1] "Deutsche Reden in schwerer Zeit," von Dr. Hans Delbrueck (Berlin, September 11th, 1914), p. 5.

it leaves out of consideration all such institutions as the Lex Allemanica, tail-female, borough-English, and the Law of Gavelkind. I cannot here occupy space with the consideration of relative ideas of freedom, and it must be left to the reader to decide whether the *Bankgenossen* of a Prussian prince or the feudal subjects of an English king, with their duties and their responsibilities and their rights, are to be considered more instinct with the spirit of freedom. Certainly the feudal bondsmen of the fourth Earl Percy who hacked that Lord Warden to pieces with knives and razors because the affairs of the Marches were not prospering, and because the earl wished to raise unconstitutional taxes for the service of Henry VII's French war, may be considered to have been a reasonably free collection of beings—more free, let us say, than the Hessian peasants who were sold to Great Britain for service against the revolting American colonists.

But let opinion upon that point be as it may, it seems to me to remain incontestable that a military organisation founded upon universal service, and having for its mainspring unreasoning obedience, was exactly true to the psychological type of the Prussian people. And inasmuch as none of the other Germanic peoples had adopted this model, it may be safely said that, in 1848–9, Prussia was in command of the one solid factor, of the one block of granite in a Germany that was otherwise purely fluid. Its effects are very plainly visible in Saxony of this period, since in the Saxony of Wagner's day it is extremely likely—it is, indeed, almost certain—that the revolutionaries would have succeeded, and that a mild form of constitutional government would have been established, but for the cast-iron discipline and the military *sang froid* of the Prussian troops that the Saxon Court called to its aid.

The chronology of the Saxon insurrection is as follows. On May 1st Count Beust dissolved the Saxon Chamber and the Court left for Koenigstein. This threw the revolutionary leaders, who were in-

deed of the most mild type of constitutionalists, into a real panic, since their sole desire was to treat with the Court. It also raised, as is inevitable in such affairs, a spirit of what the leaders called "red Republicanism." The leaders were therefore between the horns of a dilemma, the one horn being the absence of the Court with whom to treat, and the other, the desire for physical violence on the part of the mob.

On May 3rd the mob, getting out of hand, seized the royal arsenal, and, having armed itself with muskets, conveyed the greater part of the powder and ammunition to the cellars of the town hall, where the revolutionary leaders were already sitting as a provisional government. And, as is again usual in such cases, the provisional government spent its time in interminable debates as to the form the new government was to take, Bakunin, the Nihilist, wandering in and out of the chamber with a cigarette hanging from his lips and suggesting various violences. The provisional government was extremely unwilling that its men should fire upon the Saxon troops, and the officers of the Saxon troops could not trust their men to fire upon the men of the provisional government. The city meanwhile was in that odd mixture of turmoil and tranquillity which seems to distinguish all times of revolution. In the narrow streets, that is to say, the mob were sacking houses, in order, with furniture, to form barricades; and in the meanwhile, in the fields surrounding the cities, elegant ladies, as Wagner put it, walked abroad upon the arms of their cavaliers and discussed the language of flowers.

Continual reports reached the provisional government. Baden and the Palatinate were said to be in revolt; revolutionaries to have burned Breslau. A corps of revolutionary students actually marched from Leipsic to support the Dresden revolutionaries. Then, on May 6th, the Prussian troops marched into the town. At that point there could no longer remain in the minds of the provisional government any doubt that what was then meant was what is called business.

The Prussians at once began an assault upon the barricades. They met with an exceedingly fierce resistance and were generally beaten back. And however wavering in political theories the government may have been, there can be little doubt as to the personal gallantry of some of their members. Here, for instance, is Wagner's account of the deeds of Heubner, the chief of the provisional government:

Information had reached headquarters from a barricade in the Neumarkt where the attack was most serious that everything had been in a state of confusion there before the onslaught of the troops; thereupon my friend Marschall von Bieberstein, together with Leo von Zichlinsky, who were officers in the citizen corps, had called up some volunteers and conducted them to the place of danger. Kreis-Amtmann Heubner of Freiberg, without a weapon to defend himself, and with bared head, jumped immediately on to the top of the barricade, which had just been abandoned by its defenders. He was the sole member of the provisional government to remain on the spot, the leaders, Todt and Tschirner, having disappeared at the first sign of a panic. Heubner turned round to exhort the volunteers to advance, addressing them in stirring words. His success was complete, the barricade was taken again, and a fire as unexpected as it was fierce was directed upon the troops, which, as I myself saw, were forced to retire. Bakunin had been in close touch with this action, he had followed the volunteers, and he now explained to me that however narrow might be the political views of Heubner (he belonged to the moderate Left of the Saxon Chamber), he was a man of noble character, at whose service he had immediately placed his own life.[1]

The Prussians, however, were too businesslike to allow themselves to be much worried by barricades. They entered the houses on each side of the street and began to break their way through from room to room and from house to house, thus rapidly pene-

[1] "Mein Leben," von Richard Wagner, vol. i, p. 482. Translation published by Messrs. Constable.

trating towards the heart of the city where the provisional government were still debating in the town hall. Bakunin, the Nihilist, still sauntering in and out of the meetings, and still with a cigarette between his lips, ironical, jocular, and always with his touch of savagery, insisted that the powder in the cellars of the town hall must be set off, and the place blown into nothingness. This proposal horrified the provisional government, nevertheless it would seem as if Bakunin would have prevailed by sheer force of character, had not some one, during the debate, slipped out and removed the powder from the vaults.

It was finally decided that the provisional government must leave Dresden with its troops and set itself up elsewhere. The evacuation was effected without loss of life, the revolutionary troops marching off, followed by the provisional government in an elegant landau whose driver energetically and lamentingly protested against having the springs of his vehicle ruined—there were ten men in the inside, on the box, and hanging on to portions of the vehicle. The provisional government, whose numbers were by then reduced to two, Heubner and another, accompanied by the indefatigable Bakunin, reached Freiberg with as many of the revolutionary troops as remained, and it was in Freiberg that Heubner thought the time had come to discover what were the real opinions of the sanguinary Bakunin in whose company he had spent the last fortnight.

Breakfast (says Wagner) was then prepared, and after the meal, during which a fairly cheerful mood prevailed, Heubner made a short speech to Bakunin, speaking quietly but firmly. "My dear Bukanin," he said (his previous acquaintance with Bakunin was so slight that he did not even know how to pronounce his name), "before we decide anything further, I must ask you to state clearly whether your political aim is really the Red Republic, of which they tell me you are a partisan. Tell me frankly, so that I may know if I can rely on your friendship in the future?"

Bakunin explained briefly that he had no scheme for any political form of government, and would not risk his life for any of them. As for his own far-reaching desires and hopes, they had nothing to do with the street-fighting in Dresden and all that this implied for Germany. He had looked upon the rising in Dresden as a foolish, ludicrous movement, until he realised the effect of Heubner's noble and courageous example. From that moment every political consideration and aim had been put into the background by his sympathy with this heroic attitude, and he had immediately resolved to assist this excellent man with all the devotion and energy of a friend. He knew, of course, that he belonged to the so-called moderate party, of whose political future he was not able to form an opinion, as he had not profited much by his opportunities of studying the position of the various parties in Germany.

Heubner declared himself satisfied by this reply, and proceeded to ask Bakunin's opinion of the present state of things—whether it might not be conscientious and reasonable to dismiss the men and give up a struggle which might be considered hopeless. In reply Bakunin insisted, with his usual calm assurance, that whoever else threw up the sponge, Heubner must certainly not do so. He had been the first member of the provisional government, and it was he who had given the call to arms. The call had been obeyed, and hundreds of lives had been sacrificed; to scatter the people again would look as if these sacrifices had been made to idle folly. Even if they were the only two left, they still ought not to forsake their posts. If they went under their lives might be forfeit, but their honour must remain unsullied, so that a similar appeal in the future might not drive every one to despair.

That was quite enough for Heubner. He at once made out a summons for the election of a representative assembly for Saxony, to be held at Chemnitz.

Upon the arrival of the provisional government at Chemnitz they were arrested by a policeman.

Thus ended the Saxon revolution, which I have dwelt upon rather minutely because it gives the not very practical, but brave, conscientious, and visionary nature of Germans in a very commonplace State—for Saxony

is about the most commonplace of all the States that composed the German Empire. And in '48–'49 the same sort of thing, as I have said, was going on all over Germany, a not very practical but brave, honest, and visionary struggle, carried on by kappelmeisters, composers, violinists, professors of theology, editors, printers, and the educated nobility, like my old friend the Baroness who, during the Boer War, still called England "la grande nation."

It was the last struggle of what in Western Europe is called culture—the last struggle so far as Germany was concerned. Had it succeeded Germany might have joined the concourse of the nations and worked towards what in the outer world is considered to be civilisation. But that sinister organisation, the Prussian army, as if symbolically neglecting the frontal attack upon the barricades, broke through the house walls and so, proceeding from house to house, smashed up that gentle debating society which might well typify the civilisation of the occidental world.

That is why I have dwelt so long upon the insurrection of Dresden, since its appearance is almost that of an allegory. It presents us with a picture of Germanism as opposed to Prussianism—of the Germanism that was a gentle, simple, rather sentimental and not in the least disagreeable or harmful thing. With its theories of education, its universities founded for the purposes of research, its love-lyrics of Freiligrath and of Goethe, it found expression for frames of mind and for types of humanity which, if they are not absolutely essential to the happiness of the human race, are yet pleasing and recreative when humanity is in the mood for unbracing. In "culture" it represented sentimentalism, and no doubt there is room for sentimentalism in the world; in politics it represented constitutionalism, and probably constitutionalism is the best rule-of-thumb organisation for human beings who desire to live at peace with one another and to pursue the ordinary avocations of humanity.

I wish I could find something really striking to say

that would rivet upon the reader's attention how very trenchant is the line of demarcation between Germany of before 1848 and Germany of after 1870. The Germany of the period between '48 and '64 was a Germany of death. During that period the rest of the German nation marked time whilst, by intrigue after intrigue, and by movement after movement of troops, Prussia slowly pushed itself into an impregnable position. . . .

Well, I think I can present you with something striking. Most of the world have heard of Prince Bismarck, who stands, for most of the world, for the Prussianism of the worst type. But it is a mistake to regard Bismarck as standing for Prussianism of the worst type. Compared with the Prussian bureaucrat of the type that to-day rules Germany—or standing indeed upon his own feet and compared with nobody—Bismarck was a very great, very human, and quite amiable figure. And, like all Germans who have at all impressed the imagination of the rest of the world, Bismarck was a product of the period before 1848. Born in 1815, of very Liberal and philosophically agnostic parents, Bismarck in early youth was of an astonishingly Liberal and constitutionalist disposition. Educated in the first place under the auspices of Jahn and Pestalozzi, his most intimate friends at the University of Goettingen were an Englishman called Collins and an American called John Lothrop Motley, who in after years wrote "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

The Greek rising against Turkey, the fall of the house of Bourbon, the July revolution, these deeds of freedom were the exciting factors of Bismarck's early life. And it is rather interesting to compare with Professor Delbrueck's definition of the frame of mind of the *Bankgenossen* of a German King the frame of mind of the young Bismarck who was afterwards to become the most famous *Bankgenoss* that any German King ever had. For the young Bismarck felt that the spirit of freedom that was within him was too

great to let him enter so shackling a service as that of the King of Prussia. Abandoning all ideas of a military and diplomatic or a bureaucratic career in the early forties, he retired from Berlin, against the wishes of his father and mother, who foresaw for him a brilliant career, and insisted on adopting the life of a free man of the fields. Bismarck, you see, had aspirations towards the primitive form of the simple life. He felt that the only public career which his freedom-loving soul could suffer would be that of "a statesman of a free constitution, like Peel, O'Connell, or Mirabeau." [1]

And whilst leading his homely, patriarchal, and free life on his property at Schoenhausen, Bismarck falls under the influence of a Geliebte—of a beloved, just like any other good, sentimental German. His parents had been philosophic atheists or agnostics, and Bismarck himself was at that date a philosophic atheist or agnostic. But his Geliebte and her parents were people of strongly evangelistic and pietistic natures, and religious influence was brought to bear upon this Prussian Junker until he could be made to pass the test of his evangelistic father-in-law. And then we have a pretty picture of domestic, religious, and cultured life such as would have satisfied, surely, Matthew Arnold himself, for we have Bismarck announcing in a letter that he has been "invited to Cardemin (the home of his Braut)—to an æsthetic tea, with readings from the poets, prayer, and pineapple punch." [2]

[1] "Eines Staatsmannes bei freier Verfassung, wie Peel, O'Connell, Mirabeau."—"Life of Bismarck," by Max Lenz (Berlin, 1902), p. 574.

[2] "Er sei nach Cardemin, geladen zu einem aesthetischen Thee, mit Lectüre, Gebet und Ananasbowle."—"Bismarck's Reminiscences," p. 162.

CHAPTER III

GERMAN CIVIL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY

1849–1880

I

I SHALL treat the history of Germany during the next thirty years very summarily because this book deals with the culture of the German peoples, and because, during these thirty years, Germany has produced no writer, thinker, theologian, painter, musician, or critic that the outside world could reasonably be asked to have heard of. I do not mean to say that during these years no works of art were being produced in Germany or by Germans. Wagner was writing his music dramas; Heine was perfecting and welding together his lyrical work; Schopenhauer was delving into his mentality; Brahms elaborating soprano forms; Schumann setting the words of Heine, Goethe, Rueckert and others; but all these men had been born in, and had received their impulses from, the Germany of before the year 1848.

I do not wish to pose as an authority on modern German literature, though I must lay claim to a certain acquaintance with the more humane writers and poets of this epoch, and to such a reasonable familiarity with their activities as a fairly cultured man in this country might be expected to have with the works of Carlyle, Browning, Frederick Denison Maurice, George Darley, Matthew Arnold, Fitzgerald, and other English writers of about the same period. As a boy I was very carefully warned by my father never to read German prose for any length of time or with any deep attention, for fear of its effects upon my own

English. And until quite lately I have read very little imaginative German prose, though I have of course read a great many " serious " books in German, reading them, however, with an exclusive eye for facts and paying as little attention as possible to the style. And, rightly or wrongly, I have always held that, except for the works of Heine and of Goethe and for some of the works of the lesser German poets, there was very little, artistically speaking, that was worth reading in the German language.

I do not wish to be sweeping or dogmatic in making what, after all, is a statement of personal or of temperamental preferences; but putting partisanship as far as I can out of my mind it still seems to me to be a good thing to state this point of view, because the note of German arts or German culture, of German probity, Protestantism and political economy, not to mention German music, has persisted so formidably through the world since the year 1870.

Putting philosophy or philology for the moment aside, to what then do German claims amount—and I am now speaking not merely of Prussian claims but of the whole north, south, and middle German nations? Well, Germany claims hegemony in every one of the arts. And what validity for these claims can be considered to exist by a not really unfriendly outside critic? They have absolutely no validity whatever.

Bach, Holbein, Scarlatti, Palestrina, Mozart, Shakespeare, the sculptor of the Victory of Samothrace, Heine, Homer, Villon, Flaubert, Turgenieff, Leonardo da Vinci, Tibullus, Martial, Catullus, Socrates, and Sappho—artists like these, by means of a certain impeccability and austerity in the handling of words, of paint, or of musical resolutions, stand perfectly unchallenged by nation and nation. They are phenomena provided by the God-head, and with them you have to reckon as you would reckon with the force of gravity or with the sea that surrounds these islands. They provide at once the thoughts which we think, the language with which we express our thoughts, and the

standards with which we measure our achievements and the achievements of our fellows; and judged by these standards it seems to me that the Germany that was born since 1848 has nothing whatever to offer the world. And I do not know that more serious Germans would lay claim to any such pre-eminence. It is true that Professor Bartels of the University of Berlin does, more or less apologetically, suggest that Hebbel and Ludwig may claim comparison with Shakespeare or with Turgenieff, but he makes that claim very half-heartedly and the rest of his views of modern German literature are so exceedingly gloomy—with his divisions of modern German activity into Decadents, High-Decadents, Feuilletonism, and French Naturalism—that I imagine Professor Bartels to be upon the whole entirely in agreement with myself.

II

Let me, however, leave this branch of the subject for a moment to consider slightly the political development of Germany during this period. And the history of the political development of Germany during this period is a dreary record of dreary intrigues between petty personalities, whilst through them pushes the remorseless wedge of Prussia, going straight to its goal. That at least is the image. But, like most images, when it comes to be carefully looked into, you will discover that Prussia was being pulled forward by one single man, who, as we shall see later, gasped and staggered and clutched at twigs which broke, and gave ground and cried with nervous exhaustion when he himself had reduced the King of Prussia to tears of an exhaustion equally nervous.

This man was Prince Bismarck, the greatest opportunist in the history of the world. For, however logically and remorselessly Prussia may have seemed to go forward to its goal, which was the military hegemony of Germany—however remorseless that approach may seem to us, studying the matter from

the outside and from long afterwards—even when Prussia had gained the victory of Sedan, and even when the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles—even at that late date you have Bismarck and Busch and Abeken and Holnstein positively rubbing their eyes and saying, "Who would have thought this six months ago!"

For, six months before the declaration of war in 1870, Prussia had achieved a great deal. She had annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Brunswick, and part of Hessen; she had defeated by turns Denmark, Hanover, Bavaria, and Austria. She had pushed herself from being a bad second in the comity of Germanism into a position of equality with, if not of predominance over, Austria, amongst the German peoples. Into the tortuous intrigues of these years I have not time to take the reader. You have intrigues as minute, but as significant, as those about the right to smoke cigars in the German diet at Frankfort. And you have intrigues with ramifications as endless as that of the Schleswig-Holstein affair. It was of this that Lord Palmerston said that only three men had ever understood it—and one was dead, one was mad, and he himself, being the third, had forgotten all about it.

Speaking of it very cursorily and not even quite accurately, so as to make it comprehensible for the English reader, I might put it that the King of Denmark had a challenged right to the territory of these duchies which you might call a sort of no man's land. As such he was represented at the German diet. The sovereignty of these regions was also claimed by a German prince of the name of Augustenburg; it was also desired by Austria, by Prussia, and by various other German States, including even the free city of Hamburg. And, upon the whole, German national feeling was against German territory being owned by the Danish sovereign. You have to add that all the other German States, whether claiming or not claiming territory, were exceedingly jealous at the thought

that Austria should possess it and were infinitely more jealous of Prussia.

To get the decoration—the atmosphere—in which endless debates were conducted, you may as well consider the cigar episode. At the Frankfort diet—the permanently sitting convention which regulated the relationships of the German nationalities—the Austrian representative alone arrogated to himself the right to smoke cigars. This was personally very disagreeable to all the other delegates, who were most of them smokers and were tortured with the desire to smoke during the sittings. It was still more disagreeable to the two delegates—those from Wurtemberg and Hessen-Darmstadt—who did not smoke. And, says Bismarck:

When I came I also felt a longing for a cigar, and as I could not see why I should deny myself, I begged the presiding power (Austria) to give me a light, apparently much to his and the other gentlemen's astonishment and displeasure. For the time being only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the remaining gentlemen obviously considered the matter of so much importance that they wrote home for instructions. . . . The authorities were in no hurry, the affair was one which demanded careful consideration, and for nearly six months the two great powers smoked alone. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian minister, began to assert the dignity of his office by lighting his weed. Nostitz, the Saxon, had suddenly a great desire to do the same, but had probably not yet received the permission of his minister. On seeing Bothmer of Hanover, however, allow himself that liberty, Nostitz, who was strongly Austrian in his sympathies, having sons in the Austrian army, must have come to an understanding with the Austrian minister, with the result that he, too, at the next sitting pulled out his cigar-case and puffed away with the rest. . . . Wurtemburg and Darmstadt were non-smokers. The honour and dignity of their states imperiously demanded they should follow suit, and so the Wurtemburger pulled out a cigar at the next sitting—I can still see it in my mind's eye (Bismarck was speaking in 1870), a long, thin yellow thing of the colour of rye-straw—and smoked at least half of it as a burnt-offering on the

altar of patriotism. Hessen-Darmstadt was the only one who finally refrained—probably conscious that he was not strong enough to enter into rivalry with the others.[1] (Wurtemburg and Darmstadt were both determined opponents of Prussia.)

This was the sort of atmosphere and these the preoccupations of the diplomats who for long years debated the Schleswig-Holstein affair. Finally, Bismarck having nicely balanced all the representatives of the diet one against another, declared war on Denmark, more or less with the consent of Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, and the rest. The redoubtable and much-feared fortifications of Dueppel, which were supposed to spread across the neck of the peninsula, impregnably, like the Turkish lines at Chatalja, were taken with the utmost ease by the Prussian soldiers of Moltke, who was himself a Dane by origin. The negotiations as to who was to possess the duchies still went on between Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, the Augustenburger, the free city of Hamburg, and the rest, but eventually Prussia claimed them to her own satisfaction.

And the Schleswig-Holstein affair led, directly or indirectly, to the final struggle between Austria and Prussia—between, that is to say, North and South Germany—for the predominance of Central Europe. In this war Prussia defeated in detail the troops of Hessen and of Bavaria, was defeated by the Hanoverian troops at Langensalza, but retained the Hanoverian territory and finally defeated the Austrians in the terrible battle of Koeniggraetz. It was after this that Bismarck created the North German Confederation which excluded Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, and, of course, Austria. The first meeting of the North German Parliament, which consisted of 295 deputies from 22 States, took place on February 24th, 1867.

From that date until the war of 1870 was another

[1] Busch's "Bismarck," p. 207.

period of ceaseless intriguing into which again I have no intention of entering. The North German Confederation may roughly have been said to be trying to coerce Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, and other South German States into joining with them on terms more or less favourable to the North German Confederation in general and to Prussia in particular. They did this by means of the North German Customs Union, using tariffs against one State or another as suited their purposes. I don't want to say anything against Prince Bismarck, who was a great man, and who had his own particular job—which was that of promoting German Unity under the hegemony of Prussia. And he pursued the carrying out of his job with very intense and very human energies right up to its completion. And if it ended in December 1870 with a sudden completeness such as that which characterises the ending of a fairy-tale, you are not to imagine that Bismarck did not enter upon the war with all sorts of misgivings and was not pursued during all its course by all sorts of harassments.

I shall dwell upon these points later on when I come to treat of the later Bismarck influence as I myself witnessed it in its workings. Let me, however, here present an image in order to score my own immediate point. A familiar group of statuary in Germany will show you the counterfeit presentment of Bismarck, Moltke, Roon, and the Crown Prince Frederick standing round a rock, each with one hand clasping the hilt of a sword which he is about to draw, and each with the other hand clasping the hand of the figure next him in sign of the most complete amity. On top of the rock will stand the old Emperor William, grasping his sword with one hand, and, with the other, raising the flag of German Unity.

Nothing could be further from the real truth. As a matter of fact, the imbecilities and jealousies which pursued Bismarck at the time when he lit his cigar in the Frankfort diet pursued him to the very end of the Franco-Prussian War. It was no mean task to

persuade Kings like those of Saxony, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria to join their troops with Prussian troops on the march into France, and during the early days of that march it was perpetually expected by both Bismarck and Moltke that the Bavarians or the Wurtemburgers might at any moment turn upon the Prussian troops. The Bavarian Prime Minister, Bray, was avowedly anti-Prussian and was suspected at least of trying to induce Austria, not to mention Italy, to attack German troops in the rear. And Moltke, Roon, the old King, the Crown Prince Frederick, and the Crown Princess were continuously afraid of international complications. This made them extremely reluctant to begin the siege of Paris, and this reluctance again imperilled the cause of German Unity.

After the victories of Gravelotte and Sedan the immense success of the Prussians and the personal chivalry and want of jealousy of the King of Bavaria had made the cause of German Unity seem fairly secure. The inducements of Treitschke, who was even then a great figure in Germany, and the speeches, propaganda, and literary incitements of the Pan-Germanists, had, by the time the German troops arrived before Paris, kindled a warmth of enthusiasm in the coldest of German breasts. Bismarck's emissary, Holnstein, had caught the King of Bavaria all alone in a castle in the mountains at a time when the King was recovering from the effects of a bad gumboil, and, there being neither paper nor ink in the castle, the King had written his consent to the King of Prussia's becoming German Emperor upon a sheet of coarse paper that had been presented to him by his footman. And the King of Bavaria having consented, the other Kings and Serene Highnesses could not, for very shame, refuse to come into this alliance.

But, in deference to the pleadings of the Crown Princess and the Queen, of the Crown Prince and of the King, who were all afraid of declarations of war from Austria, Russia, Italy, the Pope, or Great Britain, or who were swayed by humanitarian feelings, Roon

and Moltke, who were themselves afraid of international interference, delayed the bombardment of Paris and the successful completion of the war. The delay went on day after day, week after week, and even month after month in spite of the enraged pleadings of Bismarck, who saw the fabric of German Unity beginning to crumble to pieces again. French armies began to gather once more, upon the Loire, upon the Swiss border. The voice of a powerful anti-German faction began to make itself heard in this country in spite of the frenzied writings of Thomas Carlyle and publicists of a like kidney. And Germany, imagining that Prussia was beginning to fail, began to grow cold again to the ideal of German Unity under Prussia.

At the same time the Pan-Germanists were dissatisfied with the terms that Bismarck had secured for his King. The King himself began to insist that he must be called Emperor of Germany and not German Emperor ; and then Bray, the Bavarian Prime Minister, turned up and insisted that the King of Bavaria had meant by his letter that the Emperor's crown was to be worn alternately by the Kings of Bavaria and of Prussia. In the end, the bombardment of Paris began and the provisional government, at first under Favre and then under Thiers, sued for peace. And Bismarck saved the situation, had William I declared German Emperor and non-suited Bray, as you might say, by the skin of his teeth, though even five minutes before the declaration the old King of Prussia was still quarrelling about his prerogatives and his exact status.

This is, of course, a figurative and sketchy way of writing the history of an Empire during the twenty-one years or so of its making. But what I am anxious to bring out is that the preoccupations of those years were comparatively ignoble and petty, concerning themselves rather with the prerogatives of small princes, with endless intrigues, and with endless squabbles, than with the large popular ideas of an idealistic German Unity under constitutional

guarantees, such as had inspired the German peoples from 1806, the year of Jena, to 1848, the year of abortive revolutions.

It would be going too far to hazard the dogma that, in all peoples, no really satisfactory art and no really great culture can arise except in an era of noble political ideals and aspirations. The dogma might be advanced and might or might not be proved as far as regards the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav, the Latin, or even the ancient Greek races. But in so far as the German peoples are concerned, we may take it to be incontestable. We may indeed take it to be incontestable since Blum and Treitschke speak of the period before 1848 as the most wretched period of German development.[1]

III

The year 1871 seemed to open for Germany with the prospects of an infinitely fairer morrow. The Emperor's speech from the throne to the new Reichstag—the very first German Parliament that ever was—contained amongst other benevolent and optimistic forecasts the following passage:

> New Germany, as she has come out of her baptism of fire, will be a strong citadel of European peace, since she is strong and conscious enough of herself, et cetera. . . .[2]

And in this connection you are to remember once more that Bismarck really does seem sincerely to have believed that the taking of Alsace-Lorraine was an

[1] "Bismarck musste geboren werden, lernen und reifen in Elend der deutschen Verhältnisse, von 1815–48."—Professor Hans Blum, "Das Deutsche Reich zur Zeit Bismarcks."

[2] "Das neue Deutschland, wie es aus der Feuerprobe des gegenwärtigen gekommen ist, wird ein zuverlässiger Bürg des europäischen Friedens sein, weil es stark und selbstbewusst genug ist, um sich die Ordnung seiner Angelegenheiten als ein ausschliessliches, aber auch ausreichendes und zufriedenstellendes Erbteil zu bewahren."—Speech from the throne, Reichstag, March 29th, 1871.

absolute guarantee of the future peace of Europe. For as he saw it—and there may have been some historic grounds for the belief—the eternal cause of war in Europe, at any rate since the seventeenth century, had been the tendency of the French to invade the South German States by way of Alsace-Lorraine. Before the war, and at its outset, he seems to have had the idea of converting this territory into a buffer State. But as the war proceeded with such unexampled and such unexpected success the idea of converting what was afterwards the Reichsland into a neutral Grand Duchy like that of Luxembourg gradually deserted him and he became more and more confident that the only way to preserve the future peace of Europe for all time was not only to deprive the French of that inlet into South Germany, but to take it definitely into German hands. And I may as well point out here that the territory taken from the French in 1870 did not become the property of Prussia, but of the German Empire. This was a device of Bismarck's for maintaining the new union of the German States, since, all the States being interested in the Reichsland, they each of them had a definite inducement not to leave the Empire.

And I may as well point out here also that, had Germany remained the Germany that Bismarck knew in 1870, it is very likely that the absorption of Alsace-Lorraine would really have proved a guarantee for the peace of Europe. For Germany—and this is one of the main theses of this book—Germany then, before 1870, appeared to Prince Bismarck, and no doubt really was, a land not only peace-loving but a land desperately in need of peace. It was a country, as I have already pointed out, impoverished by the sempiternal wars that had raged from the sixteenth century until the nineteenth.

After 1848, as has been pointed out by Professor Bartels, the German Mittelstand—the bourgeoisie—abandoned upon the whole the attempt to obtain a share in the government of Germany. The Stein and

Hardenberg reforms of from 1806 to 1813 had, as we have seen, changed the German merchant classes from a caste that was almost outside the State into a class that for thirty-five years or so really imagined that it could, and really tried to, have some voice in the government of Germany. But the events of 1848 deprived the bourgeoisie of this illusion. This deprivation led the merchant class to find a new field for its energy, and this new field was at last what is now known as modern industrialism.

The factory system and the administration of Labour by Capital can hardly be said to have begun in Germany and more particularly in Prussia until 1855 or thereabouts; and thus Prussia, which was always late in the history of civilisation—Prussia which did not acquire Christianity until five hundred years after the rest of Europe, whose capital was not built until a thousand years after the capital of any other Western European State—Prussia only evolved the modern industrial system nearly a century later than the other European powers. Professor Bartels, indeed, ascribes the poverty of German literature during the period before 1870 to the very fact that the German mind was so entirely taken up by the labours of evolving the capitalist class that it had no time to think of what we call culture. And he points out that it was during this period that philology, which is a form of industry like another and calls for no special gifts, began to take the place of learning, which is a thing open only to those temperamentally equipped for appreciation of one art or another.

At any rate, under the eyes of Bismarck, before 1870, Germany was trying, as you might say, to get together a little money, and, as Bismarck saw it, Germany would continue to desire that peace which is necessary for the development of commerce and the thriving of industry. And the problem that presented itself to him in 1870 was simply that of raising up a bulwark for peaceful Germany against a France that was always restless and always avid of glory and

always ruled by families whose necessities forced them to wage endless dynastic wars of aggression. This he thought he really had done by the conquests of 1870. It never entered his head that the necessities of that very industrial expansion whose first requirement is long eras of peace might lead the quiet and homely Germany that he knew to become, or at least have the aspect of becoming, a permanent menace to the peace of the world.

Peaceful, peace-loving, almost entirely agricultural, and only amateurishly manufacturing, the Germany of from 1855 to 1870 was to modern Germany very much what a small cobbler's shop is to an immense boot-factory where ten thousand pairs of boots are turned out per week. But Bismarck could hardly have foreseen that, and all that it implied, so that the speech that he put into the mouth of his sovereign at the opening of the Reichstag in March 1871—the speech to the effect that the new strength of the German Empire was a guarantee for the lasting peace of Europe—the speech, ironically as it may read to-day, was without doubt sincere enough.

The same sentiment, but going a little further in our special direction, is uttered by Count Bennigsen in his answer to the address from the throne on the same occasion. "Strong in our might," he says, "we shall no longer be attacked by other nations, and we shall have time to develop those cultural exercises (*Kulturaufgaben*) which the German people is specially called to consummate." [1]

But if we consider Bennigsen's use of the word "Kultur" to mean, as it did in the year 1871, very much more what we mean by it to-day, the poor man and the poor German people who, behind him, echoed his aspirations, were sadly to be deceived. For the

[1] "Stark in unserer Kraft, werden wir von anderen Völkern nicht angegriffen werden und werden die Zeit haben die Kulturaufgaben zu entwickeln die ganz besonders das deutsche Volk . . . zu erfüllen berufen ist."—Bennigsen, Reichstag, March 29th, 1871.

history of Germany for the next twenty years at least was once more a history of parliamentary intrigue amongst the governing classes, and of industrial development amongst the bourgeoisie. Bismarck, indeed, did not have a much easier time of it after he had become Imperial Chancellor than he had had as Prussian Prime Minister, and the first six years of the German Empire were mainly characterised by squalid struggles with the Roman Catholic population of Germany. These ended in the Kulturkampf and in the ultimate defeat of Bismarck. But it is fairly safe to say that, in the political as in the social life of Germany, there was hardly a single noble thought uttered during the whole twenty years of Bismarck's chancellorship.

That this was, and was of necessity, the case is again part of the main text of this book. That a figure like Bismarck's—and Bismarck, paradoxical as it may sound, was much more of the pattern of a British statesman than anything else—that a reasonably humanist and opportunist statesman like Bismarck must come violently into contact with parties that are swayed by principle is inevitable. He hated the ultramontanes and violently contested the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, not because he disliked Catholicism or desired to oppress the South Germans as a people, but because in its essence ultramontanism is non-national; he distrusted industrialism on the other hand because industrialism was a principle that might well come into contact with the State considered as a benevolent autocracy. So that, if the earlier years of his chancellorship were spent in his struggle with the Church, his latter years were largely devoted to the regulation of the industrial system. His struggle with the Church ended in his voyage to Canossa; his tacklings of the problems of industrialism may be said to have reached their high-water mark when, thirty years before this country even approached the problem, he forced upon the unwilling German peoples an act for the insurance of all em-

ployees against sickness. Bismarck, in fact, had a great sympathy for the poor, and very little at all for employers of labour.

I must dismiss the remainder of German history with a very few words. The reader should understand that Bismarck governed the German Empire in the first place with the aid of the party known as the National Liberals—the party whose leaders were Bennigsen, Delbrueck, Falk, Lasker, and Rickert. This coalition plunged Germany into the long struggle of the Kulturkampf—a struggle regarded by Catholics and by many Protestant upholders of the German Protestant State Churches as an attempt at religious oppression and by the official National Liberal Party as a struggle for religious freedom.

The struggle was characterised by the closing of Catholic schools; by the prohibition to Catholics to choose their own clergy; by the banishment of religious orders, and the confiscation of religious houses, churches, and school buildings. It was carried into effect by the imprisonment of cardinals, bishops, and large numbers of minor clergy; and these steps could only be put into force at the cost of the suspension of the Prussian and the Imperial constitutions, various of whose articles enjoin an absolute religious freedom for recognised religions throughout the territories of Prussia and the domains united in the German Empire. It was these interferences with the constitution that caused large numbers of Evangelical Protestants to refuse their support to the Chancellor, partly out of sympathy with persons whom they rightly or wrongly considered to be oppressed, and partly out of fear that the measures put into force against the Catholic religious might be extended in the direction of the confiscation of Protestant schools, churches, and cures of souls.

The Kulturkampf raged with a bitterness of which few people in this country can have any conception for a period of full nine years, since it must be said to have commenced with an amendment to the answer

to the address from the throne in the Reichstag of 1871. This amendment expressed the sentiment of one of the Prussian Polish bishops that it was the duty of the German Empire to maintain the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It will be remembered that Rome fell before the Italian troops during the Franco-Prussian War.

The Kulturkampf reached its height with the passing, in May 1876, of the once celebrated May Laws, whose originator, or at any rate whose promulgator, was Adalbert Falk, Minister of Education, or to give him his full title, "der Geistlichen und Unterrichts-Angelegenheiten." Adalbert Falk, who filled this all-important office from the years 1872 to 1879, is the most important figure of the Kulturkampf, the minister whose influence upon the future of Prussia, of the Empire, and indeed of the civilised world, was the most lasting and the most minatory. I shall hope to prove later that Falk's efforts on behalf of the personal renown of Goethe and of the peculiar form of Germanism which regards the person rather than the work of Goethe as the matter for study of the most supreme importance to the German nation and to German manhood—that Falk's efforts on this behalf were responsible for the moulding of the German character and the forming of the journalistic tradition that lasted until long after his resignation, which was accepted in 1879, and his death, which took place in 1900. Falk, at any rate, was one of the most active of the prosecutors of Roman Catholicism during the Kulturkampf itself.

The Kulturkampf was largely the outcome of Bismarck's suspicion—of what proved to be in the end his entirely unnecessary dread—that ultramontanism was the natural foe of the German Empire and the particular enemy of himself. His union with the National Liberals was unnatural. The National Liberal Party, that is to say, offered him support because he desired to suppress, if not Catholicism, then all Catholic organisations in the German Empire. The

National Liberals, however, were anti-sectarian when they were not definitely rationalistic: they were upon the whole Free Traders to such an extent that the German Ambassador to London of those days thought it fitting to become a member of the Cobden Club, and although in various particulars of doctrine they differed from an English Gladstonian Liberal of that date, they were still more similar in tenets to English Liberalism than any other party in the Reichstag of that day.

Bismarck, as we shall see, was on the other hand of a deeply religious nature, with a strong hatred of anti-sectarianism and with no dislike for the doctrines of Catholicism, however great might be his distrust of the political actions of the Vatican. In later years he became an active Protectionist and, except for the permanently opportunist nature of his political actions, no one could be said to be further in complexion from a Gladstonian Liberal. So that, although his administration of the German Empire continued to support itself by the aid of this party until 1879, whatever sentimental bond there might have been between the Chancellor and the party grew more and more loose until the inevitable gradually came about.

Towards 1878 Bismarck had several unacknowledged interviews with members of the higher Catholic clergy —and at least one acknowledged one which took place with Cardinal Franchi at a German watering-place. These interviews weakened his fear that the Catholic clergy would intrigue against German Unity or even against Prussian hegemony; and when in February 1878 Leo XIII became Pope and announced his election to the German Emperor, thus conferring the Papal recognition upon the Empire, Bismarck's fears may be said to have been almost entirely removed.

From 1879 onwards Bismarck governed generally with the aid of the Centre Party, which was mainly composed of the representatives of Roman Catholicism in Germany, and with the further aid of various political groups such as that of the Junker Partei, the Freie

Conservativen, and other bodies more or less conservative in character. And although from time to time the Centre refused to support his legislative proposals, it is fairly within the mark to say that from that date and until the accession of the present German sovereign Bismarck was the absolute ruler of Germany. His later activities were mainly taken up with attempts that were never successful to put the finances of the German Empire upon a satisfactory footing ; and with attempts almost as unsuccessful as were his activities during the Kulturkampf, to suppress the rising forces of Socialism. He resigned the Chancellorship on March 18th, 1890, and from that date the German and more particularly the Prussian Government took on a political complexion that was less and less opportunist and more and more doctrinaire.

PART II

CHAPTER I

TWO GERMAN FIGURES

I

To what, then, does this all amount?

I was walking, six years ago, with a strong-minded old lady in the little town of Telgte, which is in Westphalia. Telgte is a place famous in Westphalia, in Germany, and in the Catholic civilised world for the miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin. This image was found in the heart of an oak-tree which was being cut down in the seventeenth century and, since the seventeenth century, it has performed many miracles. It is a rather beautiful Pietà of obviously fourteenth-century workmanship; it was no doubt thrust into a hollow of the tree for preservation in time of war, of massacre or of famine, and no doubt in a quarter of a thousand years the wood of the tree had grown round the image until it was entirely embedded. So when the pious woodmen came upon this thing of beauty in the centre of the great tree they thought, very properly, that She had descended straight from Heaven to the little village of Telgte, which, like all the rest of the world, sadly needed a visit from the Blessed Virgin.

At any rate Die Heilige Jungfrau zu Telgte is a very beautiful thing and is revered throughout Christendom. She sits in a little round chapel, the walls of which are completely hung with silver and with golden objects. Once these walls were of the blue of the firmament and golden stars were painted upon them, but neither the blue nor the stars can now be seen. They are completely hidden by miniature silver arms, by

miniature silver legs, by gold watches, by purses full of gold, by every imaginable object rendered in one or other of the precious metals. If you had been racked by rheumatism, by toothache, by the pangs of love; if you had been beset by robbers, in the black of the night you would, in the midst of your pain, of your longing, or of your fear, have put up a prayer to the Mother of God whose image is at Telgte, the queer, Dutch-looking little town with its pleached alleys and its hidden ways amongst thorn-bushes and Wand-haecke. You might, or you might not, in your moments of agony, of longing, or of fear, have vowed to make an offering to the Telgte shrine and you might have performed that vow; or you might have made the offering out of sheer gratitude for relief from your pain, for the assuagement of your longing, or for the removal of the occasion of your fears. It is a superstition, if you like, but it is a superstition that cannot, as far as I know, be considered harmful to one's neighbours.

At any rate there is the shrine of Our Lady of Telgte —a small domed edifice in the centre of a small low town lying in a district of wide-spreading heaths. Let me dilate a little upon the inhabitants of this countryside, since this is a Germany singularly untouched as to its psychology by the events that have taken place since the year 1848—or since the years 1806 or 1640, for the matter of that. It is from these immense heaths that the comparatively soft-spoken, comparatively monosyllabic inhabitants of the south-eastern parts of these islands are said to have come. And if you will get into a carrier's cart going upon a market day, say, from Telgte to Markford, you will have very little, in the appearance or in the type of the men and women who sit in the cart with you, to tell you that you are not going from Ashford, in Kent, to Wye, or to Headcorn. Nevertheless, they are, these remote districts amongst the great heaths, even more old-fashioned than the most remote districts of Kent. Thus, in a place called Sassenberg there is a church of pure Gothic architecture. By rights it should have been

built in the year 1213. Actually it was built in the seventeenth century. This means to say that the Renaissance had never been heard of in this remote district; that Jesuit architecture had passed it by, and that the local stonemasons still retained the methods and traditions of the Middle Ages.

And I may add, as a peculiar addition to this old-fashionedness, that living as they do, amongst lonely heaths where a bare subsistence is dyked or burnt or manured out of horribly poor soils, or on the edges of immense pools, this population has, or has claimed for it, to a remarkable degree, the gift of second sight. Here, for instance, is a curious anecdote for whose exact practical truth I will vouch. There was a very old peasant, a cottar, in a family that for many centuries had owned several thousand acres of heathy land of practically no value. One day the cottar came to the head of the seignorial family and asked to be allowed to purchase a strip of land, perhaps a hundred yards wide and several miles long. The head of the family, thinking that the old man must be wandering in his mind, and anxious not to take his money for land that could have no possible value, sent the old man away. The cottar returned at the end of some months and asked once more to be allowed to purchase the ground. The request was again refused for the same motives. Nevertheless, the old man returned to the charge with such persistence that at last the land was sold to him at the rate of a few shillings an acre. Within six months it was purchased from him by the Government at a very enhanced rate, for the construction of a strategic railway from the city of Muenster towards the Dutch border. The old man then revealed the fact that, on several occasions during the last four years or so, whilst walking across the heath at this point, he had seen railway trains passing along this strip of the estate.

You understand that he could not possibly have had any foreknowledge of the purchase, since the

Government plan for the strategic railway was only conceived, and the money for its construction voted by Parliament, three years after his first request to be allowed to purchase the land. This is an absolutely true story. I knew the old man quite well, both before and after he made the purchase, and he has predicted the day, hour, and the minute of my own death.

In this region then of heaths, wall-hedges, superstitions, black Catholicism, and second sight, lies this little Westphalian hamlet, where, upon a given occasion not long ago, I was taking a walk. Of actual evidence that this was conquered Prussian territory you would see very little—or you would see very much, according to your temperament. The posts along the railway line are painted black and white in stripes, and upon the square placards that tell you to halt when the barrier is down at a level crossing, there will be a representation of that zoological phenomenon that is called the "squashed crow" throughout non-Prussian Germany. But the most visible evidence of the Prussian administration is to be found in stretches of waste land that once bore corn. This waste was achieved not by fire and sword, but on account of the idealism, let us call it, of a Prussian governor who desired to make Westphalia look like Prussia.

The distinguishing feature of the landscape of this part of Westphalia is formed by the Wand-haecke—the immense hedges, planted on broad stone, or turf, walls. They are very much like the bull-finches of English hunting counties or the beech-hedges that, on Exmoor, are also planted on stone walls from ten to fifteen feet broad. And these Wand-haecke give to this countryside a curious, secret feeling. You walk along hidden ways with here and there a glimpse of the countrymen at work in the fields, and you understand much better the poems of the Minnesingers and the mediæval stories that turn upon people overhearing each other by the flowering may. And these

Wand-haecke played a great part in the redeeming of the country from its state of desert and of sand. But to the eyes of a Prussian official, hedges are extremely disagreeable objects, since to most Prussians the province of land is to be mapped out in squares of corn, rye, beans, seeds, or what you will, so that the whole countryside should look like a chess-board with the roads bordered by apple-trees.

There came then to this part of Westphalia a Prussian governor who objected to hedges, and this governor used every means in his power towards the removal of these objectionable things. The means that a Prussian higher official has at his disposal for coercing persons who disagree with him are many, subtle, and varied. There is in the first place a host of officials who may interfere with almost every function in the life of a non-favoured person. You can be over-rated; over-taxed; prosecuted for not having your land-drains in order, or prosecuted for having your land-drains so efficient that the water runs off and fills the public ditches; or you can be prosecuted because your servants hang mattresses out of the windows after ten o'clock in the morning, or shake the crumbs out of tablecloths after eight. The inhabitants of this country, harassed as they find themselves by inspectors under the National Insurance Act, can have little idea of the potentialities of State interference. As Professor Delbrueck puts it, let us consider what an English county, which is the equivalent of several Prussian *Kreisen*, lacks in this particular.

"Strictly speaking," he continues, "it lacks no less than everything. We find in it no Landrat, no Gendarmes, no Regierung, no Kreisgericht, no Staatsanwalt, no garrison. We find above all no official as we represent him to ourselves—a professional man (*Fachmann*) who is paid, inspected, promoted, degraded, rewarded, or punished, and who sees his duty in this: that he follows out every order, as soon as it has become law, of those set above him, as punctually as possible; and administers (*re-*

gieren) the country and the people in the sense and after the intentions of instructions given from above." [1]

If, then, the unfortunate landowner in the neighbourhood of Telgte did not at this period remove his Wand-haecke " in the sense and after the intentions of instructions given from above," he was liable to be pestered and worried by the whole horde of officials of that territory. But Prussia carries out the unification of her territory not only by means of oppression. Thus she gives prizes and delivers lectures. That is why in Prussian territory in Germany and in the Reichsland you will see great quantities of peasants wearing national costume, whereas in non-Prussian territory the peasant *Trachts* are rather exceptional. But Prussia, thinking that the wearing of German national costume will turn an Alsatian or a Lorrainer into a good Prussian, gives prizes to those peasants who most frequently and most ornamentally have worn the great black bows that one sees floating like birds about the market-places of Strasburg and the streets of Metz.

Similarly with the non-Prussian-looking landscapes that were to be made as Prussian-looking as possible: the Government gave prizes to those landowners who removed the largest number of Wand-haecke or to those cottars who grumbled so much about the hedges that their overlords were forced to remove them. In addition the Government called in lecturers on agriculture who declared that the birds, mice, and rats which the Wand-haecke sheltered caused immense depredations amongst the growing crops; and who demonstrated that if the hedges were removed and their places occupied by growing corn, the productivity of the region might be increased by any percentage that the imagination of the lecturer suggested to him.

In the event large numbers of hedges were removed and the parts of the country where this operation

[1] Hans Delbrueck, " Historische und Politische Aufsätze," p. 90.

took place were reduced once more to their original form of desert and heath. The west winds, blowing over Holland, laid all the corn year after year; the insects that the birds had destroyed ate up all seed and root crops because the birds no longer found homes in the Wand-haecke; it no longer paid to cultivate the fields, and the heather and ling resumed their original occupation of that territory. Fortunately for the neighbourhood, however, that governor was removed before the countryside was entirely denuded of hedges, and except in the desolated quarters it goes on very much as it used to do; or did do so at the time when I took with the Frau Rath the walk whose incident I am trying to relate.

Going then along the hidden lanes we passed behind a large building from which there proceeded the sound of children's voices singing in unison "*Fuchs, du hast die Gans gestohlen.*" And it is characteristic of the thing that is known as German Kultur that, since Prussia has had a hand in the education of German children, the voices of the German nation have been completely ruined. This comes about because German elementary school teachers are instructed to make their children roar as lustily as possible when they are having singing lessons. This is to make the German child manly.

In 1892 it was pointed out to the then Minister of Prussian Instruction that this factor was ruining the chances of the country in the vocal-operatic world, since shouting in youth destroys the subsequent elasticity of the vocal chords. And, indeed, there have been singularly few great German singers since 1890 or thereabouts. The Minister of Education replied that the art of singing was of small value in comparison with the manliness of the population. To have a loud voice and to shout from the chest is, according to this gentleman, to be a better soldier. And of course the little girls must make as much noise as possible, too, in order not to be out-shouted. Thus, in such a detail as this does Prussia attend to

the warlike character of its people and to the inculcation of a national spirit of belligerence.

It was in a similar spirit that, in 1876, Adalbert Falk, the Prussian Minister of Education, who framed the May Laws, oppressed the Catholics of Westphalia beyond endurance and insisted on the study of Goethe's life as the duty of every German—it was in this same spirit that Adalbert Falk abolished the then text-book of reading in German elementary schools because it consisted of passages from the New Testament and gentle civilian stories. He insisted that the elementary readings of school-children must be about the heroes of Germanic sagas, about Arminius who overcame the Romans in the Teutoburger Wald, or about the victorious campaigns of Frederick the Great. And, indeed, it was in the same spirit that the Prussian Minister of Railways insisted that every railway employee must salute every railway engine when it passes him, since on every Prussian railway engine there is to be seen a Prussian eagle—the "squashed crow" of the rest of Germany. And these apparent pettinesses are part of an immense, sedulous, and never-sleeping system, and that they do produce and have produced a considerable effect we may be quite certain.

Three years ago I introduced an official of the Hessian State to London society in so far as London society was open to me. He went, that is to say, into twenty or thirty houses round Hyde Park; motored a little in the country, and went to ten or fifteen parties. This Hessian State official had for Prussia and all its doings a hatred that went beyond anything that could be characterised by the word "fanatical." He really and literally spat at the sight of the "squashed crow" and he never referred to the German Emperor by any other name than that of "the accursed robber of Brandenburg." Otherwise he was the mildest and gentlest of beings.

But the net effect, the most lasting impression of going to parties in London was, upon this official, the

fact that all Englishmen were round-shouldered and spoke in very low voices. He could not understand why a man, whose function in life is, in shining armour, to defend the Fatherland, could wish not to make himself noticeable in the drawing-room by sonorous tones coming from a deep chest. That is the result of the teachings of the school of Treitschke and of the Edict of the Prussian Minister of Education about singing—for, of course, no Hessian with any spirit could let himself be out-shouted or walk less erect than the subjects of "the accursed Brandenburger robber."

To return then to my walk in the neighbourhood of Telgte. You may remember that I was walking with the Frau Rath between high hedges behind what was the German equivalent of a Board School in which many children were singing a nursery rhyme. And at this point the Frau Rath suddenly stood still and leaned for a long time upon her crutch. Her immense great Dane, which was always disquieted when his mistress stood still, ran up and sniffed her hand. This great Dane was called "Tiras," after the dog that had been presented to Prince Bismarck by the German nation upon his retirement. I looked at the Frau Rath; her eyes were full of tears.

Now I had talked during many days and had sat up talking during many nights with this fierce and energetic personality, and only upon one other occasion did I observe her to be anywhere near crying, and that was when she alluded to the fact that Lord Lovelace accused his grandfather, Byron, of incest. It appeared to the Frau Rath to be the most horrible thing in the world that the writer of

> For we'll go no more a-roving
> By the light of the moon,

could have been accused by his grandson of an unnatural crime. For this determined and anciently Teutonic lady, whose chief ambition as far as I was concerned was to make me drunk, Byron stood as the greatest

of poets, the liberator of Greece, the great fascinator and the *preux chevalier* of the world.

Let me say something more particular about the lady. When I first made her acquaintance I went to visit her with a relative, a Jesuit priest who had at that date no right to be in Germany at all. The Frau Rath was then living in a peasant's cottage in the centre of an immense forest. She lived all alone with her great Dane and was waited on by the peasants. She was broad-shouldered, very brown, with piercing eyes, a fierce, determined, and exceedingly sceptical manner. Except for Byron, for Shakespeare, and for Dickens she had no admirations of any kind. For in Goethe, at that date, she took little interest; Heine she never mentioned; and she had a slight, almost contemptuous kindness for the German romances and decadent romantics whom she had personally known—writers, I mean, like Adalbert von Chamisso, Rueckert, or Brentano. She had made, in her spare time, a sufficient amount of money by translating the works of Dickens and by translations from the Greek, to purchase a small estate, though she was well enough off already.

Amongst her friends she was reported to have been one of the foremost Greek scholars in Germany of the 'sixties, though I do not know upon what basis this reputation stood. At any rate, at the time of my first meeting her, when I was about eighteen, she was much more like a man than a woman and she was exceedingly good company. As for what her political views might have been at that date I don't know, for with truly British insularity I took no interest in the political arrangements of minor nations like the German Empire. We talked, that is to say, about Shakespeare, Byron, Dickens, Euripides, and Napoleon the Great, never about Bismarck, Sudermann or German affairs.

She strode about those woods in high top-boots; she beat her immense dog when he misbehaved, which he did quite frequently; she had a harsh voice, and she tried very hard, as I have said before, to make myself

and the Jesuit father drunk; and she had a great liking for old Westphalian foods like Alt-bier-suppe, Mopserl and Pumpernickel. Certainly she disliked all Prussians; but then she also disliked all women, and I put the two dislikes down to the fact that she had been married to a Prussian minister who had, I believe, behaved badly. At any rate she was a cross between the grotesque and the formidable; between the senselessly prejudiced and the startlingly clear-sighted; between the egregiously sentimental and the embarrassingly sceptical. Her mother had been one of two sisters, celebrated beauties of the Rhineland in Napoleon's days, and had been acclaimed by Klopstock as being the only woman of intelligence in Westphalia. Her father had been a celebrated official in the time of Jerome, King of Westphalia, a black Papist and very reactionary; her mother being on the other hand what in those days was called "enlightened"—fond of the French, slightly free-thinking and "cultured," in the English sense.

The Frau Rath, therefore, by birth and station was accustomed to receive a good deal of deference from her equals, and she took care that she got it. With her inferiors, she was on terms of great familiarity.

This lady was, in short, a very typical German of the type that matured between the revolutionary year, '48, and the termination of the struggle for German Unity. She was not, that is to say, instinct with ideas of freedom, nor did she, like the old Baroness whom I have mentioned before, talk of England as "la grande nation" because of England's ascendancy as a political model or a land of freedom. But she spoke of England as the birthplace of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Herrick, Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, Scott, Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot—as being, in fact, what we should call the cultural leader of the world.

Her attitude towards France was less easy to define. I don't mean to say that she didn't value the land that had produced the Correspondence of Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, Holbach,

Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and Taine and Renan, but she didn't—and very few Germans at that day did—pore over the works of the sober French writers as they pored over "The Merchant of Venice," "The Bride of Abydos," or "Vanity Fair." For the German of that period could recite to you passages of a hundred lines from Shakespeare, whole cantos of "Don Juan," and whole chapters of "The Pickwick Papers." The attraction of England, like the attraction of culture itself, was no longer political. Art no longer accompanied the revolutionary spirit or sang, painted, or danced upon barricades. At the same time the spirit of that German generation was not exactly artistic in the modern sense of the word. It was rather pensive than critical or constructive; it loved the little Nells, the Amelia Osbornes, and the eminently virtuous and pensive characters of George Eliot.

The lady I am immediately referring to was born in 1839 and was in consequence about fifty-one in the year 1890, when the real effects of German Unity were beginning to make themselves felt in that region. And they made themselves felt in her too—hence the tears that I observed in her eyes when she heard the children in school. For they were not sentimental tears in our sense of sentimentalism. It wasn't because the children were pretty little dears or because the voices were attractive—for the voices were not in the least attractive. But they were very robust.

I think Spielhagen was wrong to some extent when he said that after 1870 German Unity was no longer an affair of the heart but of the mind. If he had put the date on to 1900 he would have expressed the truth more exactly, for, as I am trying to show, the change was gradual. In 1899 Professor Theobald Ziegler could write, and with almost exact truth: "So we have been welded out of a nation of lyricists and thinkers into a political—out of a still always idealistic into a truly materialist people." [1]

[1] "So sind wir aus einer Nation von Dichtern und Denkern zu einem politischen, aus einem immer noch idealistischen,

No, the Frau Rath's eyes were filled with tears of pride and of hope. She was half-paralysed herself all down one side and could only swing herself along by means of a crutch, but she said twice: "Deutsche Kinder!"—German children! She imagined that she was going to die very soon and she hated the thought of death, which for her meant the extinction of her fierce spirit, but the idea of these robust children with shouting voices carrying on the German nation into an atmosphere of glory filled her with pride and with hope. I am talking of the year 1900.

In the early 'nineties, as I then discovered, she had been filled with misgivings as to the future of Germany because of the fall from power of Bismarck. Bismarck had been, and very comprehensibly, this lady's great hero. I don't mean to say that she ever talked about him very much; she hadn't in fact been much given to thinking about politics. But after Bismarck's fall she had re-christened her great Dane "Tiras," after the Chancellor's dog, and that was, for her, a remarkable demonstration. The Kulturkampf had filled her with a sort of joy of watching a good prize fight. On the one hand there was the Iron Chancellor; on the other, her Westphalian compatriots, the tough Saeuerlaender. The Westphalians are as a rule the blackest Catholics that there are to be found in the world, but the Frau Rath, though as locally Westphalian as any one could be, was a fairly tolerant sceptic. Thus, when it came to a fight between the Iron Chancellor and Westphalia over the question of religion, that old lady could watch the contest with complacency, confident that Bismarck's fear of the ultramontanes, which amounted almost to a mania, was by that date old-fashioned and misplaced. On the other hand, a large number of members of her family were imprisoned during the course of the struggle.

And when Falk, the Minister of Education, fell,

zu einem recht realistischen Volke, umschmiedet."—Theobald Ziegler, "Die geistigen und socialen Strömungen des XIX Jahrhunderts" (1899), p. 405.

having been abandoned, like Strafford by Charles I, and when Bismarck had to make his apologies to the Vatican, the Frau Rath felt a sort of sardonic pleasure at the thought that it was largely the Westphalians who had brought the Chancellor to his knees when no one else in the world had ever been able to do that.

This at least was the account of the matter that she gave in 1900. How exactly she felt in the 'seventies, whilst the Culture-War itself was raging, I do not feel quite so certain. For by 1903 or 1904 a quite remarkable change had come over the "cultural" point of view of the Frau Rath. I am analysing her psychology rather carefully for your benefit because she exemplifies rather exactly a survival of the really more or less cultured Germans who, having been born before the revolutionary period of '48, had their strongest impressions of life during the period between '48 and '70 and yet survived into quite modern times.

Well, then, in 1903 I found the Frau Rath removed from her woodland cottage into a still very humble dwelling in the town of Telgte. In an upper room, with an immense paralysed arm across the right-hand page of a book, the Frau Rath was studying with a schoolboy's care. The work that she was studying was the second part of Goethe's "Faust." She was preparing for death and repairing the sins of her youth. Later at night—still later at night and indeed so late that the voices of the pilgrim choirs, coming from all the ends of Germany to the shrine of the Virgin of Telgte, mingled with the sound of our discussions—the Frau Rath announced that she no longer had any taste for the works of Shakespeare—Shakespeare's language was too cryptic; his ideas when you got at them through the cryptic language were too "exotic." She no longer had any taste for the works of Dickens—Dickens's humour was too cruel, occupying itself with physical deformities, drunkenness, and human failings. She no longer had any taste for the works of Thackeray—Thackeray was too malignant, too smug, and too snobbish. "Pfalzburger" is, roughly speaking, the

German word for snobbish. Voltaire, Chateaubriand, Taine, and Renan had become to her a pack of meretricious Frenchmen.

I am not going to say that the Frau Rath was not by that date a tragic figure. Her brown, drawn features and her fierce eyes were indeed agonised by the perpetual thought of death, and cheerfulness had very much gone out of her psychology. She remained a gallant spirit in that she still obstinately refused to have anything to do with the comforts of religion. I dare say she would have liked to accept the comforts of religion along with the comforts of her increasing Germanism—for when we went into the little chapel of the Jungfrau Maria zu Telgte she would stand for a long time looking at the mediæval seated figure with the great bejewelled golden crown upon its head. She said once that such a spot as the little chapel must in a way be sacred ground, because of the aspirations of so many people coming towards the image for so many centuries. That was, for her, already a great concession, for she had always been, if with a twinkle in the eye, exaggeratedly Voltairean in her conversation, in order to tease her family, who were exaggeratedly Catholic.

A week before the celebration of the Jubilee of this Virgin all the golden and silver objects—the arms, the legs, the golden models of beasts, of ships, of purses, and of caskets, and the great golden crown of the Virgin as well as the cloak of cloth of gold that was cast over her, were stolen. The chapel had always been left open night and day, so that the theft was no great conjuring trick. And, after the theft, the door of the chapel was carefully locked at night.

The celebration of the quarter of a millennium jubilee was a great affair. There came to it two cardinals, seven archbishops, nearly forty bishops, and a thousand or more of the minor clergy, all walking with mitres and crosses and banners and censors and copes and white vestments through the narrow streets and along the deep lanes. And the faithful came in their

thousands and in tens of thousands—they came on foot from the confines of Germany and from the heart of Poland; they came in long waggons made of ladders; they came by train, by bus, in motor-cars and on motor-cycles. One zealous gentleman, I think from Hanau, even tried to come in an aeroplane—but it was in the very early days of those machines and the thing refused to start even A.M.D.G. At any rate I understand that it was a great and a moving ceremony, for I did not see it myself, but only heard of its glories from the peasants and saw some of the photographs, which looked mediæval enough.

It had appeared certain that the Jungfrau Maria zu Telgte, unlike the Muttergottes zu Kevlar, would be unable to wear her best clothes that day. But behold, on the night before the ceremony the door of the little chapel had been locked. But golden crosses, silver legs, silver ships, hearts of gold, the crown with the great rubies, and the heavy robes of cloth of gold—all these things, so that not one was missing, were stuffed into the little space like an oven in which the candles are usually placed, and which can be reached from outside the building. Well, here was a miracle.

And perhaps it was a miracle—I don't know. At any rate the Frau Rath became exceedingly angry with me when I suggested mildly that the affair had been arranged, possibly by a priest, or at any rate by some well-wisher of the shrine. Yes, the Frau Rath became violently angry at the suggestion. She said that some Russian or Italian or Frenchman must have stolen the things. No German heart—not even that of a Lutheran—could have done such a thing. And panic fear at the thought of the anger of celestial beings had overcome the heart of this Russian, this Italian, or this Frenchman so that on the night before the celebration he had restored all the objects of value. And that, the Frau Rath said, was tantamount to a miracle. Perhaps it was.

Whilst, in fact, she was becoming more officially Germanised every day—for she confessed that she

never liked the second part of "Faust" but had undertaken to learn it by heart as a patriotic duty—she was also going very much back towards the spirit of the simple people who surrounded her. And, later, if she happened to have behaved very outrageously to the maid whom increasing infirmity forced her to employ, she would say a "Hail Mary" to please that nice, kind, good-looking girl. Then she would lose her temper again and swear like a trooper. She died in 1913, and the last thing she read was "Parisina's Sleep." Byron, she said by way of apology, was not an Englishman, he was a cosmopolite who was scorned in the land of his birth.

II

It was thus on the morning of the Jungfrau Maria's Himmelfahrt, 1903, that I personally began to be aware of a change in the nature of the German peoples. It began with the Frau Rath's saying that she found Shakespeare, Dickens, and Thackeray to be too English for a good German to read, and that it was the duty of good Germans to study the works of Goethe. And I remember she recited Goethe's:

> Seh gemahlt in Gold und Rahmen,
> Grauen Barts, den Ritter reiten,
> Und zu Pferd an seinen Seiten. . . .

I thought at the time that the good lady was merely in one of her moods, for I can very distinctly remember having heard her say in the 'nineties that, in common with Prince Bismarck, she had a rather hearty contempt for the pedantry of the sage of Weimar.[1] Or

[1] Cf. Busch's "Bismarck": "A certain Thuringian Serene Highness appeared to be particularly objectionable to him. He spoke of his 'stupid self-importance as a Prince regarding me as *his* Chancellor also, of his empty head, and his trivial conventional style of talk. To some extent, however, that is due to his education, which trained him to the use of such empty phrases. Goethe is also partly to blame for that. The Queen has been brought up much in the same style.'"—(August 31, 1870), vol. i, p. 138.

I took it to be merely a sign of age. She might have been sampling Dickens or Thackeray and not have found them so good as they had seemed in her hotter forties. In much the same way she was accustomed to say that the Kreppel of Telgte, or the Pumpernickel of Paderborn, or the ham from that Mecca of hams, the little corner shop in the Egidi Strasse of Muenster, were nothing like so good as they had used to be thirty years ago, because the swine of Westphalia were no longer pastured on beech and smoked with oak-leaves and juniper. But I became aware, little by little, that this new tendency was something more official, if not something deeper, than the determination to praise the things of one's youth. It was, in fact, part of a system.

It is very difficult to write about German characteristics. It is of course difficult to write about any characteristics, but in the case of a people normally so emotional and unbalanced as German men—so apt to say something with frightful vehemence in crashing language when they mean nothing in particular, and so apt to calm themselves down and use quite mild words to express a deep-seated emotion—this difficulty is tenfold increased.

It is partly a matter of language, partly of national character, which is the product of environment and of circumstances. I am devoting this section of this book to personal impressions, because, in a sense, personal impressions are the "Quellen"—the historical sources—from which a writer must draw his views. I have knocked about—as the saying is—in Germany a great deal, in the course of thirty years or more—and "knocked about," I think, more or less exactly expresses it. I have been to Paris or to Provence, or to Rome, for the purpose of getting something out of those places—something, that is to say, in a "cultural" sense. But from Germany, as from the United States, I never expected to get more than what is called "a good time."

I remember, for instance, setting out from Muenster

in Westphalia for New York in a peculiarly holiday frame of mind. I remember kindly people, to the number of twenty or thirty, coming to my carriage door in the great German railway-station, with great bouquets of flowers, with enormous boxes of chocolates, with baskets of grapes, and—heaven help me—with a wreath of laurels which was supposed to be a tribute to my poetic gifts. And I remember that, upon leaving New York at the end of a journey, similar kindly people brought similar but much more enormous bouquets of flowers, boxes of chocolates, bunches of grapes, and baskets of peaches, but alas, no "Lorbeer-Kranz."

And those things seemed so very exactly what I expected to carry away from Germany: kindly speeches, as to the new world one was to conquer, that being a purely official and expected aspiration; flowers, and the goodly fruits of the earth in their due season; and of course some sort of titular insignia. For if in Germany, as I knew it then, you hadn't got a title, you had to be provided with one. If you wouldn't be called "Privat-docent," or "Doctor," or "Professor," or "General," or "Truly Privy Councillor," you might at least be called "Poet," and have your wreath of bays. Or indeed it is better, according to German views, to be called "Poet" than any of the other things.

That at least was my feeling about Germany—that I didn't go to her to get anything out of her. (I must premise that I am speaking purely intellectually and as a person who would value a good new novel above all the peaches that the hothouses of Potsdam could produce. But I never carried a book away with me, from Germany, amongst my luggage.) I went to Germany purely in the expectation of having a good time. Generally I went to the Rhine, and certainly, always, I had a good time.

There would be the immense heat of the day, the cool of the evening, the vine-leaves upon the trellis-work between oneself and the bright stars; the tran-

quillity of the great river; the loom of the black mountains; the taste of the heavenly wine and of the cheap, good cigars, and the kindly people who talked about this year's wine-crop, and last year's wine-crop, and the ballads of Rueckert and Dreizehnlinden Weber and the romances of Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Robert Hichens, and Miss Corelli. And they would wonder why the works of Mr. Kipling were so rugged and fierce, and why English literature had fallen from its high estate of the days of Thackeray, Carlyle, and the late Sir Lewis Morris. But it would all be very gentle, quiet, and peaceful and remarkably inexpensive.

And, in the morning, one would awaken to the sound of the anchor-chains running out as the mists went up from the Rhine and the ships could go on up or down the stream; and to the sound of the pilgrims' voices going to the shrine of the White Virgin at Bornhofen, or to the shrine of the Black Virgin up in the Hundsrueck. In the evening the same pilgrims would go down or up the river in the midst of the huge glow of the saloon-deck steamers with their white paint and their gilding and their brass bands. And, in place of singing about "Maris stella" and the rest, they would sing by turns the Lorelei song, or the "Koenig im Thule" or songs from the students' Commersbuch, or,

> Von Hamburg nach Kiel
> Es kostet nicht viel
> Im Automobil,

and even more secular melodies.

That, then, was Germany as I knew it up till the year 1900 or thereabouts.

In the year 1900 or thereabouts one had the Boer War and a great deal of unpleasantness. One was cursed for an Englishman at street corners, in railway stations, and on the tails of tram cars. One was plunged into exaggeratedly heated discussions about the characteristics of British troops who threw babies up

into the air and caught them on their bayonets, mutilated their prisoners and ravaged whole towns with fire and sword. I witnessed the smashing of the windows of one relative, the Rector of a university, who had offended the students because he was pro-English and so on. But the insults and indignities with which one had to put up in Germany of those days were as nothing to the insults and indignities that were showered upon one in Belgium and in France. And it seemed to be all very much in the day's journey and that the old-fashioned Germany that one had known would come back again in time.

It never did come back—not fully. By 1903 and 1904 the fury about the Boer War had subsided and disappeared, but somehow I began to have a feeling of an entirely different Germany that was pushing through the old one as a new growth of plants pushes through the dead leaves of an underwood. It was the Germany no longer of Rueckert, of Brentano, of Heine, of still Rhine wine, and of vine leaves between oneself and the bright stars. No, it was a Germany of *Simplicissimus*, of restaurants with an immense amount of gilding, of red plush, of high mirrors, of German champagne with gilt on the bottle-necks, and drugged hot drinks, of town-planning, of factories, of competition, and of frightfully bitter politics. Writing two years ago—in 1912—a preface to a book about Germany of happier times I find myself saying—and as I had somewhat forgotten the passage I am glad to find how exactly my impression at that moment confirms my impression at this—I find myself, then, saying:

> The first impressions (of Germany on the author of this book) came from Milly of Paderborn, who was a good Westphalian—and from the good Grimm! So our author is predisposed to like the Germans, to look upon them with a friendly and indulgent eye, to find them instinct with all the old Germanic virtues of kindliness, hospitality, modesty, and sobriety. You see, her first impressions are formed by a Germany of the pre-Franco-Prussian War type . . . but were I writing a book about Germany, I

think I would see first what Bismarckism, Nietzscheanism and agnosticism of the Jatho type have made of the land of the good Grimm.[1]

The only word in this passage that I should feel inclined to cavil at to-day is the word "Bismarckism"—or rather I should like to be allowed to define the word more closely. For I do not think that much of what makes German "culture" so detrimental to the world comes from the deeds, or even from the spirit, of Prince Bismarck. By "Bismarckism," in short, I mean the imitation of Bismarck by men or by institutions that have very little of the spirit of Bismarck himself. Bismarck was in fact a humanist and an opportunist, whereas the people who have been responsible for the spirit of the German Empire since 1890 have, as it seems to me, been not in any sense humanist and have been, in every possible sense of the word, doctrinaire. Bismarck, in short, met things as they arose very much in the spirit of an English Prime Minister. The post-Bismarckian rulers of Germany have provided against the arising things according to specific doctrines of professors of the school of Treitschke. And that is a very essential difference.

Let me repeat that Bismarck was an opportunist. It makes him none the less of an opportunist in that he was inspired by a leading motive, by an ideal if you will, or, if you will, by an intent obstinacy—the leading motive, or the ideal, or the obstinacy, of the unity of Germany under Prussian leadership. I have pointed out already that Bismarck was by no means a blind servant of the Crown and that his early ideal was to be a free statesman in a free constitution—"a statesman of the type of Peel, O'Connell, or Mirabeau." That this early conception of the part to be played even in Prussia by a statesman remained his till the end of his days is proved by innumerable passages in his speeches, his writings, and his conversations.

[1] "The Desirable Alien," by Violet Hunt, Preface, p. ix.

Thus, during the very height of the Franco-Prussian War we have Busch reporting him as saying:

"How willingly would I go away! I enjoy country life, the woods and nature. Sever my connection with God, and I am a man who would pack up to-morrow and be off to Varzin, and say 'Kiss my ——,' and cultivate his oats. You would then deprive me of my King, because why?—if there is no Divine commandment, why should I subordinate myself to these Hohenzollerns? They are a Suabian family, no better than my own, and in that case no concern of mine. Why, I should be worse off than Jacoby (the then Socialist leader), who might then be accepted as President or even as King. He would be in many ways more sensible, and at all events cheaper."

This was on September 29th, 1870, when the German forces after the victory at Sedan were surrounding Paris. On August 31st of the same year he speaks thus of the Crown Prince, who was afterwards the Emperor Frederick:

"I ventured to ask," says Busch, "how he stood with the Crown Prince. 'Excellently,' he answered. 'We are quite good friends since he has come to recognise that I am not on the side of the French, as he had previously fancied—I do not know on what grounds.' I remarked that the day before the Crown Prince had looked very pleased. 'Why should he not be pleased?' remarked the Count. 'The Heir Apparent of one of the most powerful kingdoms in the world, and with the best prospects. He will be reasonable later on and allow his ministers to govern more, and not put himself too much forward, and in general he will get rid of many bad habits that render old gentlemen of his trade sometimes rather troublesome!'"

The trade of the Crown Prince should be understood as being that of sovereignty.

One is accustomed to regard Bismarck as an all-powerful dictator. That is because, during the latter years of Queen Victoria, he really appeared to be almost sovereign, since he fought and worsted that redoubtable monarch upon so many occasions of which

we were conscious enough. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that he won about half his pitched battles against the Queen of England. Thus he certainly lost his battle with the Queen about the status of the Empress Frederick, and it is fairly true to say that he won his battle with her about Prince Alexander of Battenberg and the Bulgarian marriage project. These long and tortuous struggles may well be forgotten. And yet it might be as well if they could be remembered.

At any rate, I wish for my own purposes that the picture of Bismarck in the public mind could be a picture a little more near actuality. For actuality is always more interesting than allegorical ideas. And the modern ideal of Bismarck is much too near the modern Prussian ideal to be in the least satisfying to any one at all near the ground. The real old Bismarck of the three hairs that he so carefully nursed across his baldness is too apt to give place to the ideal of a Bismarck who was a sort of superman, either in shining armour or in the white uniform of the Bonn Cuirassiers. On the one occasion when I myself saw the Iron Chancellor he was a stooping old man, much like any other old man. He wore a blue uniform with nickel silver buttons and he was walking along, curiously alone, under an avenue of elm-trees, leaning upon a crooked stick, and with his great Dane at his side.

It is nothing in particular to talk about—to have once seen Bismarck plain. And yet it is a good deal to talk about just because the ex-Chancellor was so singularly alone. For, in the 'nineties, he had outlived his day: he had outlived his Germanism; his opportunism; his power. And that is a very striking fact. Or again the picture that Busch gives us later has always struck me as one of the most impressive pictures that the world can show—as impressive as that of Marius amongst the ruins of Carthage. For he shows us Bismarck, seated before his fire in Friedrichsruh, and lamenting the emptiness of his days. And then he said that he was thinking of all the thousands of dead that he had caused to die—in the Danish War, in

the Austrian War, at Koeniggraetz, at Dueppel, at Chlum, at St. Privat, at Sedan, and before Paris. He was apparently thinking of the Danish dead, of the dead Poles, of the dead French, the Austrians, as well as the Germans. And he was apparently foreseeing that they had all died in vain.

Let us try to do justice to Prince Bismarck and let us imagine that he was perfectly sincere in thinking that the French were the real troublers of the peace of mankind. You must remember that, when he received his first impressions, he was almost a hundred years nearer than we are to the days of Napoleon le Grand, of Le Grand Condé, of Le Grand Monarque; that he was almost a hundred years nearer to the time when Prussia had been the seat of a debased monarchy and the home of a crushed people. And in taking Alsace-Lorraine from the French, Bismarck really imagined that he was erecting a bulwark between those perpetual aggressors and the kindly German peoples. I cannot doubt that he really believed this.

And in still later years, seated before the fire at Friedrichsruh he probably perceived his mistake—he perceived that Prussia, under professional and idealist rulers, was becoming no longer a humanist State oppressed by a loquacious French people always in pursuit of *la gloire,* and protected from these aggressions by a bulwark called Elsass-Lothringen—no, Prussia was becoming a State purely materialist, in no sense worshipping the God in Whose service he had supported the Suabian family of Hohenzollern. And indeed Bismarck prophesied, after his fall, and about the date of the anecdote reported by Busch, the exact position of things that has now arisen. He prophesied, or at least he said that he feared, that one day Prussia would have to make war upon Russia, supported by France, who again would be supported by England.

No, the last thing that we have to think of Bismarck is that he was a divinely or a satanically supported statesman, registering decrees that were carried out by a court without will and without backbone. The

real Bismarck was an extraordinarily bothered, sensitive, and harassed human being. He had to shed tears of nervous exhaustion before he could persuade his King to take one step or another in the affair of annexing the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies; and he points out to his friends that it is impossible to be a statesman without having, from time to time, to shed tears of nervous exhaustion. He had to fight the Crown Prince Frederick, the Crown Princess, who was an Englishwoman, the Queen of Prussia, who was Francophile, innumerable Serene Highnesses who insisted upon their dignities. He had to fight innumerable court lackeys; he had again and again to complain that news was concealed from him; that Grand Dukes wrote letters to the Emperors of Russia, or of Austria, or of France, or to the Queen of England without letting him know what they were writing. He had to complain again and again that he could not get enough to eat at the King's table—and he had to complain that he had not even the support of Moltke himself. For, regarded as a politician, Moltke was the gloomiest sort of Job's comforter. He expected political disasters from the Danish campaign; he foresaw nothing but the ruin of the Prussian State from the war against Austria in 1866 and from the war of 1870.[1]

[1] "Moltke als Politiker," von Dr. Rudolf Peschke (Preussische Jahrbücher, Berlin, 1914), p. 27–8: "Freilich, auch Oesterreich vermochte Moltke kein Vertrauen mehr entgegenzubringen. Frankreich ist als Preussens Feind zu betrachten, es geht auf die Eroberung aller Rheinlande aus und Oesterreich lässt es gewähren. Die Worte finden sich in einer Denkschrift vom Jahre 1860, die den Aufmarsch der Armee in einem Kriege gegen Oesterreich zum Gegenstande hat. Als Generalstabschef musste er diesem Gedanke wiederholt nahetreten. Aber wenn auch hier militärische Zuversicht die Feder führt, so erkennen wir doch deutlich, wie ihm vor den politischen Folgen eines solchen Kampfes graute. Sie erscheinen ihm als etwas ganz Unberechenbares, Ungeheures. Ein grosses einheitliches Reich muss daraus in Mitteleuropa entstehen aber dies ist dann gegenüber dem früheren Bundesgebiet bedeutend kleiner, denn es hat an die Nachbarn nach Ost- und West-Provinzen abgeben müssen. Um solchen

Moltke's habitual attitude was indeed to say that he could win any given campaign against Austria or France or Denmark, but that, once the campaign was won, he was perfectly certain that the rest of the world would fall upon Prussia and overwhelm her. These views, in their turn, irritated Bismarck beyond belief. They irritated him, indeed, to a pitch of pettiness that would be incredible in any one but a statesman who confessed that such troubles could reduce him to a state of nervous tears, and who confessed, too, that the diplomatic dinners of his day were so extremely tedious that his wife always fainted when she was present at one of them. He, poor man, had to be present at them all.

The following passage, quoted again from Busch, may be of interest to the reader at the present moment. It was levelled at the head of Moltke, when Moltke, under the influence of the Crown Princess, had been offering objections to the bombardment of Paris—on the usual grounds that the civilised world would rise up against, fall upon, and destroy Prussia. The civilised world, of course, did nothing of the sort; but Bismarck in his irritation "took it out of" Moltke on the score of his tactics.

"Possibly," he added, "the hard-hearted reprobates of the general staff are right when they say that even if the whole five hundred thousand men whom we have now in France were to be wiped out, that should merely be regarded as the loss of so many pawns, so long as we ultimately won the game. It is very simple strategy, however, to plunge in head foremost in that way without counting the cost. Altogether, those who conduct the operations are not worth much—armchair strategists. A plan is prepared in which the whole calculation is based first of all upon the extraordinary qualities of both soldiers

Folgen zu entgehen, wünscht er möglichst eine Verständigung mit Habsburg. Wie er es denn Bernhardi gegenüber als seine erste Forderung als er Minister des Aeusseren hinstellt; Annäherung an Oesterreich."

and regimental officers. It is those alone who have achieved everything." [1]

And it is not to be imagined that Bismarck's vexations ended with the intrigues of the Crown Prince, of the Crown Princess, of the Queen, of the lackeys, or of the Bavarian, Saxon, Wurtemburgish and Saxe-Weimar ministers, Grand Dukes, or plenipotentiaries. What we may call the Prussian "Forward Party" perpetually harassed Bismarck with their insistence that Prussia must get a great deal more than she eventually did, by way of leadership, out of the Franco-Prussian War and the treaties that consolidated the Empire. And at the head of the Prussian Forward Party there was naturally to be found the redoubtable Treitschke. Treitschke was at that time one of the Conservative leaders in the Prussian House of Commons, and it is hardly too much to say that Treitschke bombarded Bismarck with a daily letter as to the necessity of crushing the necks of all the other German nationalities beneath the heel of Prussia. Thus once more we have Busch writing on Wednesday, December 14th, 1870, when the arrangements for the declaration of the Empire of Germany were already completed :

The German party of centralisation are still dissatisfied with the Bavarian Treaty. Treitschke writes me from Heidelberg on the subject in an almost despairing tone: "I quite understand that Count Bismarck could not have acted otherwise, but it remains a very regrettable affair all the same. Bavaria has once more clogged our feet as she did in 1813 in the Treaty of Ried. So long as we have our leading statesman we can manage to move in spite of that. But how will it be later on? I cannot feel that unquestioning confidence in the vitality of the new Empire which I had in that of the North German Confederation. I only hope that the nation will prosper, owing to its own healthy vigour, in spite of constitutional deficiencies." [2]

[1] Busch's "Bismarck," September 29th, 1870, vol. i, p. 194.
[2] Op. cit., Wednesday, December 14th, 1870, vol. i, pp. 386–7.

CHAPTER II

TWO FURTHER GERMAN FIGURES

In the preceding chapter I have repeated myself over the figure of Bismarck. And I have done this of set purpose because I wish to impress as strongly as possible upon the reader's mind the immense and overwhelming importance of the figure of Bismarck in the history of Germany and in the history of the world. I can remember so extremely well the impression made upon my adolescent mind by Sir John Tenniel's cartoon called "Dropping the Pilot." I don't think that at that date I took any interest whatever in the fate or the history of Germany. And I should say that few people in this country regarded Prussia as being of much importance in the world. There remained in England still much of the feeling that had generally obtained in these islands when the daughter of Queen Victoria married the Prussian Crown Prince. Upon that occasion the Princess Victoria remarked to her husband that almost any Liverpool merchant could put up a better show of silver than all the German nobility and the reigning houses put together. And although by 1890 that feeling had to some extent modified itself, as far as I can remember the German Empire counted for very little in the calculations of the ordinary Englishman. If the German Empire of that day was anything, it was just Prince Bismarck. And the fall of the Iron Chancellor really did send a shock of alarm through the world. It was a feeling of dismay that we all felt, a feeling of shock, and a quite real dread of what might come next.

I think there can have been few periods of the world

when universal popular feeling can have so completely justified itself, just as there have been few figures in the world whose removal can have caused such an immense change to the countries to which they belonged, or to the entire civilised and uncivilised world.

It is possible to contend that Germany was ready for the change from the yoke of Bismarck. As Professor Bartels puts it, this colossal figure weighed so heavily upon the land that even the youngest and most spirited of authors found it impossible to stand up against that influence. And even Friedrich Nietzsche, living in Venice, when he was worried by followers to name what literature Germany was producing in the 'eighties, or what writers she had, would reply that she had none. And, being pressed again to say what writers Germany had, he answered explosively: "There is only one writer—he is called Bismarck."

And the statement, like every statement of genius, was startlingly exact. To put it in quite homely language, Bismarck occupied every one's attention to such an extent that no one else, except Wagner, could do anything else in Germany—and Wagner was only another kind of Bismarck. But no one else—not even Treitschke—could really pay attention to his painting, his orations about philology, his disquisitions upon art or his poems. In the whole of Germany, and in most of the rest of the habitable globe, one rose every morning to ask oneself: "What is he up to to-day?" I do not think that this is an exaggerated statement. And it is hardly an exaggerated statement to say that, when Bismarck died, Nietzsche took his place, though this statement must be taken not quite so literally and must be regarded a little more as an allegory. But let us put it that, Bismarck having depressed and enervated the youth, Nietzsche put new heart into the youth of the world. Youth, that is to say, hadn't a chance in the days of the Iron Chancellor, who kept alive the traditions of old-

fashioned boisterousness, of the mixed drink called Bismarck, of the herrings called Bismarck, of old-fashioned kindliness, brutalities, sentimentalisms, and statesmanship as it was conceived by "Peel, O'Connell, and Mirabeau."

Nietzsche in one sense was something quite new; in another sense, he was just the opportunist expressing himself in new terms. He dealt, that is to say, with moral problems as they arose in precisely the same fashion as Bismarck dealt with Austria or with Russia. At one moment he cursed asceticism as leading to weakness in mankind; at another moment he said that no superman's day could be complete unless during the twenty-four hours he had denied himself something. At one moment he was all for the spiritual murder of "Philistines"; yet he wept, when, shortly after his attack upon Strauss' "The Old and the New Faith," Strauss died in some distress of mind because of Nietzsche's attack upon his book.

II

I have approached the figure of Nietzsche with some reluctance, not so much because I am rather afraid of handling him, as because, since the war, such a great deal of nonsense has been written about this imaginative genius.

For the one thing that one can confidently advance about Nietzsche is that he was a genius—everything else, except his effect upon his age, must be largely a matter of personal opinion. And I am not going to let myself in for any dogmatic statements as to the Nietzschean creed. For the creed of Nietzsche—take it at whatever stage of his three periods you like—was a thing that I have never been able to consider as a factor influencing my own inner life. I have indeed never been able to consider it at all.

As a philosopher, regarded simply and solely as a philosopher, Nietzsche had the immense advantage over all members of the schools of Kant, of Hegel, of

Cohen, and the rest—over all modern philosophers save Schopenhauer, that is to say—that he did really consider that the only function of philosophy was to be the guide to life. Owing to this trait, Nietszche, from the very beginning of his career, found himself at war with the whole of German academic life and psychology. "Die Geburt der Tragödie" was as much of a shock to the *Philologs* who had guided his early learning as "Also sprach Zarathustra" was to the Kantians and to the neo-Kantians of his middle period.

In the first book which he wrote—this same "Birth of Tragedy"—he analysed and in a measure reconstructed a Greek spirit of one type—and, as I have already pointed out, the business of the *Philolog* was to have nothing to do with the spirit of the work treated of. In "Also sprach Zarathustra" he attempted, to the measure of the light vouchsafed him, to popularise philosophy. He did this at a period when, almost more even than to-day, the ambition of German academicists was to turn philosophy into a mystery, veiled from the popular gaze and incomprehensible to the popular mind.

Speaking now, as critics of Nietzsche as a constructive artist, not as a philosopher, we might say that the defect of this book is simply its want of artistry and the hurried nature of its imaginative evolution. Nietzsche fell very strongly under French influence, but what he chiefly lacked was the French tradition of clarity of thought. I don't mean to say that he despised clarity of thought, that he attempted in the least to be obscure, or that, in the direction of clarity, he did not, for a German, achieve enormous things. To re-read Nietzsche, as lately I have been doing, instead of the prose of historians like Delbrueck, Ranke, or Treitschke, or the prose of Kant, Hegel, and even Schopenhauer, who in a way was a stylist of sorts, is to heave a deep sigh of satisfaction.

German is the most unfortunate of languages for giving expression, and humanity is itself unfortunate

in that the tranquil and exact matters which the German mind seems peculiarly made to contemplate must needs be expressed in a language which, if it is fitted for anything at all, is most fitted for violent, dramatic, or inexact statements. And Nietzsche, conscious as he was of this fact, reviling as he constantly did the German language and always regretting that he could not write in French, wrote as nearly like a Frenchman as he could. As far as he managed it, that is to say, his sentences were French in construction and the images he used were French images. But he was the product of German educational traditions and, until his health began to fail, he was himself a professor in Basle, which was to all intents and purposes, on its German side, a German university. He never attained, therefore, to the clarity of diction or to the consummate method of putting things that was a second nature to Renan (I am not trying to compare Nietzsche as an anti-Christian with Renan, for whom he had an immense contempt).

And if I pointed out that Nietzsche was for ten years or so a professor at the university of Basle, I do not wish to imply that he had in any degree at all the German professorial spirit or the German professorial defects. I have met a good many students who sat under Nietzsche, and they all united in speaking of Nietzsche's lectures and demeanour to his students with what I can only call radiance. He appeared to be the perfect educator of youth. He was not only, that is to say, patient, courteous in an almost superhuman degree, and anxious to be of assistance to individuals, but his lectures upon what I will call the Greek frame of mind were full of illuminating phrases and were not at all one-sided. "The Birth of Tragedy" occupied itself with the theory of Greek pessimism; but I questioned several of Nietzsche's own pupils rather closely, within ten or fifteen years of Nietzsche's retirement, which took place in 1880, and their replies all united to give me the impression that Nietzsche by no means limited himself to piling

up in his lectures instances going to prove that the Greeks, aside from their works of art, were a perpetually lamenting or even a deeply melancholy people. Indeed "Die Geburt der Tragödie," unless my early impressions are betraying me, came as a surprise not only to Nietzsche's pupils, but to many of his intimates.

But if Nietzsche was an almost perfect educator, he did not have the advantage of educating himself, and judged by the really high standards that should be applied to works of primary importance, not only "Also sprach Zarathustra," but even the attack on Strauss of 1873, or the pamphlet about Richard Wagner of 1876, or the' 'Schopenhauer als Erzieher" of 1879, are not distinguished by a sense of form or what is called literary architectonics. They wander on without much classification and seem to come to an end merely when the writer's mind is exhausted of its subject. And this may well be set down as a misfortune for the world which Nietzsche has undoubtedly much influenced—and influenced as much by the misconceptions attached to his doctrines as by any lesson that he tried to teach. Had his education, his language, and his traditional approach to form been French, it is very likely that his effects upon the world would have been infinitely more beneficial. The ideas, that is to say, that are contained in "Also sprach Zarathustra" are the statement of one side of a case that was well worth making. They are anti-altruist, anti-Christian, and anti-religious, and the clear and convincing statement of the case against altruism, Christianity, and revealed religion was, at the time this book was written, well worth reading even for the altruist, the Christian, or the religious minded in general.

The school of Strauss, George Eliot, and Herbert Spencer was essentially demoralising—a school of thought as demoralising for Christians as for non-Christians, since it was an attempt to combine the Christian standard of manners with a materialistic standard of values and to adopt even the Christian theory of Heaven whilst leaving out the principle of

the God-head who designed that heaven or enjoined that code of manners. Such attempts to run with one hare or another, and to hunt with this or that pack of hounds, were exceedingly common in the Victorian era in this country and in Germany of the period between 1848 and 1880. They were due as much as anything to influences that acted and interacted between the one country and the other.

In another direction you have, for instance, Thomas Carlyle using ordinary standards of morality for most purposes but applauding every breach of a treaty and every immoral act of Frederick the Great because Frederick the Great stood for Germany, Germany for morality, and German morality for a thing that must be sustained at the cost of no matter how many immoral acts. And this sort of snuffy morality and snuffy interchange of compliments between Strauss, Wagner, George Eliot, Busch, George Henry Lewes, Max Mueller, the late Prince Consort, the promoters of the Crystal Palace, and Thomas Carlyle went on in an increasing degree right up to the late 'seventies.

In this country Carlyle was the chief offender. In the winter of 1870 he wrote his really infamous letter to the *Times*; in 1874 he received the Prussian Order of Merit, but perhaps the highest honour that was paid him was the following passage from the introduction to "Art and Revolution," written by Richard Wagner in the year 1872.

The original edition of "Kunst und Revolution" was written in Paris in 1849 when Wagner had escaped with difficulty from the Saxon revolution that I have already described. It is a perfervid, abominably written, and nearly incomprehensible plea to the effect that the State as a rule has looked after artists very badly and that their best chance of making a living lies in revolution. By 1872, however, Wagner was a protégé of the King of Bavaria and was looking around for pecuniary support from those same royal, governmental, and moneyed classes whom in 1849 he had so vigorously decried. And the "introduction" written

in 1872 is an ingenious attempt at once to whittle away the revolutionary utterances of 1849 and to prove that Germany was in no need of a revolution at all.

Perhaps at this date Wagner found it particularly necessary to affirm his anti-revolutionary sentiments since, in this year, he was denounced to Bismarck by the Russian revolutionary police as the head of a gigantic Nihilistic conspiracy to render vacant all the thrones of Europe including that of the King of Bavaria. The accusation was of course purely nonsensical, and Bismarck paid no attention to it. At any rate Wagner wrote at about that date the following passage, which may be called, far more than any Orders of Merit, the true apotheosis of Thomas Carlyle:

> According to the high opinion which this great thinker has proclaimed of the destiny of the German nation and its spirit of veracity, it must be deemed no vain presumption that we recognise in this German people—whose own completed *Reformation* would seem to have spared it from the need of any shares in Revolution—the preordained 'Heroic Wise' on whom he calls to abridge the horrible period of World Anarchy.[1]

III

Let us now consider, since we are considering German figures, the relationships between Nietzsche and Wagner. For these two men, as they are typical of German cultural development, so each in his way played a large part in that development. That as a man—as an erect male confronting the universe—Wagner was infinitely the greater figure of the two, no one I think would be set to deny. Wagner, like the older Germany of which he came, represented achievement, noise, carelessness, and immense undertakings. That he was occasionally, or that he was, if you like, almost always, ridiculous is also undeniable, but being thought ridiculous is the last thing that a man

[1] Richard Wagner's "Prose Works," translated by Ashton Ellis, vol. i, p. 29.

like Wagner really minds. His business in life was to set up the Bayreuth theatre upon the top of a hill and to have kings, emperors, savants, and merchant-princes all worshipping together at the shrine of the music-drama. If, in order to get subscriptions, he found it necessary to say that the Germans were the "Heroic Wise," he would say it. That got money out of the Germans by flattering their vanity, just as it got money out of non-Germans by the sort of brow-beating process that Germany has pursued all the world over ever since 1870.

And the erection of the Bayreuth theatre remains one of the amazing achievements in the history of the world. For the world did not want Wagner, did not want Wagner's music, did not want Bayreuth, and certainly did not want Germany. Nevertheless, by sheer brow-beating, by intrigues, by clamour, by means of pamphlets and by means of every kind of outcry, Wagner succeeded in forcing upon the unwilling world himself, his theatre, his music, his music-drama, and, to a large extent, Germany.

And the opening days of Bayreuth were an amazing spectacle. You had the poor, tired, aged Emperor forced, by public opinion, to sit for hours and hours in a stiff uniform throughout a performance of the Ring of the Nibelungs, muttering under his breath "Horrible, horrible!" casting agonised glances at his staff that surrounded him and rising to lead the official claque. Or you had a whole horde of "advanced" young musicians from the land that Germany had so lately harried—of young men like César Franck and others who later carried on the school of Débussy and Ravel—running over with an immense enthusiasm, sitting up all night in cafés at Bayreuth, chanting and declaiming the Siegfried music and the recitations from the "Goetterdaemmerung."

I was talking lately to a French composer who was present as a young man at the opening of Bayreuth, and he used, curiously enough, almost exactly the same phrases about this event that Niebuhr used about

the German war of liberation—phrases to the effect that never before in the history of the world could any one have felt so united with all his contemporaries, subtle or simple, as that body of young French musicians there felt—and that no one who had shared in that enthusiasm could forget how joyous and courageous they felt in their hearts.

The young Nietzsche was also there—and in his heart there was the blackest despair. And Nietzsche was the exact converse of Wagner. Where Wagner was boisterous, Nietzsche was very quiet, watchful, critical, for ever analysing himself, exceedingly cold, exceedingly unambitious, and, at that date, quite distinctly priggish. Personally, in fact, Nietzsche must have been almost a model of an Arnoldian cultured man, almost comically shrinking and correct in behaviour—as witness his singular perturbation over the discovery that a Russian Miss S. had entertained what are called " guilty relationships " with another of his pupils and under his roof, or at any rate in the same boarding-house. He was a teetotaller, he had a horror of smoking, he never entertained a passion for a member of the opposite sex, and such indeed was his mistrust of what he called " physical and spiritual narcotics " that his aphorisms include such statements as that the modern thinking world has been ruined by smoking or that it is better to fall into the hands of a cruel murderer than to have any kind of connection with a passionate woman. And Frau Foerstei-Nietzsche again and again records the wonder of Nietzsche's friends, relations, and acquaintances that he should be so " good."

The effects upon such a person, cold, analytical, and correct, of such another person, boisterous, constructive, and certainly as incorrect as a man can reasonably be—might in almost any case be exceedingly disagreeable. In the case of Nietzsche the contact with Wagner was almost horrible, for Nietszche began by being a whole-hearted disciple of the turgid composer, the super-turgid philosopher, and the over-

bearing man. Let me hasten to deny that there was any trace whatever in Nietzsche of personal jealousy of Wagner's Bayreuth successes. The normal course of artistic discipleships is one of gradually growing jealousies and of final and intense bitterness, but of this in Nietzsche there was no trace whatever. Few people have been so little distinguished by personal ambitions and few have been more whole-heartedly intent upon the victory of ideals. So that one might characterise the relationships of Nietzsche and Wagner by saying that it was a record of a great hope in the younger man ending in disillusionment and the personal fear of corruption.

To the normal mind a fear of corruption may seem nonsensical or hyper-nervous, and I am not to lay down the law as to whether Nietzsche was justified or not in abruptly deserting Wagner's companionship after the first Bayreuth festival. A strict moralist might put it that a man who is so afraid of another man's influence, or an artist who is so afraid of the influence of another artist that he must precipitately flee from personal contact, is of little value to the world. We may put it that if Nietzsche could have stood up mentally to Wagner, and, as the phrase is, have seen the thing through, his work would have been of a harder consistency and he might have escaped his ultimate mental extinction. On the other hand, Nietzsche was quite obviously afraid of going immediately mad if he had more of Wagner's society or heard more of Wagner's music. At any rate he fled—and it was like modern Germany fleeing from its past.

Let us consider what Nietzsche wanted of the world and of his country. To Nietzsche, as to every German, the victories of 1870 were things of an epoch-marking importance in the history of culture. Like other Germans, Nietzsche saw in the founding of the German Empire some chance of progress in the realm of culture; but unlike most, but not all Germans of his date, he had the strongest possible misgivings. It

would be a mistake, as it would be an injustice to the Germans of that era, to state that the 'seventies were years of unbridled optimism, confidence, or conceit. To most of the more thinking Germans, whether of the school of Bismarck or of the school of Ziegler and other more well-regulated professors, the 'seventies were years of deep disillusionment and depression, or at any rate years of exceedingly hard work. The union of Germany had been a dream of the noble minds of three generations. Its accomplishment should have initiated a golden era. It brought instead an era of religious persecutions, of harsh industrial conditions of life, and of bitter race recriminations. We may well say, and I do myself think, that the union of the German nations in the form it then took was a mistake in conception and a calamity to the rest of the world. But it would be too much to say that any very large body of German opinion took this exact view, though there was a political party known as the Particularists.

With the political side of things, Nietzsche concerned himself very little; for the cultural developments of Germany he was, however, deeply concerned, and no writer ever expressed his concern or the reasons for that concern more clearly than did Nietzsche.

The unthinking Germans, then, the Germans who in this country would be called "Jingos" and would be supporters of what in this country is called the Yellow Press, led of course by one or two prominent men like Treitschke and certain of the National Liberal leaders, were never tired of claiming, and did raise a great outcry to the effect, that the victories of Sedan and Gravelotte were victories for and had been won by German culture. This appeared to Nietzsche, as indeed it was, not merely purely nonsensical but extremely dangerous for Germany. He pointed out that at the best of times the Germans could not be called a cultured people, since culture implies a certain unity of traditions, of selection—of style, in fact. The last thing that the Germans could claim at that date or at any other date was any unity of style. And

in 1873 Nietzsche began to unburden himself of these forebodings in a series of pamphlets called " Unzeitgemaesse Betrachtungen "—as you might say, " Inopportune Musings."

Culture (he says) is before all things a unity of artistic style in all the expressions of life of a people. To know and to have learnt is another necessary means towards culture, another sign of it, and betrays itself best in the contrary of culture, barbarism; that is to say, lack of style or a chaotic confusion of all styles together." [1]

Fuck you, Kevin

And he continues that the German is avid of all styles without discrimination:

Forms, colours, products, and curiosities of all the ages the German heaps together about him and creates by those means that modern brightness as of cheap-jack's stalls at fairs which his savants in turn regard and formularise as " the essentially Modern." He himself remains tranquilly sitting in the midst of this tumult of all the styles.[2]

And he quotes in support of his thesis—which is indeed my thesis, that the Germans are a young nation whose poverty has prevented them from evolving anything that in a large sense can be called a culture of their own—Goethe's celebrated letter to Eckermann:

[1] " Kultur ist vor allem Einheit des künstlerischen Stiles in allen Lebensäusserungen eines Volkes. Wissen und Gelernthaben ist aber wieder ein nothwendiges Mittel der Kultur, noch ein Zeichen derselben, und verträgt sich auf das beste mit dem Gegensatze der Kultur, der Barbarei, d.h.: der Stillosigkeit oder dem chaotischen Durcheinander aller Stile."—" Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," 1873, pp. 5–6.

[2] " Die Formen, Farben, Producte und Curiositäten aller Zeiten häuft der Deutsche um sich und bringt dadurch jene moderne Jahrmarkt-Buntheit hervor, die seine Gelehrten neue widerum als das ' Moderne an Sich,' zu betrachten und zu formulieren haben: er selbst bleibt ruhig in diesem Tumult aller Stile sitzen."—*Ibid.* p. 6.

We Germans are a people of yesterday; we have, it is true, for a century or so quite industriously cultivated ourselves; but a few more years must roll by until so much spirit and culture in the higher sense penetrates our compatriots that one may be able to say of them: "It is long since this people was barbarian." [1]

I am sorry to trouble the reader with disquisitions on æsthetic points that must seem rather esoteric in a work devoted to the analysis of human characteristics; but I must ask for a particular attention to what immediately follows, because it is almost impossible to understand the habits of mind of any people without paying attention to that people's art. Indeed, a people's art is almost the only certain indication of national character, and unless you pay to it a careful attention you will be reduced, like a distinguished writer of my acquaintance, to saying that you have met some Germans in hotel corridors and found them very noisy, therefore the Germans are a very noisy, gross, and ill-mannered people. Judged by their arts, however, the Germans do not appear to be noisy, gross, or ill-mannered people, but they do appear to be very domestic. And it is probable that if the German arts had been permitted to proceed along their natural lines Germany might have achieved a national and a characteristic style that would have given her the right to say that it is many hundred years since the Germans were barbarians.

Goethe, on the other hand, was aiming at a sort of sham classicism that has always been the *ignis fatuus* of the northern races, and when he said that, in his day, Germans had been striving for a century or so diligently to cultivate themselves, he meant that for

[1] "Wir Deutsche sind von gestern; wir haben zwar seit einem Jahrhundert ganz tüchtig kultiviert; allein es können noch ein Paar Jahre beigehen ehe bei unseren Landesleuten so viel Geist und höhere Kultur eindringen, dass man von ihnen wird sagen können: 'Es sei lange her dass sie Barbaren gewesen.'"

a century or so the Germans had been aping French rococo classicism. This is the very thing that Germany should not have done if Germany was to attain to real homogeneous culture. The fact probably is that classical culture demands a certain opulence and a certain pleasantness of climate and that the latter never can exist in Germany, the former never having been attained to.

German art, therefore, was at its best when Germany was a country of small walled chambers, panelled with inlaid and polished woods, lit with quaint and not very bright lamps, and filled with people wearing heavy stuffs closely and elaborately brocaded by women who worked during the long winter nights. That indeed was the art of Germany during the Middle Ages and up to the Renaissance—an art of quaint observation rather than of tranquil generalisings. And Nietzsche, in quoting with approval the letter from Goethe to Eckermann, was guilty of a confusion in terms, of an historical ignorance, or possibly of a mere attempt to mislead. At the date of Goethe it would really be correct to say that for the last three hundred years—from the time of Martin Schoengauer, Duerer, and the Holbeins—Germany had firstly been barbarised by war and then had steadily de-culturised herself.

Whatever may be said of the classicism of Winckelmann, "sham" is too harsh a term to apply to the classicism of Goethe, who did attempt to add something of his own to the myths of Iphigenia and the landscapes of Tauris. Nevertheless, as a classicist Goethe is quite obviously a failure, and it is as much to the nature of the failure of Goethe and his imitators that Nietzsche devotes his book on "The Birth of Tragedy" as to the analysis of the Dionysiac and Apollonian bases of Greek art and Greek thought. And the queer, odd, monstrous, and incredible fact about the early Nietzsche, as about "Die Geburt der Tragödie," is that this philosopher devoted this work really to proving that Richard Wagner was the re-incarna-

tion of Æschylus and his predecessors, and that the Dionysiac music had come back in the form of the "music of the future."

Historically speaking, nothing could be more charming or more convenient for the historian than the connection between Nietzsche and the composer of "Tristan und Isolde." For in Wagner you have at once a connection between the Old Germany of the pre-'48 era and the New Germany that, if we don't all know, we are at any rate all suffering from. For, on the one hand, Wagner was undoubtedly a composer of much music passing so far beyond mere exquisiteness that it was a sin in itself to have written it just as it is almost unbearable to listen to. But he was also a beclouded pedant, a monstrous bully, and the most sinful of all artists inasmuch as he was always trying to pretend that his work was of immense moral significance, outpassing the comprehension of the ordinary mortal. Thus, when he had written "Lohengrin," which, in a small way, contains beautiful enough music, he must needs try to obtain for his opera a greater significance by saying that the figure of Elsa and the chords that attend her appearance and the melodies which she sings are in some mystical way not only symbolical of, but actually promote, the spirit of democratic revolution fighting against autocracy and priestcraft.

Wagner, in short, was a very great artist of the inspirational and not in the least of the self-critical kind. It was not enough for him that the love-duet in "Tristan" might reasonably be called the most beautiful or the most harrowing or the most emotional collocation of musical sounds that have ever joined the inaudible music of the spheres. To satisfy his immense egotism it was necessary that every note that he ever put on paper, every handkerchief that he ever used, and every lock that was cut from his hair by a Venetian barber, must be considered as divine as the opening bars of that wonderful opera. And the whole world, the whole Empire of Germany, the whole Kingdom of

Bavaria, the whole province in which Bayreuth is situated, the whole little town, the rising upon which Wahnfried was built, the rooms of Wahnfried, its furniture and its inmates, including the young Nietzsche, must revolve around and hang upon the pen which wrote at the master's desk.

And it is amazing to what an extent Wagner succeeded in making good these pretensions. It is symbolical in a quite extraordinary manner of modern Germany. Wagner wrote some very beautiful music and he succeeded in brow-beating the world of his day into believing him not only a musician but a philosopher, a prophet, a saviour, and a hero. Modern Germany has evolved some remarkable by-products from tar, and some beneficent cultures from bacteria. And it has succeeded for nearly half a century in persuading the occidental world that it is a leader in education and philosophy, in culture, in the knowledge of how to live, just as, after the war of 1870, it succeeded in persuading itself, Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, and the European and American world that the victories of Sedan and Gravelotte were won by German culture. This latter theory gave the young Nietzsche, as I have said, serious cause for misgivings. And already in 1873 Nietzsche wrote:

> If one allows it (the ideal of a victorious German Kultur) to grow and spread itself abroad, if one encourages it with a flattering imbecility that it has been the means of victory, it has power enough, as I have already said, to extirpate for good and all the real strength of the German Spirit.[1]

These are the most prophetic words that were ever written, for the whole history of the last forty years has been the history of the complete extirpation of

[1] "Lässt man es heranwachsen und fortwicheren, verwöhnt man es durch den schmeichelnden Wahn, dass es siegreich gewesen sei, so hat es die Kraft den deutschen Geist, wie ich sagte, zu exstirpiren."—Friedrich Nietzsche, "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," p. 3.

the spirit of Germanism at the hands of the material progress of Prussianism—of Prussianism which is an ideal of a victorious Kultur.

To Nietzsche then, refined, scholarly, and shrinking from the German Jingoistic utterances just after a successful war, Wagner suddenly appeared as the prophet that was to save Germany from materialistic confusion of styles and was to revive Hellenistic ideals and the Hellenistic spirit in the land surrounding the Elbe. It was a very extraordinary delusion and one which can only be accounted for by the immense personal influence exercised by the elder man over the younger. Why in the world, for instance, should Nietzsche have confused Wagner with anything Greek —Wagner who was more essentially Gothic than any German since Albert Duerer? The reason is perhaps not so very far to seek. Wagner, in fact, in his pamphlets as in his conversation, was infected with the modern sham-classicism whose highest expression were Winckelmann and the statues of Nereids surrounding the Trianons of small German Grand Dukes. It was impossible for Wagner to write a pamphlet about music, about religion, or about the Jews without bringing in Apollo, the Muses, Greek tragedy, and a whole collection of sham-classical allusions. And since Wagner was an original figure of an immense strength, he seemed to whirl these statues about his head in a way that conferred on them at least an appearance of rugged life.

I have not sufficient space to go very closely into the æsthetic relations of Nietzsche and Wagner. Let it suffice to state the definitely historical facts—that Nietzsche expected Wagner to force a real Greek culture upon the German people and that he saw in the Bayreuth scheme a proposal to erect a real temple to the arts which should be the resort of the best and the highest throughout the world. For many years before 1872 Nietzsche had had an ardent admiration for the music-dramas of Wagner—and more particularly for the "Meistersingers" and for "Tristan."

In 1872 Wagner took the young man with him to a Wagner festival that was held at Leipsic, and from this place Nietzsche wrote to Rohde:

> I have concluded an alliance with Wagner. You cannot in the least figure to yourself how near to one another we now stand and how our plans march together.[1]

And Frau Foerster-Nietzsche reports that it is almost impossible for any one to imagine "how closely Wagner and Nietzsche were united at that time." Everything that her brother planned or produced came about only as an expression of his relation to Wagner, and in everything that he did he asked "Will this seem right to Wagner?" or "Will it help him?" Nietzsche proposed to give up his professorship at Basle and to travel about the world collecting money for the erection of the theatre at Bayreuth and preaching Wagnerian ideas.

The years 1872–6 were years of extraordinary activity in the Wagner world. Wagnerian societies were founded in France, in the United States, in this country, and even in Italy. And the amount of talk and the almost blood-feuds that arose throughout the world would seem incredible to a music-lover to-day. As I have elsewhere related, my father, who was chiefly instrumental in forcing the music of Wagner on this country, received no less than nine threats to murder him in the course of four years.

And in the heart of the Wagnerian propaganda sat Nietzsche. He wrote fiery prospectuses; he made long speeches; he inspired the master with Greek data, and he was certainly absolutely unsparing of himself in his devotion. And there is no doubt that he saw in the plan for the erection of the theatre at Bayreuth, where primarily Wagner's music-drama should be performed, secondarily the founding of an institution

[1] "Ich habe mit Wagner eine Alliance geschlossen. Du kannst Dir gar nicht denken, wie nah wir uns jetzt stehen und wie unsere Pläne sich berühren."—"Der Junge Nietzsche," p. 399.

where agapemones of culture should have their being. As Frau Foerster puts it in "Der Einsame Nietzsche," he expected that to this Mecca there would come the greatest of painters who would enshrine on their canvases the forests surrounding Bayreuth, on the walls of the theatre and the heroes of humanity. He expected that here great writers would come and read from their manuscripts and great reformers would propound their schemes for the regeneration of the world. It is a very German idea to enter the brain of a Polish philosopher.

Little by little the money for the erection of the theatre came together. By the beginning of 1874 the King of Bavaria had guaranteed all that was necessary. By the end of that year Wagner could fix the date for the opening as the autumn of 1876. The opening came in 1876. But by that time Nietzsche was completely worn out. He had his professorial duties; he suffered terribly from eye-strain and nervous derangements; he was worried to death over a pamphlet that he wrote with great difficulty—the one entitled "Richard Wagner," and published in the series called "Unzeitgemaesse Betrachtungen." And by 1876 disillusionment was already beginning for him. He had studied the piano-score of the Ring of the Nibelungen and had conceived the idea that immense passages of that work were exceedingly tedious.

Then came the general rehearsals, with the usual inopportune happenings; the King of Bavaria insisted on being present and allowing no one else in the theatre. Then since the music sounded hollow in the empty building he insisted on having it filled with Bavarian troops. The theatre became a hot-bed of intrigues and of horrors for the young Nietzsche. The recitatives of Wotan seemed to him unbearable, the stage-machinery, which of course would never work, was grotesque in the extreme. The dragon had no neck because the English firm which manufactured it sent the neck to Beirut in Turkey. The agitation, the noise, the necessity for sitting still for immense periods,

so upset Nietzsche that, before the performance, he fled to a solitary village a long way away in the woods. He did not intend to hear any of the performances.

The pathos of these situations is best suggested by purely material details. Nietzsche and his sister had taken a whole suite of rooms—" two bedrooms, opening upon a sitting-room "—for two whole months, for they had intended to be present at every rehearsal and at every performance of the " Ring." Frau Foerster-Nietzsche was engaged in packing up the professor's things at Basle, for he had intended after this final sanctification of the arts in Germany to make a protracted journey through Italy. So that when Frau Foerster-Nietzsche reached Bayreuth she found that her brother had gone and had announced his intention of never returning. He nevertheless did return, and made the plunge of sitting through the whole first performance of the cycle.

And the first performance was terrible. The cave failed to materialise, exhibiting only a gloomy hollow with ropes and a carpenter in his shirt-sleeves. The head of the dragon spouted fire from the middle of its back ; the Rhine maidens went round and round on a very obvious carrousel. The audience paid no attention to the music ; they were so infinitely much more interested in the Emperor and in the King of Bavaria, who so disliked their attentions that he fell off his chair and sat on the floor of the box.

It was only when he closed his eyes that Nietzsche could call the attention of his sister to the beauties of the orchestration. But in the end the horrible conviction forced itself upon him that this music-drama which was to have revived the Dionysiac tragedy was nothing more nor less than the old and despised Italian opera with eight times as many instruments, eight times as much noise, and eighty times more costly in inartistic scenery. And the audience that was to have comprised all the high spirit of the world consisted entirely of rich manufacturers, bankers, notoriety hunters, and hangers-on of the court who had been

attracted by the presence of the Emperor, the Kings, and Serene Highnesses. The Emperor and the others had come because they were told that it was their duty to the art of Germany, and they sat there exclaiming: "Horrible, horrible!" They much preferred "Zampa."

IV

The final spiritual adventure of Nietzsche at Bayreuth is the most singular and the most human of all. It figured about the suite of apartments—the two bedrooms with the sitting-room between them. This arrangement contributed more than anything else to Nietzsche's final discomfiture. For, Frau Foerster-Nietzsche explains, Bayreuth being extremely full, the Nietzsches were the only people in the town who had a sitting-room at all, and this room became, as it were, the centre and the meeting-place for all the ardent Wagnerians that were in the town. There were not very many of them—not more than a hundred, since the quality of the Bayreuth audience was essentially plutocratic, and the ardent Wagnerians were intellectual, and needy at that. But to accentuate Nietzsche's misery he found that the ardent Wagnerians were infinitely more trying, and much more ridiculous, than the moneyed classes whose coming he had disliked. They filled his sitting-room with imbecile chattering about minor significances; their manners, clothes, and habits of eating appeared to him to be grotesque and repulsive, and he was horrified to discover that he, too, was regarded, and chiefly existed, as such a Wagnerian.

The end came on the occasion of the second performance of the "Ring." The Nietzsches had given up their tickets and were sitting alone in their empty sitting-room in the darkness. The crowds of Wagnerians, of *nouveaux riches*, of courtiers, or of monarchs had gone by beneath their open window. The carriages coming from the opulent bathing places in the

neighbourhood had rolled by over the cobbles. All the world had gone into the theatre. The little town was in absolute silence and darkness, and the Nietzsches themselves were in absolute silence and darkness. And suddenly Nietzsche said to his sister: "To think that this is the first absolutely happy evening we should spend at Bayreuth!"

That evening was indeed symbolical not only of Nietzsche's life, but of many other things. In Nietzsche's case it symbolised, as indeed it marked, his retirement from contact with humanity; it symbolised, as it marked, his embarking upon a career of intent, metallic egotism. It was the beginning of a new phase in which his preoccupations were no longer to be with æsthetics, but with purely intellectual, or rather with purely moral, adventures. And that set of circumstances is singularly symbolical of the cultural history of the German Empire from that date onwards. That is why I am paying so much attention to the spiritual career of Nietzsche; for we may say that Nietzsche's spiritual career is the spiritual career of the German Empire dominated by the Prussian hegemony.

I do not like to say it, for I have a peculiar aversion from saying anything against an artist that that artist would not like to have said about him, but Nietzsche as a man was peculiarly Prussian in temperament and in race. He may or may not have been partly Slav by descent; but almost all Prussians are partly Slav by descent. At the same time, Nietzsche was a vastly elevated, pure, and flame-like spirit, for it is given to almost every race to produce one or two individuals whose intellects transcend mere nationalism and become what Nietzsche himself called "European." That he was vastly miscomprehended was not his fault; for that the evil hearts of men are responsible. Or perhaps, in a higher sense, Nietzsche himself was responsible, since by cutting himself adrift from humanity as he did on that evening in Bayreuth he lost touch with the human language in

which he must needs express himself and with the mainsprings of human conduct.

Let us state once more that Nietzsche's personal career was of an absolute impeccability down to the minutest details. He was restrained, careful, abstemious, and, in a cold way, very companionable. Frau Foerster-Nietzsche has practically misled the public by calling the second volume of her biography of her brother "Der Einsame Nietzsche." For Nietzsche was only intellectually a lonely man. He liked companionship of normal people at boarding-houses and hotels, and he took part freely in general and non-intellectual conversation. Several of the guests in the pensions at Sorrento and other places in Italy where his later years were passed have left quaint evidences of this fact. They describe how the guests used to intrigue with the keepers of pensions to have Nietzsche sit at their end of the table, because his conversation was so delightful, quaint, and enlivening. They expressed their horror and amazement at having read in the papers that a Professor Nietzsche had become insane; and that even before he became insane he was the author of several revolutionary and exceedingly anti-moral treatises. They say it is inconceivable that this madman and this author can be identical with the gentle, spiritual, correct, and utterly good Herr Nietzsche whom they had known so well.

That then was Nietzsche. Of what went on beneath that gentle exterior the best presentation is given by Nietzsche himself in "Ecce Homo." He states that up till a given stage he was so humble in his attitude towards his fellow-beings that he would defer to the opinion of every soul whom he met and would take every other man's word against his own. The given point was obviously the evening in the solitary room at Bayreuth. It was there, or thereabouts, that he made the discovery that he was the most important, the most vital, the most prophetic, and the most dominant soul in the whole world. And

this so amazing—this so very explicable—discovery is once again extraordinarily typical of the history of modern Germany. If you put for Wagner France, and for Prussia Nietzsche, you have a fairly exact symbol of the history of the occidental world.

In Nietzsche as in Prussia you had a dominant, egotist-non-altruist strain with a curious deference for altruism and for culture, the one tendency, at any rate in early youth, constantly confronting the other, the one tendency constantly regarding the other as a form of weakness, as a disseminator of corruption. Thus Nietzsche tells us that whilst he was at school at the celebrated and rigorous college of Pforta, he deliberately applied himself with extraordinary diligence to philological studies because music and the arts exercised over him so enormous an influence that he was afraid of losing his mental equilibrium. His passion for "Tristan" began in 1859, at Pforta, when he was fifteen, and his passion for Æschylus as an artist began at the same date. In much the same way in the early days of the Prussian kingdom you had Frederick the Great's passion for French art, for French thought, and for French music. This led in Nietzsche's case to the curious confounding of Wagner with the Greeks, to the curious muddled idea that in Wagner Æschylus was re-incarnated. The natural progression is very obvious.

After that Bayreuth day Wagner, who seems to have had a genuine but slightly puzzled affection for the younger man, tried to get into contact once more with the philosopher. There is no doubt that Nietzsche was quite troublesome to Wagner. "Your brother," he writes to Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, "with his air of delicate distinction is a most uncomfortable fellow. One can always see what he is thinking about; sometimes he is quite embarrassed by my jokes, and then I crack them more madly than ever." And in his effort once more to get into contact with Nietzsche Wagner followed him to Sorrento. Here, one evening, walking for an immense number of hours by the

water-side, Wagner attempted to cast some of the ancient glamour over his recalcitrant disciple. He seems to have sketched the whole plot, to have rehearsed all the underlying ideas and to have hummed over all the music of "Parsifal." There is, I think, no doubt that Wagner was moved by a sincere affection for Nietzsche. His proceedings, I mean, had in them nothing of the self-seeking that has been attributed to him. He had at that date no need of any trumpeter, and Nietzsche as a trumpeter had not hitherto helped Wagner very much. He was too unknown.

His excursion to Sorrento and his exposition of "Parsifal" were alike of no avail at all. The younger man was simply struck by the fact that Wagner had become, or at any rate represented himself as having become, definitely and mystically religious. He said that it was all very well for an artist to take a religious subject, and to treat it cold-bloodedly, getting all that he could out of it of sentimentality, of pathos, or mediæval and gorgeous decoration. Or it was all very well for simple and religious people to be simple and religious. For the simple and for the religious, Nietzsche had always the greatest kindness and the greatest deference; that is why his fellow guests at pensions liked him so much. But Wagner's new religious mysticism struck him as merely a commercial trick to obtain fresh support from princes, from parvenus, and from court chaplains. He was probably wrong in this, since Wagner was really an ageing man and as such felt the need of the consolations of religion.

At any rate, Nietzsche's hatred for Wagner's religious side assumed such proportions that he let it extend to Wagner's music. He couldn't, that is to say, even at that date deny the pleasure that was to be got from listening to Wagner in some passages, but he took refuge in saying that that pleasure was a source of weakness and spiritual deterioration, for all the world like any other ascetic moralist—for all the

world as St. Simeon Stylites or John Knox might have done. It was, as you like to take it, a nonsensical confusion in terms or a negation of claims to existence of all art. And it is exactly paralleled by the Prussian professor's declaration on the subject of the destruction of Louvain Library. The Prussians had detroyed a monument of religious æsthetic culture; they were going to replace it with an institution that should spread blessings of egotist materialism throughout the world.

That is precisely what Nietzsche was trying to do when, in later years, he wrote his brilliant attack upon Wagner and upon Wagnerism. "Der Fall Wagner" is in fact an attack upon music, and by implication upon any of the arts that attempt to be emotionally moving or of any moral significance. "Good art is light art," Nietzsche there says. "'Everything divine runs upon light feet.' That is the first sentence of my theory of æsthetics." But perhaps I may burden you with the whole quotation, which is, indeed, a very beautifully written justification of what it is customary to call the attitude of the Philistine:

I heard yesterday—would you believe it—for? the twentieth time, Bizet's masterpiece. I remained once more in a gentle and pensive frame of mind; once more I did not run away from it. This victory over my impatience surprises me. How such a work perfects oneself! one is converted by it into a masterpiece. And indeed it has seemed to me that, each time I have heard "Carmen," I have become more of a philosopher and a better philosopher than I seemed to myself; so patient in spirit, so happy, so Indian, so able to sit still. To sit still for five hours! That is the first stage on the road to sainthood! Dare I say that Bizet's handling of the orchestra is almost the only one that is any more bearable to me? The other prevailing orchestral method—the Wagnerian, brutal, artificial, and at the same time "innocent," and also appealing to the three senses of the modern soul—how ominous is this Wagnerian orchestral method to me! I call it "Sirocco." A harassing sweat breaks out all over me.

It is all over with my good weather. The music of "Carmen" seems to me to be perfect. It makes its appearance lightly, sinuously, and with politeness; it is loveable; it does not perspire.[1]

And Nietzsche's attitude to Wagner might well be taken as the negation of the claim of any art to be a serious factor in human life. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that the proper attitude for a proper man is to hate the music of Wagner and yet be unable to tolerate any other. So that there goes music out from the scheme of life.

If, in fact, I had to form a personal estimate of Nietzsche—which, thank goodness, is none of my work in life—I should say that Nietzsche was a very fine literary and artistic temperament; but a very confused thinker. And even as an artist he was subject to the same confusion of method. Thus he pokes hideous fun at Wagner's librettos, which are bad enough in all conscience, and he derides Christian ascetics, who have their weak points, no doubt. Nevertheless, the machinery of his most creative work, "Also sprach

[1] "Der Fall Wagner" (1888), pp. 1–2: "Ich hörte gestern —werden Sie es glauben?—zum zwanzigsten Male *Bizet's* Meisterstück. Ich harrte wieder mit einer sanften Andacht aus, ich lief wieder nicht davon. Dieser Sieg über meine Ungeduld überrascht mich. Wie ein solches Werk vervolkomnet! Man wird selbst dabei zum 'Meisterstück'—und wirklich schien ich mir jedes Mal, dass ich 'Carmen' hörte, mehr Philosoph, ein besserer Philosoph, als ich sonst mir schiene: so langmüthig geworden, so glücklich, so indisch, so *sesshaft*. . . . Fünf Stunden sitzen: erste Etappe der Heiligkeit!—Darf ich sagen, dass Bizet's Orchesterklang fast der einzige ist, den ich noch aushalte? Jener andere Orchesterklang, der jetzt obenauf ist, der Wagnerische, brutal, künstlich und 'unschuldig' zugleich und damit zu den drei Sinnen der modernen Seele auf einmal redend—wie nachtheilig ist mir dieser Wagnerische Orchesterklang! Ich heisse ihn Scirocco. Ein verdriesslicher Schweiss bricht am mir aus. Mit meinem guten Wetter ist es vorbei.

"Diese Musik scheint mir volkommen. Sie kommt leicht, biegsam, mit Höflichkeit daher. Sie ist liebenswürdig, sie schwitzt nicht. 'Das Gute ist leicht, alles Göttliche läuft auf zarten Füssen': erster Satz meiner Aesthetik."

Zarathustra," is the machinery of a tale told by an eremite of the Libyan desert, and the cadence of his more lyrical passages in this work are simply the cadences, phraseology, and the alliteration of a Wagner libretto. For the benefit of those who can read German and who are interested in such matters I append here a verse of prose-poetry from this particular book. It will be seen that the cadence, the construction and the sound are those of the " Goetter-daemmerung."

Hier lache, meine helle, heile Bosheit! Von hohen Bergen wirf hinab dein glitzendes Spott-Gelächter! Ködere mit deinem Glitzern mir die schönsten Menschen-Fische.

With this my discussion of Nietzsche as a writer must come to an end, since my sole purpose in referring to him is to trace his effect upon his time and not to attempt to define his value as a philosopher. Nietzsche's effect upon his time in fact was very largely a false effect. If, that is to say, the population of the world had been all Nietzsches, the world, acting strictly along the lines of the Nietzschean philosophy, might have been a sufficiently agreeable place. Unfortunately the world is largely composed of much less agreeable people who will take from the philosophy of any great man, whether Nietzsche or the authors of holy writ, whatever maxims will sanction their more disagreeable activities. So let us carefully recognise that the philosophy of Nietzsche is one thing and Nietzscheism another.

I first came in contact with Nietzscheism in the town of Bad Soden in the autumn of the year 1891. And, at this point, I will again take up the analysis of my personal experience of German culture.

CHAPTER III

FROM FONTENELLE TO SYNTHETIC CAMPHOR

I

FONTENELLE, the gay, sceptical, or, to be precise, the anti-religious French philosopher, who was born in 1657 and lived ninety-nine years and eleven months, was the one being in the world upon whom Nietzsche desired to model himself. It was Fontenelle who said: "Il faut avoir le cœur froid et l'estomac chaud." It was Fontenelle who first preached, and indeed practised, a doctrine of pure egoism; it was Fontenelle who had one passion—a passion for preaching the claims of applied science. And it was Fontenelle who was too sceptical even for Voltaire. Voltaire curiously enough took Fontenelle's carefully veiled attacks on religion for paradoxes and wrote that Fontenelle would at any moment destroy any truth for the sake of an epigram.

Nevertheless, Fontenelle was as careful to avoid "giving offence" as was Nietzsche sitting at the pension table and entertaining ladies with quaint anecdotes. Fontenelle's attacks upon revealed religion were cautious cat-scratches, sedulously veiled in compliments to ladies. In order to discredit the idea of the descent of man from Adam, he would show a fair-haired and beautiful comtesse the moon through a telescope. He would say that the day is a blond lady, the night a brunette, but that the thought of the comtesse, coming to him in the night, sufficed to turn darkness into light, and then he would drop in the

remark that, since it would be embarrassing for theologians to imagine that there would be in the universe any men not descended from Adam, they must imagine that the inhabitants of the moon, which they were regarding through the telescope, must be monsters and not human beings.

Fontenelle, in short, hated revealed religion: questioned established morality and applauded only the applied sciences. As such you might say that he was the first of the Prussians. The only real difference was the method of attack—Fontenelle using cat-scratches and his later disciples the hammer. Nietzsche's last book, "Die Goetzendaemmerung," was at least sub-titled to the effect that it was philosophising done with a hammer.

The period which I spent at Bad Soden and in other places in Germany in the year 1891 comes back to me as an experience that to me at least is curious and interesting, and I hope I may be able to make it curious and interesting to the English reader. I was under the care of a quite atheist and strongly Nietzschean Lutheran clergyman, who was my tutor. I came into contact, under his roof, with various young men who were mostly starting out upon literary careers and were mostly writing books, or correcting proofs of works eminently pornographic in nature. At that time in Frankfort there was being held the first electrical exhibition that the world had ever seen, and since Frankfort was quite close to Bad Soden we spent a good deal of time at the exhibition and rode frequently upon what was then regarded as an almost fabulous monster—the first electric tram.

My tutor preached his first sermon at the little parish church in the neighbourhood of Soden. The text, I remember, was the Barmherziger Samariter, the good Samaritan, and I remember that the reverend gentleman went as far as he could in the direction of ruling out compassion as a mainspring of human motive. I remember also that one of the village girls fell down in an epileptic fit in the middle of the sermon and

that, owing to the delay, the service had to be cut short because the Roman Catholics were waiting to come in and celebrate the sacrifice of the Mass, for the church was used by both communions.

After the service there was a ball at which there were present the officers and Einjähriger of the Bonn Hussars—and the ball was cut short owing to the news reaching the place that the colonel of the regiment had been killed that afternoon by a fall from his horse on those same tramlines in Frankfort. And the next day we went off on a reading-party to the Spessart and I spent many days in Hauff's own Wirtschaft, reading "Also sprach Zarathustra" and "Menschliches-Allzumenschliches." I ought by rights to have been reading Catullus, but my tutor was of opinion that the other would do me more good. It was, now I come to think of it, a curious and a symbolical experience.

The Gasthaus in which we lived was a high, gabled building of the seventeenth century, and very old at that. It was at once an inn and the casual ward of the district. If, that is to say, a tramp or a journeyman workman came at night and claimed our beds we had to pay him a shilling to go away, since he had the right to a night's lodging. All the streets in the village were very narrow and all the old houses were immensely high, the fronts leaning forward to touch each other.

The inn was reputed to have been the home of an alchemist. In the guest-room was an immense chest full of deeds and black-letter books which the people of the inn were gradually using up for the purpose of lighting fires. We tried to purchase some of these, but were unable to do so. The people of the inn were exceedingly honest. The books and deeds were the property of the community. They could not be sold, but they could be used, so they went on burning them. I stole two of the books. One was entitled "De natura beatæ Virginis" of the year 1627; and the other "De quadratura circuli" of 1622. My conscience after-

wards pricking me—though I don't know why it should—I presented the treatise on the squaring of the circle to the British Museum. That on the nature of the Blessed Virgin I fear I have lost.

At any rate Lohrhaupten was a very old, very hidden place. Every quarter of an hour during the night the night-watchman blew through an immense wooden horn and sang dog-Latin canticles about the state of the weather. There were in that village three standard times—that of the night-watchman, who suited his convenience and disliked the priest; that of the priest, who no doubt received the hour by inspiration, who disliked anything Prussian, and in consequence had the church clock set to suit himself; and that of the post-coach, which was presumably official Prussian time. At six o'clock every morning the swine-herd blew a cow's horn and each of the pigs came out of its sty and followed him into the high woods; at five minutes past six the goose-girl blew a whistle and each of the geese came out of its barn and followed her along the banks of the stream; at ten minutes past six the goatherd played some notes on his pan-pipes and all the goats came out to follow him amongst the rocks; and the sheep did the like a little later on. The land was communal, each peasant owning his patch on condition that he set the plough into it once a year. There were no taxes, since the community was rich in woodlands and every man who desired to build a house had the wood supplied to him for nothing. Nevertheless, each of the peasants was deeply in debt to the local Jew.

The Ghetto was immediately opposite the inn, a tiny quadrangle in a deep cleft of house-walls. The divinely exquisite little Jewesses, in little boys' trousers, used to come out at sunset and eat their special cakes on the doorsteps, facing the dung-heap. I saw the grandfather of the whole community pelted to death with beer-pots on Sedan day in the public room of a little town not far distant. That was to teach him that he ought not to show his nose, or at any rate to

introduce the spectre of debt into occasions of national rejoicings.

There, amidst the rustle of goats' feet on the cobbles, in the shadows of the high gables, in that absolutely hidden nest of that vast forest, I certainly read the works of Nietzsche and the pornographic books of young Germany of that date. I am bound to say that neither the one nor the other made any impression on me whatever. As far as Germany meant anything for me at all it meant so much more the romantic tales of Wilhelm Hauff's "Wirtshaus in Spessart," the romantic stories, told to each other, by the coach-load of travellers sheltering in the inn, in fear of robbers—the story of "Kohlenmunk Peter," of the "Schatzhauser im gruenen Tannenwald," and of the "Tanzbodenkoenig." I remember talking to the schoolmaster about what the sea was like. He imagined that green grass ran right up to flat blue water, and that at its edge you looked down into a quarter of a mile of clearness. I could not get him to believe that it could be otherwise.

But round about these tranquillities Germany was undoubtedly beginning to wake up. You may take the electric trams running through the great, clean, modern streets of Frankfort as one of its symbols. For the electric tram stayed on long after the exhibition with its stalls for electro-plating and the like had died away. And the officer of hussars being killed in the tramlines is another symbol, and the pornographic proof-sheets of young Germany another. I was not at that time awakened enough to understand what these things mean, though I was vaguely aware of mental discomforts at the contacts.

I have always disliked pornography, the German language, and the German method of getting-up books, and to have to read out of courtesy clumsy imitations of Zola's "Pot-Bouille" in German proof-sheets with the innumerable errors that characterise all German printing was quite worrying enough, let alone having to utter, in indifferent German, compli-

ments to the authors of the works. And I think I disliked my tutor very much for being a clergyman, an atheist, and a Nietzscheist, all in one, as well as for his hard voice, his military moustache, and his disagreeable manners. I was also disquieted by a young woman, the sister of a professor from Hamburg, whose other brother was courting the sister of my tutor. She jilted him in favour of an officer in the Bonn Hussars, and he poisoned himself with a gas-stove, after getting exceedingly drunk and writing some lugubrious verses in alliterative *vers libre*. The sister from Hamburg wore her dark hair cropped close and an astrachan cap on the top of it. She talked about the Weltanschauung of a writer called Ibsen, and she quoted or read aloud long passages from "Rosmersholm" and "Hedda Gabler."

The ferment let loose by the fall of Bismarck was, in fact, already beginning to work. Cultural life—actual creative and artistic life—was making one more attempt at expression. It began with an endeavour to copy foreign methods—the methods mostly of Zola and of Ibsen in his more realistic moods. And the copying of Zola and of Ibsen was bound up with the Socialistic movement; with the hatred of the authorities; with a hatred of all authority, for the matter of that; with Nietzscheism, and with ideals of free love. I do not know that a history of later German literature would be at all worth writing, except in so far as Austria and Switzerland are possibly concerned, and with Austria and Switzerland I have very little to do. For the history of German literature from 1870 onwards is the chronicling of obscure schools, of obscure men who decorated their schools with more or less high-sounding names. There had been the late Romanticists, the Decadents, the High Decadents, the Munich School, and, after 1870, there were the Feuilletonists, the Naturalists, the Realistics, and finally the Back-to-Germanyists.

The attempt to get once more into touch with French letters came with the Feuilletonists, who were

writers, like Lindau, of little importance and small abilities; they nevertheless attempted to attain to a certain journalistic skill in form, turning out short stories that were intended to imitate those of Guy de Maupassant, and articles and poems imitating those of Théophile Gautier, Maxime Ducamp, or Villemessant. Some of these writers did attain to a little lightness of touch, and several of them were employed by Bismarck to write readable articles about foreign affairs or scandalous articles about the old Empress, priests, Alexander of Battenberg, Queen Victoria, and the like.

But the Zola-Ibsen-Socialist school was a much more serious attempt to get into touch with currents of international life and thought. It was obviously foredoomed to failure owing to the clumsy nature and the romantic temperaments of its chief practitioners; still, it was a serious attempt. There was, of course, no literary or æsthetic necessity for the union of Zolaism and Ibsenism with Socialism or Nietzscheism, but we might put it that the general contentment of the mediocre and of the prosperous threw all restless spirits together into a more or less common cause. As Professor Bartels puts it:

> The last years of the reign of the old Emperor William were upon the whole a dull and depressing time; everything seemed to stagnate and to intend to remain for ever stagnant. For, up against us younger men, almost eerily, over the Empire and over Europe there rose up the immense figure of Bismarck, and without his will no eddy of wind seemed to move and no ray of light dared to shine. Let it be well understood, I do not mean to say that the great statesman had really come to stand in the way of the development of his people; on the contrary, even at that date, he was bringing about social reforms by legal means; but the youth of Germany felt his greatness to be almost solely oppressive, and asked itself "What shall we do? What can we do? What remains for us?" So at least all the better elements, all the deeper natures, felt themselves circumstanced; more common natures felt themselves actually to be extremely well suited, since the apparent stagnation promised them undisturbed "careers."

And this general contentment with their circumstances remained characteristic of the rich merchants, of the shopkeeping classes, of the officials, and of all whom the French call *roturiers*, until very recent times. It remained, this contentment, the note of the classes who patronised the arts for quite long enough to extinguish the Zola movement, and to see the Ibsen movement become purely idealistic, allegorical, or sentimental. The imitators of Zola and of Ibsen divided themselves into two outwardly allied, but inwardly hostile groups—the realists and the naturalists. Of these the one demanded the exact reporting of the facts of life, the other the rendering of these facts through the medium of the personality.

I presume that Hauptmann and Sudermann are the only writers of this type of whom the outer world is ever likely to have heard, though the brothers Mann of Hamburg and writers like Freiherr von Ompteda or Clara Viebig in her earlier novels are worth attention from any one who has mastered the German language. Sudermann, frankly speaking, is worth nothing at all, either as an artist, a realist, or even as a moralist. About all his work there is a heavy romanticism even when it is at its most realistic, and the best of his novels is like a poor specimen of English commercial fiction. Hauptmann, on the other hand, is undoubtedly a very great poet. He achieved his earlier fame by dramas of realism better comprehended than the realism of Ibsen, and his later poems, from the " Versunkene Glocke " onwards, have had a sort of German fairy-tale quality of allegory, in which the fairy-tale quality, the homely illustrations, and the beauty of language have served to redeem the tiresomeness of the allegorical settings.

The realist-naturalist movement failed upon the whole to capture the German nation. Even the pornographic works with titles like " The Undefiled Magdalen " failed to achieve any immense success, so that, although Socialism might grow and Nietzscheism spread its influences more and more amongst the

young, Zola-Ibsenism steadily lost ground. To these perplexed artistic practitioners the change in Ibsen himself came as a real godsend and a real illumination. "Bygmester Solness" with its allegory of the tower from the top of which people throw themselves to achieve salvation of some kind or another, showed the German realists a tower from whose top they in turn might precipitate themselves, and achieve at once that aloofness which it is desirable for the lesser type of literati to appear to possess, and that sufficiency of readers whose contributions are so desirable for the keeping of the literary man in vine-leaves and cigarettes.

The public of that day was indeed clamouring for a return to the old-fashioned German virtues of sentimentality, idealism, and romanticism. If it couldn't get that—and it couldn't—it was at any rate determined to be rid of French influences. Sudermann lapsed more and more into obscurity; the productions of his plays became veritable débâcles. Hauptmann became the allegorist that I have described; and other allegorists began to spring up. They met, however, with very little success, and German imaginative literature resumed once more its aspect of absolute mediocrity.

I do not mean to say that the German public does not consume vast, does not consume enormous piles of mediocre novels, or attend endless representations of rather monotonous plays. There are, for instance, innumerable poets in Germany, many of them turning out work of remarkable technical accompiishment, and these find quite satisfactory publics of their own. Such poets, in fact, as Richard Dehmel and Stefan Georg have achieved a reputation or founded schools even outside Germany, and there is little or nothing to be said against them by people who have a taste for modern work. But this is an exceedingly new growth, and, characteristically enough, it is a growth largely distinguished by cynicism and light bitterness. For the characteristics of German life which made the

German people call, self-consciously, for a more national treatment of subjects by imaginative writers have not produced a very happy spirit in the best, or even the second-best, types of German humanity.

The German novel of commerce has become either contemptible on account of its conventions or contemptible on account of its conventional unconventionality. The normal conventional novel of German commerce deals with the family—and not with the family as the English novelist of commerce would treat it, since family life in England is a phenomenon almost non-existent from the German point of view. The German, in fact, sees his family as an immense tree, ramifying to the most distant towns, but always connected by invisible but none the less remarkable ties. Members of a family, numbering possibly hundreds, will meet once every year, once every two years, or once every seven years, at a convenient hotel in an island on the Rhine, or on its banks, or at a hostelry of the Alster in Hamburg, and there they will hold their *Familien-Feiertag*.

Such an institution provides an easy convention for the novelist of commerce, and the German family novel will consist of a group-history of an entire clan. You will have the ducal branch of the family, the baronial branch, the official branch, and the branch that is merely civil. You will have the ducal branch impoverishing itself by trying in vain to vie in the luxuries of Berlin life with enriched manufacturers; you will have the baronial branch content to live on its lands, but impoverished also by the exploits of a son who is a Guards lieutenant and desires to marry a beautiful, accomplished, pure-blooded creature, who is much too poor for such a union. The head of the official branch will climb higher and higher and higher until he achieves cabinet rank; the civil branch, in spite of the agonised protests of the rest of the family, will go in for commerce and achieve a huge fortune by manufacturing bent-wood furniture or something of the sort.

In the end the cabinet minister will commute the whole of his pension and live for the rest of his days in a garret in order to provide the Guards officer with a dowry sufficient to satisfy his regimental authorities that he is in a position to support his fiancée; and the enormously wealthy civil branch, urged to it by the cabinet minister, who is always the *deus ex machina*, will so subsidise the ducal branch that it will be restored to its pristine splendour. Of course, many people will have grown sadder and wiser in the course of the novel, that may have spread over eight or nine volumes, but in the end the family will sail more triumphantly than ever over the waves of time. That is very German.

The unconventional novel, on the other hand, will deal with a blond-bearded superman who is generally dissatisfied with his wife and wants to form a union with a charming but unusual lady who is equally dissatisfied with her husband. This type of novel—unlike the family novel, which is usually soberly and heavily written—will contain innumerable interjections, many short sentences, and many passages of violent and self-justificatory rhetoric. It is the old pornographic novel of the 'nineties, "Die Unbefleckte Magdalena," in a modernised, Germanised, and Nietzscheised dress.

II

We come, then, by a natural transition to a consideration of the purely material circumstances of modern Germany—the material circumstances that have produced the works of art we have been considering. The two main streams that have distinguished modern German life as I know it have been a very much increased feeling of nationalism and a very much increased tendency to attach values to the gathering of immense sums of money, to the founding of immense organisations, and to the substitution of synthetic products for natural organisms. And underlying both these tendencies there has been a feeling of

remarkable, and almost entirely mystical, moral elevation.

When he had written "Lohengrin"—which when all is said and done is nothing more than some pretty and rather feeble music woven round a popular legend of no great significance—Richard Wagner tried to attach to his work of art an immense moral and mystical significance. In precisely the same way almost every German I have ever met—or at any rate every German I have ever met of the at all thinking classes—has attached a curious moral significance in the first place to the increase in the feeling of nationalism and in the second place to the growth of the banking system or to such things as the manufacture of artificial camphor.

I am bound to say that there is a considerable amount of idealism underlying this singular and, to us, inexplicable phenomenon. On the face of it, that is to say, the discovery of a means of putting synthetic camphor on the market means the death of a romance, since camphor is an ancient eastern product over which more bloody, glamorous, and romantic wars have been fought and for whose transport more golden galleons have set sail than is the case with any other natural product of the world, saving only pepper. And the actual discovery of synthetic camphor was not even made by a German but by a Frenchman. All that the German did was to discover machinery by which the drug could be produced in paying quantities.[1] Why exactly this should appear romantic it is difficult to

[1] I believe—but I have no authority on this particular branch of knowledge—that German developments in these branches have very seldom been anything more than mere developments of commercial processes. The Germans, I mean, have seldom "discovered" anything. Thus the process of manufacturing aniline dyes was discovered by an Englishman, but the commercial development of the process has been almost purely German. I am informed by Sir William Ramsay of the following curious fact, which, however, need not be taken as typical. It is the custom of the German Emperor to be lectured every Christmas as to the developments

say, since it is not a matter of abolishing wars or of promoting, by the odour of the drug, romantic associations.

For seeing romance in the creation and spread of joint-stock banks there is a faint shade of reason. The German has in a strongly developed form a race-hatred for the Jew, and it was for the German for many years a source of humiliation to think that the entire banking system of Germany was in the hands of houses like those of Rothschild and Oppenheimer. The statement that was frequently made to Germans that Germany could never go to war because the Rothschilds would not allow them was apt, possibly with some reason, to cause Germans to feel not only humiliation, but deep rage and a determination to change the system. And if I have heard once I have heard fifty times during the years 1910–11–12 expressions of the deepest satisfaction that immense joint-stock banks in the hands of Christians had largely ousted the Jews from the control of the German money-markets. But that alone is not sufficient to account for the intense moral satisfaction that was a common form of expression in the Germany of yesterday.

I approach these subjects with a deep hesitation and a very strong sense of discomfort. There is nothing that I so much dislike, or at any rate there is no line of argument that seems to me to be so unsatisfactory, as what I will call group condemnations. To say that every inhabitant of the United States worships nothing but the Almighty Dollar or is a dope-fiend; to say that every Englishman is a hypocrite or is exclusively in love with comfort; to say that every Frenchman is a miser or a fornicator; or to say that every German worships titles or official rank—these things appear to me to be nauseous, and even

that have been made in his kingdom during the preceding year. At the end of 1912 Professor Emil Fischer lectured his Majesty as to fifteen chemical discoveries of the preceding twelve months. Of these, 8½ discoveries were made by Englishmen, 4½ by Germans, 1 by a Frenchman, and 1 by an American. See Appendix G.

when the allegations are more seriously framed, they still appear to me to be dangerous. There are two methods of scientific induction—that employed by Professors Treitschke and Delbrueck and the greater number of German professors, which consists in elaborating or having enjoined upon you a theory in support of which you amass by means of industry more or less superhuman, historical and other details which will go to prove your given case. The other method, which is usually considered preferable, is to study as large a body of material as your industry can bring together or your special faculties enable you to discover, and then to state your general conclusions or your impressions.

By what is possibly a happy accident of birth or of disposition my methods in the present book have been perforce largely those of the second class. I bothered myself in fact until lately so little about the German people that I cannot, search my conscience how I will, see that I have ever gone out of my way to observe an incident or to note a characteristic that could fit in with any national theory. For me, as long as I can remember, Germans have been just " people," as the English have been just " people," or the French or the inhabitants of the United States. I have moved pretty freely about all these four countries for as long as I can remember without in the least feeling that it was necessary to make any particular change in my point of view in order to be reasonably acceptable to their inhabitants, and if you had asked me a year or so ago what was the real difference between a German, a north Frenchman, an Englishman, or an American, I should have replied that I observed none. They were all, that is to say, people who tried to enlarge their incomes, people who lived in the suburbs of cities and took electric trams to their daily work, and people in whom the instinct of physical combat was extinguished. They all had practically the same hopes, fears, despairs, values of life, and methods of contemplating the unseen.

And I presume that if in 1909 or so you had persisted in questioning me as to my views about international characteristics I should have said that, my preoccupations being concerned with the consumption and appreciation of works of imaginative literature, I should put the German by a long way first in his consumption but not his appreciation of the products of the imagination; the Frenchman a long way second in his consumption and possibly first in his appreciation; the American by no means a bad third in consumption, and with a certain sense of appreciation of the lighter forms of literature; and the Englishman absolutely last in consumption and want of critical gift. At the same time the only place in the world in which I could with equanimity contemplate myself as permanently residing would have been London, in the first place on account of the agreeable and free life that is there possible, and in the second place because, owing to its attracting men of original minds, there was more chance of occasional intellectual contacts than was to be found in any other quarter of the world that I had, rather negligently, visited.

This is, I think, an absolutely conscientious statement of my frame of mind until three or four years ago, let us say until 1910. In that year circumstances led me to spend rather a protracted period in Germany, and I became aware of changes in all the circumstances of life which led me, at least, more intensely than I can express it, to dislike the idea of spending a moment longer than was absolutely necessary in that country. I found myself filled with platonic and with intellectual admirations for many institutions. I intensely—but again purely platonically and merely intellectually—admired the vast powers of organisation in every department of life that were everywhere visible in that truly astonishing country. I certainly met with no discourtesy and certainly disliked as few individuals as I might expect to dislike during the course of a protracted stay in any country. At the same time the feeling of intense stress and of intense discomfort

was overwhelming, and the one thing that always preoccupied me was the getting out of Germany as quickly as possible.

In order to guard myself from the accusation of levelling charges against a country with which my own country is at war, and of having trumped up since the date of the experience feelings that I did not have at the time, I should like to refer the reader to some articles that I wrote for the *Saturday Review* of that date—articles which I wrote in Germany at the request of the then editor of that periodical. I there referred to the town in which I was then residing as having all the makings of a modern Utopia—a fine university, a splendid theatre where the most modern works as well as the most classical were produced in turn; very excellent restaurants, a number of first-class booksellers' shops, a very fine concert hall where the best music was performed, and a society and population eminently intelligent, civilised, friendly, and well-behaved. N everthele I find myself expressing in those articles exactly the same feeling of unrest and of anxiety to get away that I have just re-expressed.[1]

I must, of course, plead guilty to a deep-seated mistrust and dislike of the Kingdom of Prussia, but I was not at that time stopping in Prussia itself, but in one of the larger Grand Duchies, whose dislike of

[1] The exact passage in which I expressed this feeling—more playfully than with any malice—is as follows: "Yet in High Germany the town of which we are citizens passes for a very miserable little nest, and the town-rates are not as high as they are in any English village. It is odd; we are living in Utopia; we are living in an Earthly Paradise. There can't be any doubt about it. But just at this moment our man comes in and tells us that the washing will not be home till to-morrow morning, and we become frenzied with rage. We say that we will break the neck of the excellent and long-suffering valet if he does not get all our collars back by three o'clock. Yes, we are all citizens of an Earthly Paradise, but—if we may be permitted the expression—we will be damned if we do not leave by the 6.9 for London."—*Saturday Review*, October 7, 1911.

possible or even probable, eventual annexation was as loudly expressed as any that I could express myself. In this regard it may be amusing to quote from another of the same series of articles to which I have just referred because it registers the frame of mind at which I had arrived with regard to the Prussian hegemony in the year 1911. I was describing a landscape in the conquered Kingdom of Hanover and attempting by the description to indicate that Prussia had given to this kingdom an immense material prosperity and great industrial expansion :

Just round the corner of the hill (I wrote) there comes a shower of apple-blossoms. They seem to be arranged in this absurd country where everything is decorative—they seem to be arranged like a Japanese screen to hide what the difference (between old-fashioned Hanover and modern Prussianised Hanover) really is. Yet this screen the eye can pierce ; there they are—five, seven, a dozen of them, immensely tall, thin, black, throwing up from their summits like defiant banners their plumes of smoke. They are the factory chimneys ; and the factory chimneys are what, along with peace, Prussia has given to these Hanoverian lands. Along with them go the broad, white modern suburbs that from here the trees hide. Along with them go the easy, pleasant electric trams, the funny-looking electric trains that connect, every ten minutes or so, each of the large historic towns of this country-side. Prussia has conquered us, but undoubtedly Prussia has given us plenty along with peace. . . . If the Prussians had England . . . you know, lying here it almost seems inevitable. Not to-day, not to-morrow, not in ten years, not in twenty, not in any time into which there will survive any of the passions or bitternesses of to-day, but in some time when the English won't care, and the Prussians will. That is the real secret of it all. There always comes a time when we don't care ; there never was and there never will be a time when these formidable products of the Mark of Brandenburg were not and will not be sleeplessly upon the watch. . . .

This stretch of (Hanoverian) country was never pedagogically English territory. It was country united to England under the sovereignty of the wearer of the

English crown by what was called the personal union. That would have been good enough for Prussia. In the year 1837 the country passed from under the sway of the ruler of Great Britain owing to a trifle called the Salic Law. Speaking in accurate English, the Salic Law is not a trifle. But it has not bothered the Prussian gullet much. Some time ago I was standing in the yard of a brewery in Ashford, which is in Kent. An immense drayman was about to drink down a pot of ale. He was called into the office, and he set his pot on the tail of the cart. Some evil practical jokers who were standing by dropped a dead mouse into the pot. Out comes the drayman, lifts the pot to his mouth, drinks down at one draught the ale and the mouse, and then, having wiped his mouth upon his sleeve, he remarked "A hop or a cork!" to the wonder and admiration of all beholders.[1]

I suppose that if he had been speaking to-day he would have said "A scrap of paper"!

I cannot say that I ever carried, at that date, any analysis into the reasons for my dislike for living in Germany very far. I imagine that I put it down to home-sickness, and home-sickness no doubt played its part. But there were certain German observers in the Germany of that day who were seriously discontented with the state of the Empire, and their works I read with some attention though possibly somewhat desultorily. Owing to difficulties of communication with Germany at this period, or owing to lapses of memory, I have not been able to recapture passages from more than two German writers on these national characteristics, but they will serve the turn well enough. The first is once more Professor Bartels, who unceasingly laments the disappearance of the German poetic spirit and of idealism before the advance of capitalistic ideas. Most of the passages from his writings are too long for me to quote, and I must refer the reader who is interested in the matter, or may have doubts as to my *bona fides*, to Professor Bartels' book, "Die Deutsche Dichtung." The most

[1] *Saturday Review*, September 30, 1911.

convincing passage upon this subject will be found on pages 16–20, the keynote of his argument being to be found in the concluding passage, when, speaking of times of industrial expansion, he says:

> Such periods are usually favourable to the art of poetry, and so in Germany of this period (before 1870) there is not much lack of greatness or of significance. . . . It was only with the full development of capitalism, the supremacy of materialism, and the arising of political excitement that these characteristics disappeared altogether.

Professor Paulsen puts the matter much more definitely. Here are two passages that in this context are ominous enough:

> The last third of the century saw the amazing advance of the German people after the restoration of their political unity in the German Empire, by which they obtained a new lease of power and wealth conspicuous in all departments of public life. Thus, means were also forthcoming for the universities in greater abundance than ever, the enormous increase in the figures of attendance forming another visible expression of their rising prosperity. *The benefits accruing from their liberal equipment with modern scientific institutions have principally fallen to the share of the natural and medical sciences.* At the large central universities these faculties have assumed huge dimensions, till each comes to have an entire quarter of the university town to itself. A characteristic feature in this respect is the intimate connection of the institutes devoted to natural science, above all to chemistry, with technological practice, by which *science has literally been turned into a gold-mine.* In the teaching staff of the universities this lateral growth of all branches of science finds an expression in the continued addition of new chairs, with a proportionally narrower range of lectures, and, as a rule, also a narrower field of research. *Specialism is the form in which scientific work is carried on in our days.*[1]

[1] Friedrich Paulsen, Ph.D., "German Education," pp. 192–3, translated by T. Lorenz, London (1908).

It should be pointed out that Professor Paulsen is in no way an enemy either of his country or of the Prussian administration of his country's universities. He was Professor of Philology at the University of Berlin, and says nothing that is not acceptable to the ministerial authority that appointed him. When this is stated the appearance of passages that I have italicised becomes startling, or sinister, according to your point of view. Another passage that is almost more significant is the following:

Two further points may be mentioned as characteristic of the development of the modern State during the nineteenth century: its increasing nationalisation, and the steady widening and deepening of its activities. Instead of the humanistic cosmopolitanism which had dominated the educated classes during the eighteenth century, the keynote of the general European sentiment during the nineteenth century is supplied by a national self-consciousness which is becoming ever more pronounced, and not unfrequently reaches the pitch of a fanatical nationalism full of hatred and contempt for everything foreign. Each single nation, even the smallest, and indeed the smallest perhaps more than any other, endeavours to isolate itself as an independent and organic whole, and is ashamed of having to own foreign influences in language and general culture, often betraying a spirit of quixotic irritability, just as if the lines of demarcation between what is good and evil, or what is true and false, were identical with the national boundaries! . . .

This intensification of the national sentiment in Germany, which began with the wars of German Independence, reached its climax in the wars of the Bismarckian era. It engendered, in due course, an equal intensification of the national sentiment on the part of the other nations, especially those of the East, which had hitherto been open to the influence of German culture and language; and this resulted in most cases in an outspoken enmity against the German people and the German language.[1]

[1] "German Education," by Friedrich Paulsen, Ph.D., Prof. of Phil. in University of Berlin. Translated by T. Lorenz (London, 1908), pp. 176–7.

How true this statement may be as regards the rest of the world I am not much concerned to debate. I should say that as regards this country, France, Russia, and even the United States, not to mention Italy, it was purely nonsensical. Professor Paulsen appears to me to have been adopting a theory that was convenient for advocates of German Imperial expansion. But that it is absolutely true as regards Germany herself I have no doubt whatever.

Let us consider at what we arrive. We have in the first place the extinction of the spirit of idealism for that of commercial expansion; we have—and this is by far the most important tendency of all—the State spending huge sums upon applied sciences whilst relatively neglecting pure learning and the humaner faculties; and we have a spirit of nationalism that grows daily more intense. If I am not mistaken the natural outcome of these tendencies must be those other tendencies that I have attempted to portray. A naturally idealistic people cannot have its idealism crushed out of existence. The idealism will simply take new channels. If, in short, you are an idealist, and those subjects which are the ordinary province of poetry are removed from your daily life, you will either become cynical as is the case with the poets to whom I have referred, or you will idealise such phenomena as do surround you. The usual subjects which, in the eighteenth-century phrase, employ the pen of the poet, as far as the social and political aspects of life are concerned, are, roughly speaking, political freedom, religion, charity, and the like. The German of to-day is almost entirely debarred, either by State organisation or by disposition, from the contemplation of these things. He must, therefore, idealise that which is next him, or that in which the greater part of his national energies is employed. He will idealise his banking system and the commercial manufacture of synthetic camphor.

And the natural products of this idealising of material matters and of matters connected with

wealth must, it seems to me, be very harmful. If a poet idealises national freedom or boasts about national freedom he will have the effect of making the individuals who read him strive to be more free. But if the poet, or the idealists who take the place of poets in a poet-lacking nation, boasts about material wealth, the energies of the people who read or who listen to him will be turned to increasing their personal wealth. And it is not a good thing for a nation that a large percentage of its inhabitants should be employed in preaching doctrines which are purely plutocratic, and it is not a good thing for the world that it should contain such a nation. That, I think, is the final indictment of Prussia put into the fewest possible words.

Idealism is nearly always beautiful, but not always. National strivings are nearly always heroic, but again, not always. The tears which, as I have related, stood in the eyes of the old Frau Rath were beautiful tears because they arose from the thought that the children whose singing she heard would be carrying on the fate of Germany towards a beautiful destiny long after she had passed into nothingness. But the beauty passes from the idea when the future fate of those children takes the image that each of them should become a miserably sweated applied-scientist working day in, day out, in the laboratories of a grossly over-rich manufacturer to find out methods of putting upon the market by-products that shall still more enrich the manufacturer. And the picture does not become brighter when it is considered that the large superfluity of that rich manufacturer will be embarked in dishonestly speculative joint-stock banks which will riskily finance further but doubtful commercial undertakings, these again prospering or not prospering, by means of putting upon the market goods which are other than what they purport to be. Yet that is hardly too gloomy a picture of the fairly average future of the youth of Germany in times of peace. Its future in the time of war is without doubt finer, but is none the less tragic.

III

Considering the matter very carefully—considering, that is to say, the case of a country to which I can in the nature of things never return, and which in consequence can crystallise itself in my mind sufficiently to allow me to attempt some sort of summing up—I will try to present the reader with what I imagine to be my reasons for disliking life in modern Germany. I have no doubt that my first feeling of disappointment in taking what was really a very good try at German town life was simply caused by the unfamiliarity of the surroundings and the feeling that everything which I had considered to be German-ness had disappeared from Germany.

The German had, until that date, appeared to me to be a kindly, jovial, easy-going being, living in pleasant spots in woods or on the banks of the Rhine, indifferently but solidly clothed, not very tastefully but well fed, having no very high ideals, but having great kindliness, great honesty, great spiritual courage, great reverence for knowledge and most of the homelier virtues. Indeed, it now surprises me to remember that, upon many occasions up till this date, I had said that the spirit of Germany was the spirit of the pure eighteenth century. I saw in the buildings surrounding the little old princely courts the dwellings of innumerable councillors, court ladies and chamberlains. I had there the decorations of, if I never exactly saw, the bearers of sedan-chairs and lantern-bearers, conducting over the rough cobbles ladies in calashes and upon chopines to court balls where to the sound of three fiddles and in the light of twenty-four wax candles a Serenissimus would open a minuet. In the woods there would be still closed coaches proceeding amongst thickets that concealed robbers; in the high and gabled villages with the storks' nests there would still be the industrious apprentices, the journeyman locksmiths tramping along the roads, and the goose-girls with their sun-bleached hair and their blue linen

smocks. I don't know whether they aren't all still there; Germany is a very astonishing country.

For, in spite of what I may have said or of what I may be about to say in another direction, the reader should remember that agriculture still plays a large part in German national life. It is, in fact, still the chief industry of Germany. And the self-supporting peasant is frequently a very rich and very self-respecting character, too well acquainted with the handling of money to be exceedingly avaricious and too much filled with dislike for urban phenomena to be anything other than tenacious of old customs and even of old costumes. I have frequently, that is to say, seen the son of a day-labourer (who is, of course, not a peasant-proprietor) treating at a restaurant his aged, gnarled, and weather-beaten mother to glasses of German champagne and chocolate cakes. The son will have become a draper's assistant or a counting-house clerk. But I have also frequently seen, looking up from the stalls at the opera, the odd caps, like small pincushions, or the three-cornered hats of the rich peasants looking down at the performance of "Fidelio" or the "Freischuetz."

But I am bound to confess that in latter years I must have had vastly more curiosity about modern urban Germany than about what still remains of the older type. And modern Germany, up against which we happen for the moment to be, is to old Germany as a ha'penny periodical to a volume of Grimm's fairy-tales. That is a precise and exact image. I have found exactly the same light excitement in going about the suburbs of modernised German towns that I have found when very occasionally I happened to look at one of the products of our English Yellow Press. For, when I come to think of it, I have been for a long time trying to point out to English people what modern Germany really was. I have, that is to say, acted as guide in various German cities to various English people, and what has struck me was the clash of their interests with my own.

I remember, for instance, very well an extremely rainy day in Duesseldorf in the year 1913. I was taking about that city a gentleman who might reasonably have been expected to be interested in, say, modern town-planning. As a matter of fact what he really desired to see were historic buildings and pictures by old masters. But, since he had no German, and I had no desire whatever to inspect the historic relics of Duesseldorf, I introduced him to various modern phenomena. The rain poured down and we proceeded in a cab with a hood, drawn by a very slow horse along slippery asphalt roads, past buildings all wet, all be-eagled, and all monstrous. There were the monstrous post-office, the monstrous Imperial Government buildings, the monstrous State railway station, monstrous Real and Gymnasial schools, monstrous municipal buildings, impossible statues of Germania, of Technical Science, of the Emperor William II, immense dreary and rain-swept embankments along the Rhine, violent bridges with eagles gilt, realistic and screaming, or conventionalised in stone. And all these buildings were spread out over great spaces of empty territory so that their monstrous squarenesses of granite, plate glass, gilding, and national and allegorical emblems seemed more square, more heavy, more voluntarily unfinished, and more arbitrarily grim.

We ended up the town in a dentist's operating room where with immense skill and despatch and employing machines of appalling modernity an impressive scientist did, for five shillings, and in a quarter of an hour, work upon which a Paris, New York, or London dentist would have spent three days, and for which they would have charged anything up to £32. And similarly with protesting English I have explored the modern suburbs of Hanover, of Hildersheim, of Brunswick, of Cologne, of Muenster in Westphalia, and even of Hamlin of the rats.

I am not going to say that the modernising is not extremely well done—is not done in a way that would

not absolutely put to shame the inept town-councillors of English historic cities. One may as well give the devil all the due that he can get, and if the modern suburbs and the Imperial, the State, the municipal, the garrison, the educational, the land-surveying, the civil and military police and railway museums and buildings are the products of a madness of organisation and of a boastfulness that have become a danger to the whole world, none the less these same Imperial and municipal authorities show as a rule a remarkable tenderness and reverence for historical buildings of any interest. If, that is to say, a really fine and ancient town gate or a really fine and decorative gabled building stands in a place where it would be most economical to build a new railway station or across a street down which the electric trams might most economically run, the Imperial or municipal authorities will build the railway station some yards to the right or left, or will take the electric trams down another street.

But, apart from this, the note of modern German life, the thing that I found distressing in life in modern Germany, was the note of stress, of bitterness, and above all, of poverty. There is in fact in modern Germany no life, but there is ceaseless combat varied with bouts of violently criticised ostentation. It is a little difficult exactly to define the concrete happenings by which this impression was forced upon me, but I think I can do it.

The society in the town with which I was at the time most acquainted divided itself into rather rigid sections. There was, for instance, the professorial society, the jurists' society, the military society, the manufacturers' society, each forming a little ring more or less rigidly separated from all the other rings. An officer could hardly know a manufacturer, a professor could hardly know an officer. In some cases this will be a matter of law, in others it was merely a matter of custom. Thus, in a German university, when a new professor takes up his residence, the *doyen* or dean

will provide him with a list of families upon whom he must call, and he will almost certainly get into bad odour if he calls upon any one else. And this system of espionage extends even to the students.

As a result social life in Germany is singularly stereotyped and singularly wanting in incident. You will see the same people from year's end to year's end; they will be relatively few in number, and your interests, whilst they will be limited to the lives and careers of those people, will be rather abnormally occupied by those careers alone. If, that is to say, you know a rich manufacturer who "gets on," an officer who is singularly rapidly promoted, a State station-master who rapidly rises to the position of controller of a whole railway centre, and a professor who is promoted from a chair at the university of A, where only forty students attend his classes, to the university of Berlin, where he may have six or seven hundred, your outlook upon life will be larger than if your interests were entirely confined to watching the careers of only one of these people. And if your social circle is limited to sixteen families of your own standing whom you will entertain once in the year, being in turn yourself entertained once a year by each of the sixteen families, your outlook upon life will be a very narrow one, and your idea of the possibilities of social enjoyment will be proportionately limited.

I do not wish in the least to condemn social life in Germany. Each nation, no doubt, has the social system which it deserves or prefers, and there the matter ends. English social life is upon the whole easy-going, free, and indefinite, but it happens to be curiously undemocratic in patches. German society, upon the other hand, is a thing of very rigid castes, but its democratic nature is quite startling in various directions. I remember, when I was considerably younger, really frightfully shocking a German person of considerable social standing by saying, rather casually, that I should not think of talking to a shopkeeper. This remark drew from this German person,

whose social position was, from my point of view, rigidly and absurdly fixed, expressions of horror that I am at a loss to render. He uttered words more or less to the following effect: "What, is not a shopkeeper a man as good as you or I? Hasn't he got as good a physique? Isn't he as honest, as intelligent, as good a father of a family, as good a servant of the community? Don't you take off your hat when you go into a shop out of respect to the tutelary deity upon his hearth, just as you do when you go into your wife's drawing-room? Aren't we all engaged in selling things—you your books and I the corn, timber, and cattle that are produced upon my estates? How, then, can you speak of not talking to a shopkeeper? It is the most horrible thing that I have ever heard."

My friend was perfectly sincere, yet all the same he would have been broken-hearted if his daughter had married a shopkeeper, or even the son of a large manufacturer. And personal contacts between widely dissimilar classes are from the English point of view extraordinarily common and absolutely incomprehensible. I have seen in the same restaurant in Germany, all at similar tables, a reigning prince, two or three officers of a "noble" regiment, a small butcher, a small bootmaker, twenty or thirty young men who might have been clerks, twenty or thirty who might have been students, and another twenty or thirty who might have been shop-assistants; and the presence of the prince and the nobles created no sensation of any kind; it was a Sunday night and the orchestra was playing popular melodies, and everybody was very happy.

I fancy that the real secret of these contradictory phenomena is that, in spite of the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg, the caste system in Germany is so rigid that the feeling of something like defilement in coming into contact with the lower classes that at least rudimentarily exists in other countries is in Germany simply unthinkable. A prince or a gentleman by

descent could no more imagine any of the qualities of a tradesman "rubbing off" on to him if he chose to talk to the tradesman intimately, freely, and upon frequent occasions, than an angel could think of becoming mortal by paying comforting visits to a human being.

There the castes are, rigid and with unpassable barriers. There are the Thron-Fähig, or families capable of contracting marriages with royalty; the Adel, or nobles, who are not fit to contract marriages with the Thron-Fähig; the officials who tend more and more to breed in; the professorial classes who do the same; there are the "noble" regiments, whose officers are exclusively drawn from the Adel; and there are the peasant proprietors whose numbers hardly increase or diminish. In the burgher class—the Mittelstand—there is a great flux and reflux of wealth, but comparatively little idea of social advancement. So that the wife of a sausage-manufacturer will inscribe her title "Frau Schweinmetzgerin Schmidt" quite as proudly in a hotel register as any Frau Obertribunalprokuratorin in the world. She will have the sedate and assured consciousness that a pork-butcheress is the wife of a man of a definite state in life, doing his duty, and having before God and in the eyes of the world an equal right to existence, with, say, the wife of a Master in Lunacy; and the wife of a Master in Lunacy will have much the same assurance with regard to a princess of a reigning house.

This is fairly true in a large sense, but I am not saying that snobbishness is non-existent in Germany. It takes, however, a peculiar form—that of conferring conversational titles upon the people with whom you come in contact, either in order to please yourself with the thought that you are in the society of the distinguished, or in order to receive some favour. Thus, if you wish to be quickly waited on in a restaurant you will call every waiter *Herr Oberkellner*, or "head waiter," and if you are anxious to have your luggage carried quickly from one platform to another you

will raise your hat to a railway porter and call him *Stations-unter-Vorsteher*, or "sub-station-inspector." Of course, in much the same frame of mind, if we wish to obtain a favour from a police-constable in this country we call him either "officer" or "sergeant." Still, the tendency is in Germany more rigid, and I have never myself in that country been addressed by any title less than that of "Herr Doktor," most usually "Herr Professor," not infrequently "Mr. Poet Laureate," which was the only English official poetic title that my interlocutor would have heard of.

These things may sound childish, but they are symptoms of a very earnest state of things. For if the barriers between castes are extremely rigid, the struggles which go on between those barriers are the most desperate that I have ever had the misfortune to witness. The keen or the smart business man of this country or the United States is a bland, leisurely, and, above all, sporting individual compared with his German brother in any department of life. And little as I like to dogmatise about these matters, I should say that the present war has been as much caused by the fact that almost every German of the middle-class has for many years lived within a hair's-breadth of his means, as to the warlike proclivities of the German noble and ruling classes or to the militarist theories of professors of the school of Treitschke. For the financial strain in German society as I observed it during the last three or four years or so appeared to be so terrible and so wearying that I can imagine the German business man consenting almost with a sigh of relief to be plunged into the dreadful circumstances of war in order to get some rest and in the hope of ultimate national profit ensuing. I do not, indeed, see how without this the German ruling classes could have taken the step of embarking upon a war, for, little as the German system of government may depend upon the actual suffrage of the ballot-box, it is at least extraordinarily susceptible to public opinion

expressing itself in the accidental forms of political caricatures, popular catchwords, or conversations overheard in cafés.

I do not mean to say that there is a carefully organised system of police espionage in Germany, and yet the whole fabric of society in that country might be likened to one vast whispering chamber in which every personal characteristic of almost every individual is canvassed, re-canvassed, reported, and re-reported in a way that may have very serious effects upon the personal career of the individual. I remember once in a German university town making an application to be permitted to use the university library. The request was quite a normal one; such as in the ordinary course is granted to almost anybody. Some delay ensued, and two or three days later I was requested to call upon the Chief of Police.

This quite friendly individual offered me a cigar and then began to question me as to my political views. As I hadn't any political views worth mentioning the conversation grew a little difficult for the amiable official, and at last he asked me quite frankly if, in the first place, I were not an anarchist, and if, in the second place, I were not a legacy-hunter who had come to that town with designs upon the fortune of an old lady in the neighbourhood. I was not an anarchist and I did not know the old lady in the neighbourhood, though by an extreme stretch of the imagination I might have claimed her as an exceedingly distant connection. I had even been offered an introduction to her but had refused it.

I left the Police Buildings without any stain on my character and some time afterwards got to know the Chief of Police rather well. I then discovered the reason for his singular suggestions. In the first place, the old lady in question was understood to have left her money to the town, and the town was anxious not to lose it. In the second place, in that town there was a Geheimrat of sorts, a Professor of Law, who was also the member of Parliament and a collector

of copper-plate engravings and Greek fragments. I had had a letter of introduction to this gentleman, had given him a dinner, had dined with him, and had talked, as far as I can remember, about his collection, and about such objects of art as I myself possessed. I cannot remember anything more about my conversation with him. We may possibly have discussed theories of political constitutionalism, or more likely the differences in working between case law and codified law. At any rate, it was this gentleman who had denounced me to the Inspector of Police as an anarchist and a legacy-hunter. I cannot imagine why he should have taken the trouble to do so, except that my introduction to him came from a professor in another university who was regarded, though I didn't know it, as a Socialist. I could not regard Geheimrat Schmidt's denunciation of myself as anything but the most gratuitous spite were it not that, by a stretch of Christian kindliness, I can faintly see that he may have been misinformed by some third party, and that he may have considered that he was doing his duty as a State official.

I know that another professor got it into his head that I had come to that town in search of a professorship, and I had, as a matter of fact, lectured once at another university just before that date. Nothing, at any rate, had been further from my thoughts than competing, in the realms of philosophy, with the professor in question. I ought to add that my application for a reading-room ticket had come before this last professor and had been by him forwarded to the police for inquiries, although the professor knew me perfectly well.

But that sort of thing is, as far as I have observed it, extraordinarily typical of life in a small German town, where a sort of spying of the most sedulous kind is practised, as you might say, from the attics to the kitchens. I remember, for instance, being told that a certain charming lady, the wife of a legal official, was the mistress of a chemist employed upon the

analysis of by-products in the local factory. There seemed to be no basis whatever for the accusation, and one might have said that it was just one of those pleasant remarks that, for the greater glory of God, one human being will utter about another. But the actual basis for the scandal was as follows: The lady had gone down one day with a telegram to her husband's office and there had chanced to be in the husband's room at the time the young chemist. The young chemist had come to the husband to consult him about the terms of his agreement with his employer, the terms seeming to be unconscionably harsh.

Whilst the husband was talking to some one else over the telephone the lady talked to the young chemist—about the preparation of arak-bowle. The young chemist had told the lady that arak-bowle could be prepared more efficiently, intoxicantly, and much more cheaply if she used synthetic arak. He promised to send her the formula by means of which the substance could be procured from an apothecary. He sent her, accordingly, in a letter the necessary formula and, being a good-natured young man, he added formulæ for the preparation of several other spirituous and intoxicating mixed drinks. The result was that the lady was able to prepare for fourpence or sixpence bowls of drink that, in the ordinary course, might have cost twice as many marks, and the profusion of her hospitality singularly menaced her friendships with most of the other ladies of her grade in the town. In the simple, kindly, and slightly old-fashioned German way, this lady rejoiced that most of the husbands who went away after one of her entertainments were sick in the night, this proving that they had drunk a great deal of bowle.

And then in one incautious moment she let out the secret to one of her best friends, and the best, or some other, friend speedily jumped to the conclusion that the young chemist must be the lover of the lady or he would never have presented her with a secret equal

in value to that of the devices of many alchemists. For, to the straitened housekeepers of Germany, such a secret would have the aspect of a red gold-mine. The matter did not even end there; for the husband, in his capacity of legal official, was roundly accused of having received the recipes as a bribe and of acting at the same time the part of a *mari complaisant*. Yet, actually, neither the husband nor the wife ever saw the young chemist more than once.

I have not myself sufficient knowledge of how exactly careers are made in Germany to be at all certain what effect such scandals have upon the careers of the sufferers. They may have a great deal or they may have none. At any rate they are uttered with a light-heartedness that to me has always seemed exceedingly surprising. I was once walking with a charming and quite benevolent old professor when we met another equally charming, benevolent, and aged savant. The two distinguished persons talked for a few minutes with the utmost cordiality, calling each other "Würdigster Herr College!" at frequent intervals, and appearing really to love each other. When we parted my distinguished friend remarked to me, quite pleasantly and amiably: "A charming man, the Geheimerjustizrat. What a pity he should be . . ." There was absolutely no justification for the remark. And its being uttered to me can have served no purpose that I can see. I can only imagine that my distinguished friend was just keeping his hand in.

I suppose really that if you scatter with care a large number of accusations of a more or less unmentionable and not very easily disprovable kind against every one of your colleagues, some of the accusations may reach the ear of the minister of education, of justice, of railways, or whatever your profession, and you will have disposed of one rival or another. At any rate the operation has always seemed to me to resemble the sowing of seed broadcast in a happy-go-lucky frame of mind.

And it is almost incredible the minutiæ to which

attention is turned. I was once very seriously warned by an amiable professor's wife, who had been put up to it by her husband, who was a very good friend of mine. I had given a dinner to, I think, eight people, and, in the English phrase, had done them rather well. But you have no idea how much offence that dinner caused. In the first place I ought not to have given the dinner at all. It was considered ostentatious. It ought to have been a collation of cold sausages with bowle and bottled beer, about ten o'clock in the evening. And, having given a dinner, I certainly ought to have given the guests caviare, because caviare is the proper German comestible, and the mixed hors d'œuvres which my butler had carefully prepared were considered to be foreign, or at least cosmopolitan. I ought certainly not to have provided claret. The introduction of French wines into Germany was a thing that the German Government was desperately trying to prevent. No matter what duty was put upon the lighter forms of claret, it could none the less be produced so cheaply in France that it always undersold the wines of the Rhine and the Moselle, and it was the duty of every person living in Germany to support German wines. Moreover, the wines that I had provided were exceedingly expensive and that was concluded to be ostentatious.

I suppose I must plead guilty to having appeared ostentatious, though the hors d'œuvres were such as are provided in Soho restaurants in London for about fourpence a portion, and the so expensive claret certainly had not cost more than three shillings a bottle. At any rate the entertainment was violently criticised, as I was given to understand, in something like sixteen or seventeen families and created a very bad impression upon the authorities. The professor's wife told me that I was in danger of being regarded as a spendthrift ; as a fraudulent refugee from England ; as a person who was going to ruin all the officials in the town by setting too high a standard of entertainment ; or as a French or British spy who was attempt-

ing to corrupt the native simplicity by introducing foreign wines and strange meats.

And, mind you, these poor people were in deadly earnest. It would be absolute ruin for innumerable professors, officials, lawyers, doctors, and judges if the standard of entertainment in that town went beyond the plateful of sausages, the bowle, and the bottle of beer at ten o'clock. And yet the menu at my entertainment was no more than this: hors d'œuvres, lobster mayonnaise, veal cutlets, and iced pudding. There were drunk about three-quarters of a bottle of Medoc at 3*s*. a bottle, and about five bottles, as far as I can remember, of Rhine wine at about 1*s*. 9*d*., and perhaps eight liqueur glasses of brandy with the coffee. Now, since the occasion was rather a special one and the dinner given to people of considerable official position, I cannot see that in this country it would be regarded as anything very ostentatious. It is, in fact, very much the sort of meal that people in the same class of life in this country must eat five or six times a week, for I might point out that the lobster mayonnaise and the ice-pudding cost less than half the price that they would cost in London.

The only morals that I wish to draw from this careful and accurate anecdote are to the effect that life in Germany, with all its industrial expansion, with all its organisation, and with all its extraordinarily sedulous housekeeping, is a frightfully worrying affair. I do not mean to say that there is no such thing as gossip in this country; but such gossip as there is is comparatively light-hearted and is not uttered with the intention of stopping another man's getting on. And I do not mean to say that there is no such thing as criticism of habits of life in small English towns. But that the highly educated and cultured classes of a nation should have to watch with pitiful and anxious eyes the tables to which they are invited in a spirit of innocent and careless hospitality seems to me to be a really horrible phenomenon. And if I come to think of it at all carefully, this spirit of social compulsion

which seemed to me to be everywhere in the German atmosphere was very largely responsible for the real personal misery that was mine in that country.

That, of course, is a very personal way of envisaging natural phenomena, but it is none the less of interest, and indeed of dominant importance. For these factors, these anxieties, act and interact one upon the other, playing more and more into the hands of the ministers who direct national activities, and contribute to a hardness of national character and to a narrowness of outlook that, in other countries, are hardly credible. National organisation is no doubt a very splendid thing, but when the individuals who are working national institutions are wretched beings, leading anxious lives at the very edges of their income, with wives reduced to the level of desperate cooks and children horribly over-driven by the mad necessity of acquiring philological facts sufficient to qualify them for similar desperate careers, the whole life passing in an atmosphere of backbiting, of personal reports, under the shadow of a minister who may be swayed by any kind of personal caprice in the sovereign or by any kind of evolved tradition of the ministry, the whole nation will be wrought up to a pitch of strain and tension and of agony such as must almost inevitably render that nation a hell to itself and a danger to the rest of the inhabited world.

IV

And this atmosphere of stress which overspreads the learned and what should be the cultured classes of Germany extends to every other class of the urban and industrial population. At a time when this country was, as happens every seven years or so, interested in a political matter, I took the trouble to spend some months in the family of a German workingman. I wanted to discover what effect Protection had upon standards of living. I wished to get some exact tables of the cost of living in Germany in order

to put the figures at the disposal of my political leaders in England. They proved, of course, nothing whatever in the direction in which I was then interested, but they have I think a very distinct bearing upon my present subject. I will try to state the circumstances of this family as exactly as I can.

The house in which they lived was exteriorly a very fine one. It was of a sober, sham-classical white stucco architecture and would not have disgraced Russell Square or any of the quarters in London that surround the West End parks. It stood indeed on the borders of a sort of park, the ramparts of the town having been destroyed and laid out with shady walks, bands of turf, and flower-beds. The whole of this quarter, which was the suburb of the working and lower official classes, presented an extremely rich, quiet, and dignified aspect. The houses, however, were let out in flats and the sanitary arrangements were disgusting.

The family consisted of the father and mother and three children. The father was a foreman-brewer and earned 18*s*. a week. I paid another 10*s*. a week for my board and lodging, and I ate food from their table, neither more nor less. Breakfast consisted of coffee with a good deal of milk and rolls without butter. Midday dinner consisted invariably of soup, meat, and a pudding of sorts, usually stewed fruit which had been grown in their own allotment and rice boiled with milk. In the afternoon there was a cup of coffee in place of tea. In the evening there was the universal plate of cold slices of sausage and cheese with bread and butter, and of course beer. On Fridays there was always fish instead of meat, and on Saturdays, to make up for the fasting, there was some special form of meat dish, most usually roast goose or roast duck. The quality of the meat was not very good, of course, and the fish was very nasty, but inland Germans have a passion for fish and will consume almost any sort of animal that has ever swum in water. With the meat there were always two vegetables, and vegetables much more varied than are found on the tables even of

the English middle classes, since they included such comparative exotics as salsify, celeriac, kohl-rabi, egg-plants, and several forms of cabbage not known in this country.

The furnishing of the house, though it was not exactly unsightly, was of quite a poor description and had all been picked up second-hand. The children were very substantially and cleanly dressed; the wife was not well dressed and rather slatternly in general appearance. The husband told me that they had £40 in the bank and of course he was insured against sickness, accident, and old age. Every Sunday afternoon he took his wife and children to a restaurant in the woods where they would have coffee and cakes, which they provided themselves. On the Sunday evening he would take his wife or one of the children to the theatre, where for sixpence a head they could witness "The Merry Widow," "Wallenstein," or a play by Mr. Galsworthy.

Compared, in short, with an English working man of about the same standing the life of this sober and hard-working father of a family appears somewhat as follows. In England he would have had about £120 a year instead of £46 a year. The Englishman's rent would probably be smaller, the German paying ten shillings a week for his apartment, for it should be remembered that this was a country town. The German lived much better than the Englishman would live owing presumably to the fact that his wife was a much better cook and a much better manager than an Englishman's wife in the same class could ever be expected to be. The furniture was much less showy, there being no parlour, no gim-cracks, no piano on the hire system, no Nottingham lace curtains and the like. Social life, on the other hand, was probably less agreeable, there being no time to spend at the public-house and no money either. And it should be remembered that this workman was a foreman and was in consequence a highly paid and skilled individual. He considered himself wealthy and thought that he had a stake in his country.

When I left, however, an incident occurred that cast an entirely new light upon the household. The wife came to me, and in the course of a couple of hours, weeping bitterly all the time, she explained the real circumstances. There was no £40 in the bank; she had had to spend it all on the necessities of living, and she was herself in debt to shopkeepers and money-lenders. This had come about in the last six or seven years. Her husband, she said, was a stern man who insisted on a certain standard of living, for which, formerly, their means had been just sufficient. But he refused to see that the cost of everything had gone up, that taxes had increased. In spite of the most agonised care she had been unable to make both ends meet, to the tune of about £12 a year.[1] The husband was quite unconscious of all this; he gave her all his money as he always had done, and imagined that they still had £40 in the savings bank and that they were still saving £5 or £6 a year.

So that in the household of this prosperous, happy, and contented skilled workman there was nevertheless the same spectre of agonised want that distinguishes so many German families. In this case, however, it was one member of the family alone who suffered the anxiety. It would be absurd to say that there were no happy, prosperous, and contented families in Germany, yet it is an almost universal rule that this ease is only secured by turning the wife into a beast of burden. German women are, in fact, excellent Haus Fraus, but as to whether a nation can be said to be satisfactorily circumstanced whose only use for femininity is to turn it into desperate

[1] Since writing the above I have read in the report of H.B.M. Consul-General of Bavaria the following figures as to the rise in the cost of living in that country. In 1896 the weekly expenditure on food for a family of four persons was 20 m. 37 pf. By 1905 it had risen to 22 m. 21 pf., and by 1913 to 26 m. 22 pf. This, it will be observed, is a rise of about £13 per annum, or very nearly exactly the figure given me by Mrs. B.

graspers after any expedient that will reduce the family expenditure—this must be very largely a matter of opinion. At any rate, it is fairly safe to say that the economic condition of Germany is such that in practically no wage-earning family, whether official, professional, or proletariat, is the family income sufficient to support both sides of the family in reasonable comfort. Either the husband and his interests must go short or the wife and hers.

The German, in short, is an extraordinarily brave man, violently intent on making a good show out of very indifferent resources. And the private emblem of Germany that I carry about with me is that of the stucco mansion of sham-classical appearance, standing in a noble avenue of such mansions, with a park in front of it, but having in each house four families leading squalid, sedulous, and appallingly industrious lives amidst disgusting sanitary arrangements, but going once a week to a restaurant where there would be a large amount of gilding, and once a week to a theatre where they would hear "The Merry Widow," "Wallenstein," or a play by Mr. John Galsworthy. And if you will talk to these people, they will tell you that their industrial expansion is boundless, boundless too their wealth, and their habits of life more cultured than any the history of the world has yet shown.

I had as a secretary at that time a doctor of philology who had written several works, which I found excruciating, about the philology of Locke, the eighteenth century writer on government. His philology was defective since he was unable to spell even such Latin-descended words as "quiescent." Apart from the fact that I paid him 20*s.* a week when a reasonable salary would have been 14*s.*, this gentleman had no source of income. On 20*s.* a week in that town he might have lived fairly easily, but he preferred another course of life. He preferred, that is to say, to live in an unspeakable garret, to have only one shirt and one collar, to lie in bed on a Saturday

afternoon whilst his landlady washed these garments, to starve himself during the whole of the week, and then on Sunday to "entertain."

On the Sunday evening you would see him in the best restaurant of the town—and a very splendid restaurant it was! There were plush seats and garlands of flowers, and an immense amount of gilt, brass, *nouvel art* decorations, and an excellent orchestra, and a huge crowd of showily dressed people. And my friend would be sitting at a table with a guest from another university town, and before them there would be plates of caviare, which is the most expensive thing that a German can think of, and bottles of Sekt with gilt necks, and an immensity of foam. And my friend would be expatiating upon the splendour of his position; suggesting that he was employed by an English duke or poet laureate at £400 a year. And they would talk together of the splendour and richness of Germany, of the all-embracing glory of the national career, and of the glorious uprising of the German joint-stock banks. And, I am bound to say, they would talk about the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw, of Mr. Galsworthy, of d'Annunzio, of Strindberg, and of Wedekind.

And that again is a symbol of Germany—of its braveness in unfortunate circumstances, and, above all, of its hurry. In that country where it is impossible for any man to make the beginnings of a career before he is forty, in that country where there is no belief in heaven and not much consideration of any verities beyond those of synthetic camphor, there is an incredible impatience to taste at once the flesh-pots of Egypt. World-wide empire, a thing which other nations build up in a thousand years, must be there on the day after to-morrow, or the German will not live to see it; an enormous banking system must be there, to-day, to-day, to-day, or on Sunday night it cannot be boasted of in the restaurant. It is a form of idealism; it is a sort of brave challenge of mortal humanity to the death that will sweep it into oblivion

—but it is a terrible nuisance to the rest of a solid, sober, and peaceable world that has evolved habits of mind from the slow workings of millennia.

As a matter of fact, the joint-stock system of banking in Germany is absolutely rotten. I have not the space to go very deeply into the matter, but a moment or two spent over the greatest of these German corporations—the Deutschebank—is worth while. On paper this limited company, which must not be mistaken for the Imperial State Bank, is an imposing institution. Its securities and reserves amount to 425,000,000 marks, or £21,000,000, of which 250,000,000 marks are capital and 175,000,000 reserve, figures which will compare reasonably well with one or other of the smaller joint-stock banks of this country or of France. But where the English joint-stock banks or the Crédit Lyonnais, let us say, are largely institutions of deposit, doing only very conservative financial business, the Deutschebank, which has lately absorbed the Bergisch-Marckischebank, employs the greater part of its capital and its resources in speculations of a very doubtful type, or definitely and absolutely employs the deposits entrusted to it for political ends or the extension of German interests. In Turkey, for instance, the Deutschebank has employed itself in the building of railways, in the farming of the octrois; in Berlin it has attempted to found a petroleum monopoly under the control of the Government, and it has advanced more than 100,000,000 marks for the purpose of saving the Fuersten-Conzern.

This Princes-Concern was an immense syndicate of princes and courtiers who were determined to obtain their share of the industrial development of Germany. They built hotels, factories, immense shops, where they traded in every possible article of commerce; they speculated in building land; and last year the whole concern came to the ground with an immense crash, threatening with absolute ruin several of the princely houses of Germany. That the Deutschebank should have tried to come to the rescue of this concern

was nothing more nor less than dishonesty to its depositors, or, if that is too strong a statement, it is exact to say that at the date of the outbreak of the war the Deutschebank, in spite of its advance of 100,000,000 marks, was very far from having established the Fuersten-Conzern on anything like a satisfactory basis.

And the financial methods of the Deutschebank are exactly typical of the financial methods of the other joint-stock banks of Germany. As to what, at the moment of writing, may be the financial position of these concerns I have no means of knowing, but according to the *Vossische Zeitung* of October 1st, the war has "absolutely pulverised" these institutions. In February, 1914, the ninety-one principal joint-stock banks of Germany had owing to them from various debtors 6,068,000,000 marks; on the other hand, their indebtedness was 8,600,000,000 marks.

It is, of course, a common complaint of commercial people in this country and in France that the joint-stock banks are much too conservative in the matter of loans for the founding of new businesses and for the development of old ones. But the primary public function of a bank is to protect the interests of the depositors; this, at least, seems to me to be only elementary morality. For if the public wishes to speculate in trading companies it can itself take shares in those companies, and the mere fact of the deposits being present in the bank is evidence that the depositor does not wish to be embarked upon speculative trading concerns. Indeed, for such advances there exist the large discounting houses.

Let it, however, be admitted that the English and French houses are too conservative in their methods; that does not do away with the fact that the German joint-stock banks are disastrously speculative.

It is a proverbial saying in Germany that, with the aid of his bank, a man builds his second floor by mortgaging his first, his third by mortgages on his second, and his roof by the aid of a mortgage upon his

third floor. And this is hardly an exaggeration. I have known a foreman brewer go to a local bank and get them to set him up as a brewing concern, they advancing him money on mortgage up to 90 per cent. of the value of his buildings, his machinery, and of a purely speculative goodwill. He failed within six months and the bank conducted the business at a loss from that time onwards. Such a transaction is neither more nor less than the bank's setting up as brewers, and yet such a transaction is the commonest thing in the world in Germany.

I say "the commonest thing in the world," but that is an inexactitude. It is the commonest thing for a bank to do, but since even the joint-stock banks of Germany are unable to finance every German individual, there has been of late years an increasing cry from one end of the Empire to the other to the effect that it is impossible to obtain capital for new enterprises, and that thus young men who might make splendid careers in one chemical industry or another are forced to indenture themselves to manufacturers already established and to work for wages lower than that of a shop assistant. I have not any figures going to prove this, but the cry is a very common one in Germany.[1]

The definitely learned professions are monstrously overcrowded. Doctors compete with each other to secure the attendance upon families by yearly contracts at extremely low rates; in one small street of a country town you will find fifteen solicitors side by side. Various remedies for this state of things have been proposed, such as limiting the number of degrees to be conferred year by year upon students, but nothing has hitherto proved of much service. It was

[1] Since writing the above I have studied very carefully the British Consular Returns for various German districts, and very interesting details going to prove the truth of what I have here set down merely as an impression will be found in Appendix C, which I would ask the reader to study with attention.

even proposed that special educational establishments should be set up where the children of professorial, official, and professional men should be trained free of charge and that none but those should be admitted to the professions or to public offices. But Professor Paulsen, though he quite seriously considers this proposition, dismisses it on the grounds that it would promote still further in-breeding—as no doubt it would.

The technical universities and the technical Real-Schulen have provided a sort of back way into the learned professions. They will admit practically any one; their classes are immensely crowded and, the ambition to wear a black coat being as strong in Germany as in any other part of the world, this factor has added one more class of discontented and desperately struggling individuals to the more definitely professional classes. In these technical universities the sons of the manufacturing, the shopkeeping, and the working classes receive courses in all sorts of applied sciences, and, excellent though the education is and excellent though these institutions may be in theory, they have yet had the effect of very distinctly lowering the standard of public morals and of commercial virtue. They have enabled the rich manufacturer to grow vastly richer by the means of brains of people in necessitous circumstances and by the workmanship of highly skilled mechanics who have no power to exact a reasonable recompense.[1]

[1] The technical universities of Germany are eleven in number, those of Aix-la-Chapelle, Berlin, Breslau, Brunswick, Danzig, Darmstadt, Dresden, Hanover, Carlsruhe, Munich, and Stuttgart. Of these the oldest is that of Munich, which was organised in 1868, and the latest that of Breslau, whose organisation was entered upon in 1904. The five faculties of a German technical university are as follows: Architecture; sciences connected with the art of the engineer, such as the construction of bridges and means of communication; mechanical engineering; applied chemistry; and finally such general scientific training as shall give to the people of all sections the "Kultur" of an engineer, no matter what may be his special branch. The universities have power to add special faculties according to the needs of their particular

This, then, was modern Germany as I knew it until last year. I will ask the reader to bear in mind very carefully the limitations which I have set to my knowledge—to bear in mind, that is to say, the fact that my acquaintance with modern German life is an acquaintance almost solely of urban life. Of agricultural life and habits of thought I have known in later years very little, except in its outward political aspect, though earlier, as I have said, my experiences of this country were almost exclusively agricultural. The political aspect is presented by the speeches in Parliament of Agrarian leaders. And the Agrarian leaders upon the whole are distinctly bellicose. But they are bellicose in an old-fashioned sort of way, as befits people who are more acquainted with territory than with principles of commercial expansion and the like. They desire, in short, very efficient measures of Protection so as to keep the price of agricultural products high, and they desire that their lands shall not pass into the possession of other countries. This of course is a not uncommon phenomenon, the Agrarian Party of almost every other modern State having adopted similar programmes. But it has always struck me as a curious phenomenon that the official Socialist Party in Germany is Protectionist. It is Protectionist because it desires that the population shall be kept as far as possible upon the land, and

region. Thus at Danzig and Berlin there are naval sections to satisfy the Emperor's desire for the founding of a great fleet. At Carlsruhe there is a section of woods and forests; at Munich an agricultural section; and at Darmstadt, as well as at Carlsruhe, a special section for electricity. There is practically no entrance examination to these institutions, and they turn out yearly about four thousand young engineers of one kind or another, provided, or not provided, with the title of Doctor, but at any rate instructed in the latest discoveries of the applied sciences. And the rôle to be played by these institutions is to obtain for Germany, in the words of the Emperor, "A commerce that shall stretch across the entire world, and one to which the most legitimate ambition of every German cannot assign any limits." (Interview quoted in *Mercure de France*, January 1909.)

it sees no other way of doing this than that of keeping the price of agricultural products relatively high.

I have long considered this one of the most curious phenomena of modern life, and I have long been puzzled to account for it. And after considerable reflection I can offer, hesitatingly, a tentative solution. I think that an illustration of this frame of mind is to be found in the fact that in Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfort and the other large cities of the realm the lunacy rate and the death rates from tuberculosis, diphtheria, and other zymotic diseases are from two to three times as high as they are in London, Manchester, Glasgow and the large cities of this country. These figures mean to say, I think, that this country and the rest of the civilised world have long since accepted the fact that modern life is almost inevitably urban life. And, having accepted this fact, the other civilisations of the world have paid relatively great attention to the problem of evolving a healthy town type.

Germany, on the other hand, comes in the first place very late into the industrial field, and only very reluctantly turns its attention to urban problems. The drainage systems of German cities are relatively atrocious, although town-planning itself, which is the spectacular side of the matter, is very efficiently attended to. And by resigning itself to letting the price of food be high, the Socialist Party strikes a very definite blow at the industrial population of the towns, to whom the price and particularly the quality of food is relatively of far greater importance than in the case of a peasant. For to the townsman good, cheap, unadulterated, and easily assimilable food has to take the place of pure air and physical exercise which keep the country peasant in health. And however much one may dislike the tenets of Fabianism, it is perfectly obvious that some sort of gas and water Socialism is an absolute necessity in countries where the urban communities largely outnumber in population the agricultural. There must absolutely in towns be as much pure air as can be got, food as pure and

as cheap as the exigencies of supply and demand will permit, and sanitary arrangements of the most perfect practical type. That, however, is a proposition that Germany has hardly faced, though it is a condition with which it is faced as seriously as any other country in the world.

I saw in 1913 in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* a statement to the effect that whereas the troops in the Franco-Prussian War were 77 per cent. agricultural and 23 per cent. urban, those that Germany would employ in the next war—in the war that is at present proceeding—would be 66 per cent. urban and 34 per cent. rural. This is a very amazing turnover if it is true, but I am bound to say that any statement printed in a German newspaper of the party importance of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* must be accepted with the profoundest mistrust. It might be increasing the figure in order to be in a position to boast of German industrial expansion, or it might be diminishing it in order to counteract some manœuvre of the Agrarian Party; the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which is otherwise the most respectable newspaper in Germany, being of what in England we should call a sober Whig complexion. At any rate we may take it as truth that an immense turnover has taken place from the rural to the urban regions, and I think, to return to my original theme, that we may accept it as an axiom that the Agrarian Party in Germany, though it is small on the whole, is nevertheless disproportionately powerful, and that its tone of mind is bellicose in an old-fashioned way.

To sum up then as far as we have gone, I think that I have demonstrated that Prussia was, until a very late date, an exceedingly poor, an exceedingly hungry, and an almost entirely uncivilised State. In 1806 it set to work to civilise itself along fairly liberal and international lines. By 1850 it had set itself the task of becoming the military overlord of Germany. By 1870 it succeeded in this endeavour and began under Bismarck to turn its attention to internal development and to the acquiring of financial stability. By 1890

Bismarck had fallen and his place was taken by a ruler of entirely different tenets—by a ruler of immense energy, of various activities, and characterised, more than anything else, by a mind that was by turns violently doctrinaire and violently romantic.

One of the last speeches of Bismarck in office was to this effect: "I am great, but greater than me is the German Empire, and greater than the German Empire is the world." The notes of the ruler who succeeded him have been so many and so various that it is difficult to select one which stands out amongst them. I am ready to concede and I do really believe that, until quite late years, the German Emperor was a sincere friend of peace. He desired, with more persistence than he attached to any other of his desires, the domination of the world, not by German arms, but by German industrial methods—by what is called "Kultur," in fact. At the same time, being a man easily attracted by romantic aspects, by sparkling trifles, and being a man of very small intelligence, instinct with the idea of pomp and parade that are the appanage of the Markish House, in one set of speeches in which he was either insincere or carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment he preached incessantly militarist dogmas, whilst with the other side of his brain he desired intermittently but just as frequently to forward the cause of peaceful expansion by his country. His country in the meantime had grown just conscious enough of wealth to desire wealth in immense quantities; it desired wealth with such avidity that it abandoned all ideas of commercial morality; it desired to impress the world with the idea of the wealth that it did not possess to such an extent that bitterness and stress entered every household in Germany.

And I cannot sufficiently emphasise to what an extent bitterness is the note of modern German life—of that modern German life whose only discoverable arts of importance are the bitter, vigorous, and obscene drawings of *Simplicissimus*, the bitter and terrifying lyrics of the most modern German poets and the

incredibly filthy—the absolutely incredibly filthy—productions of the German variety stage. Imagine then this population whose cultural high lights—for the bitter drawings and the bitter poems and even the obscenities are things of an amazing cleverness—imagine then this embittered population whose cultural high lights are all products of malignity—this population filled with megalomania by the traditions of 1870 and the writings of Richard Wagner; inspired to a religion of materialism and of egotism by misreading the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche—this population without rest, without joy, without ease; and without any ceasing from the passion for money! Imagine then this population whose traditions of discipline are such that they can seriously style the military serfdom of a Teutonic prince's Bankgenossen the highest ideal of liberty—imagine them preached to by officials, preached to by the entire State, by the entire professoriate, preached to incessantly, day in, day out, year in, year out, to the effect that the only means of getting rich is waging war. That was modern Germany until August 4th, 1914.

PART III

CHAPTER I

"THEIR ARGUMENT"

I

In the present section of this work I propose, to the measure of my ability, to show the reader how the pressure of the Prussian State has, consciously and of set purpose, influenced the character of the whole German people. I hope to show how this machinery for influencing opinion has been put together, and I hope to show this perfected machinery actually at work. To do this I must ask the reader to pay rather more attention to German educational problems than can usually be expected of the layman. But I must ask the reader to remember that State education has played an enormous part in the development of Germany, and that it is utterly impossible for anyone to understand either the German nature or the nature of German problems unless he has carefully examined or has had demonstrated to him the aims and the success that have attended the German educational machine. It is impossible without this to understand the German nature, and it is absolutely impossible to understand the absolutism of the Hohenzollerns.

II

For the more I think about it the more convinced I become that the person who is responsible for the present condition of Europe is the present German Emperor and no other person. It is customary to say that a despot cannot possibly change the character

of his people, that a people has the government that it deserves, and that, therefore, the German people is responsible for what we have got into the habit of calling "Armageddon." But like so many historical half-truths this view is a very bad kind of lie. For the absolutism of William II is an absolutism differing in quality and infinitely more formidable than any the world has ever seen. This may seem a tremendously sweeping statement, but I am about to attempt seriously to justify it.

If the reader will consider what he knows of the attitude adopted by all other absolute and reactionary potentates towards education, he will remember that this attitude has in every case been that of suppressing education altogether, or, at any rate, that of limiting it as far as possible to the governing class. William II, inspired by genius or by an *idée fixe*, adopted another course. Upon his accession universal education was the law of Germany; William II accepted this factor in his realm as being inevitable. But from the very moment of his accession he took education in hand and turned it to his own purposes. As will be seen later on, he insisted, directly and in his own speech in person to the elementary and upper school teachers of his realms, that the purpose, and the sole purpose, of these teachers was to provide him with physically well-trained soldiers and to stamp out the ideals of Social Democracy from their minds.

The turning of the whole German university system into an instrument for forcing the same views upon older pupils was a task more formidable but one rendered easier by having been already partly accomplished. From 1848 to 1876, as I have already suggested—and later I shall elaborate the fact—the German professoriate was tyrannised, by the German State ministries, into preaching in their lectures no doctrines that could put into the heads of their pupils the idea that constitutional liberty was a desirable thing. From 1876 onwards until the accession of the Emperor the German professoriate was instructed not

only to neglect all ideas of constitutionalism but to enjoin upon the students, at every possible point, the desirability of an aggressive nationalism.

From the accession of the Emperor William II until the present day it is too little to say that the professoriate became an instrument, one of whose functions was the preaching of an aggressive form of nationalism, together with a militarism that was raised to the pitch of an ideal. It is too little to say that, because preachings to that effect became the chief function of the German professoriate. To the ordinary faculties of universities were added one more faculty—that of militarist nationalism. And just as in the technical universities there was added to the four faculties of special engineering another faculty whose purpose was to turn every student into a good general engineer, so from the accession of the Emperor William II onwards, to the five usual faculties there was added a sixth. To the faculties of Law, Religion, Philosophy, Natural Science, and Medicine was added that fifth one whose province was to turn all the students of the other faculties into good Germans—and by good Germans was meant good Prussian—national—militarists.

To bring this state of things about, the Prussian Government resorted to stratagems and embarked on courses of action which may well seem incredible, but which I shall hereafter very carefully describe. Professors, that is to say, whether in the universities or in primary and upper schools, were terrorised, by every means at the disposal of the Prussian Ministry of Education, into inserting into their lectures passages of soldierly and patriotic rhetoric or passages to the effect that all nations other than the German nation were decadent and contemptible.

So that, to a certain extent, the German nation may be relieved of some of the moral responsibility for the present circumstances and the present sufferings of the whole world. From the year 1890 onwards it became gradually more and more impossible for a

German to have his eyes not forcibly focussed upon the glories of the House of Hohenzollern, of Prussian victories, and the commercial glories of the German Empire under the Prussian hegemony. It has become increasingly difficult, it has become almost impossible for a German child to have any sense of the relative values to the world of the progress or the exploits of any other nation. Since 1890 it has been rendered impossible for any German child to echo Bismarck's phrase: "Germany is great, but the world is greater than Germany"; for the German child is taught to think that though the universe may be great and important, greater and more important are the German Empire and its destinies.

German children are taught that, after a career of some centuries in which France contributed nothing [1] to culture or to civilisation, France has become a nation exclusively of decadent fornicators; and that, after a career of some centuries, during which by force or fraud she extracted a thousand million of millions of gold from the world, Great Britain has become a country of decadents expert in nothing but the practice of unnatural vice. This is not an exaggeration. I can furnish the reader interested in these matters with the names of several German professors who have made this exact charge, and the number who have made charges similar but more mild is very large.

With the docility that is usual in Germans, and

[1] For instance, in the early 'nineties the Emperor ordered the Kultus minister to discourage as far as possible the study of the French Revolution in German schools and universities. Later on, however, he changed his mind and, as Professor Max Lenz puts it, the study of the Revolution was "von oben her empfohlen,"—recommended from above, but "with the direction that we should learn from it to know the powers of darkness and of destruction and attach ourselves by so much the more closely to monarchy and authority."—"in der Meinung, dass wir die Mächte des Unheils und der Zerstörung daraus kennen lernen und uns um so fester um Monarchie und Autorität scharen sollen."—Max Lenz, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, "Kleine historische Schriften," article "Jahrhunderts Ende, etc.," p. 574.

blinded and rendered unquestioning by the enormous prestige that has been accorded to the German professoriate not only in their own land but in this country and in every other of the habitable globe, the obedient German people have accepted these statements as an exact *compte rendu* of the conditions of Europe at the present day. And having no other view ever presented to them, and other nations making no attempts at all, either to protest against this view or to diminish the professorial prestige, the German nation has to all intents and purposes become, in these matters, a nation of madmen. For I know of no other definition of madness than a sense of the values of life so disproportionate in one or other particular that it cannot by any possible method of estimating proportions be squared with actual conditions. And the great bulk of the population of Germany seriously imagined before August 4th, 1914, that the French nation was so enfeebled as to be unable to offer any armed resistance to the legions of William II; the English so sunk in sloth, decadence, and the love of comfort as to be incapable of armed resistance or the power of commercial organisation in war time; and the Russian Empire a horde of negligible and impoverished barbarians.

III

It is perhaps profitless to inquire too closely into who is responsible for a phenomenon so vast as the change in the psychology of the German peoples that the last quarter of a century has witnessed. And yet, perhaps it is not entirely profitless. For the present is surely an occasion if ever there was an occasion in the world when we should ask ourselves where we really do stand. Dogmas as to the relative responsibilities of rulers and people have been many and confident since the day when Machiavelli wrote "Il Principe." And I suppose that the balance of learned opinion has been on the side of casting the

onus of criminality altogether upon the people and removing the responsibility very much from the rulers. The general tendency, that is to say, has been to allege that if a people supports or suffers a ruler that people is responsible for the ruler's acts.

That may have been true enough of the Romans in the days of Nero, of the Athenians in the days of Alcibiades, of the English in the days of Charles I, or of the French in the days of Louis XVI. But the problem has changed in incidence since at least the days of Napoleon. A revolution is a comparatively easy thing when it is carried out by means of men armed with pikes and muskets against other men who are armed with nothing much more efficient. But one asks oneself almost in vain how a nation of unarmed men and women is to carry out a revolution against such a power as the military forces of the German Empire. It would be practically a pack of civilians fighting against the whole armed force that extended from the Channel to the Vosges. And the German civil population, such as it is, has had facing it not only all this immensity of warlike implements but all the organisations of railways, means of communication, public services, public offices, and officials. That in itself seems to me to be sufficient to relieve the German people of any motived responsibility.

Of course, if I purposely drop a brick from the top of a house on to the head of a man in the street below I am at liberty to say that the force of gravity is responsible for the death of my enemy. So in a similar way it may be argued that William II and the official caste of Prussia could not have achieved the expansion of vitiated commerce or the armed assault upon the whole of Europe without the German population by means of which these things are effected. But the present German population has in these matters been very nearly as powerless as the force of gravity in the other matter. And the responsibility, if responsibility there be, must be borne by those Germans who in 1848 failed to achieve their success-

ful revolutions or by those Germans who in 1813 raised Prussia from the dust, or by those aboriginal Cherusker and the rest who set in the German blood the instinct of obedience to their princes. That is, perhaps, begging the question, nevertheless the fact remains that by 1890, owing to the constitutional organisation of the German Empire, the German civilian population had no power whatever to resist innovations in the theories, the mechanisms, or the aims of German education.

In this country a change in the educational spirit could only be brought about by the legislature and in the full light of day. And any attempt on a large scale to coerce individual teachers into teaching what was against the national conscience would set the whole country in a flame from end to end. In Germany the Emperor can in the first place address to the teaching body of the German schools an oration expressing the fact that it is his desire to see German schools become an instrument for national and military and anti-socialist propaganda. That, it is true, will remain only an expression of the Imperial desire. The teachers need not immediately set to work to instruct their children solely as to the glory of the Hohenzollerns. But many of them will take this line, and to the rest the Ministry of Education will turn its attention. It will promote only such teachers as vigorously enjoin the prescribed tenets. It will lecture with a minatory harshness all such teachers as show remissness of effort in this direction. Teachers that resist, it will dismiss or remove from positions in comfortable towns to positions in dreary and isolated villages on the outposts of the Empire. And it will take care that no new teachers whose nationalist and militarist credentials are not unexceptionable shall have a chance to instruct the children of the Empire.

It may be replied that, in this country, the Minister of Education being in fact, if not in theory, an officer of, and responsible to, Parliament, could only carry out such a change in doctrines with the sanction of

Parliament which is voicing the electorate. In Germany, however, the Minister of Spiritual and Educational Affairs (Minister der geistlichen und Unterrichts-Angelegenheiten), is the officer of, and is responsible to, the sovereign alone. The passing of a vote hostile to him in the Prussian House of Commons need not bring about his fall, neither could the unanimous support of the whole Parliamentary body cause him to be retained in office if he were not a *persona grata* to the sovereign. Moreover, the most revolutionary of all changes in the education of the German nation, and, in consequence, in the psychology of the people, was brought about in 1891 by a simple decree of the Minister without reference to either House of Parliament. This decree carried out the wishes expressed by the Emperor in his speech on December 17th, 1890, and abolished or curtailed the study of the classics in the Gymnasien and Pro-Gymnasien, substituting for these studies subjects drawn from the history of Prussia and of the House of Hohenzollern.[1] That then has been the educational position in Germany since the accession of the present Emperor.

And pressure of this sort has extended not only to the teachers in schools, to the professors in universities, but to every burgomaster, to every public official, to every purveyor to the Court, to every contractor for the supply of materials to the Army, the Navy, and the public services. Each and every one of these people has been exhorted to preach on every available occasion the doctrine of the all-importance of German nationalism, of the German armed forces, of the Imperial dynasty.

There is, in consequence, no individual in the German Empire who has not had exerted upon him, either by means of education or by means of education plus moral and material blackmail, the tremendous pressure of this one opinion, tending always in one direction. It was not of course the present Emperor

[1] For the text of this decree and other matter connected with this subject see Appendix B.

who initiated this system. It may be said of him as of an earlier Emperor, "Opera sub Tiberio semi-imperfecta perfecit." For, as I hope to show the reader, Adalbert Falk, the Minister of Education who carried on the Kulturkampf in the days of Bismarck, first made a determined and organised attempt to give German education an exclusively nationalistic complexion. But Bismarck, upon the whole, disapproved of these activities, and Falk, who had been made Minister of Education in 1872, fell in 1879. He had, nevertheless, done a good deal in the direction of perfecting the machine that the present Emperor was to find ready to his hand.

It was under Falk in 1879 that the special laws, constitutions, and legislation of the German universities were abolished, and that they fell completely into the hands of the ministry. And although no professor in ordinary in a German university could, thenceforth or before, be deprived of his chair, except for flagrant immorality or dereliction of duty, he can be deprived of his right to examine pupils, of his seat on the academic board of his university, and of all chance of promotion in the academic world. This is already a sufficiently powerful lever. But when to what is practically the silencing of the professor there is added the ministerial power to appoint to a university as many extra professors in any given subject as the Minister of Education may see fit, this power is enormously increased.

The Minister has at his disposal for these purposes an annual income of £13,000,000 sterling, and if, say, a Professor of Law should refuse to be a militarist or be reported by a spy to be in private conversation a Social Democrat, the Minister can practically shut his mouth by depriving him of his pupils and can then appoint as many ordinary or extraordinary Professors of Law to that university as he may please. And he can contract with these extra professors to insert as many patriotic or imperialistic digressions or to deliver as many extra and popular lectures upon the

necessity for increasing the navy as it may seem good to the Minister to enact.

I am far from saying that the Prussian State, whilst using the professoriate as a powerful engine for the dissemination of such doctrines as it desires to see disseminated, neglects the purely educational sides of education. If there were two professors with about equal claims for a learned chair, and if one of these gentlemen had a gift for patriotic orations, both being equally expert in their subjects, the Minister for Education would nominate the patriot. And if the patriot were a little inferior to the other professor, he would also secure a nomination. But if the patriot were extremely inferior, the other professor would probably secure nomination, certain precautions being taken to prevent his uttering awkward or detrimental sentiments.

Moreover, the Ministry of Education may be said to ransack the world for gifted professors. With the United States it has instituted the system of exchanges by which it offers hospitality to American professors in exchange for the temporary occupation of chairs in the United States for Germans. This is, of course, a fine internationalist conception, and there would be little to say against it, were it not that the quality of German pedagogy is so extremely detrimental to pure learning. The tendency, in fact, is for foreign professors who are caught in the wheels of the formidable and determined university systems of Berlin and of the German Empire, to become Germanised, mechanical, and pedantic, whilst the German professors who are given the hospitality of foreign chairs, being, as a rule, men distinguished by industry and force of character, and men already hardened into the peculiar Prussian mould—these German professors spread still further afield the extremely detrimental appetite for what is called "Philologie."

The foreign professors who take up chairs in Germany are extremely well and generously treated. I have before me a copy of a statement by Professor

Kuno Meyer as to the terms of his engagement by the University of Berlin. Professor Meyer, a British subject, was Professor of German at Liverpool University. He was, however, a very distinguished Celtic scholar, and he was, therefore, invited by the Prussian Minister of Education to occupy the chair of Celtic at the University of Berlin. This is in itself as distinguished an honour as the Prussian State has to bestow. The terms of the contract, as summarised by Professor Meyer, were as follows: the Prussian Government give the Professor the Berlin chair, a seat in the Academy, the promise of a pension, and various minor privileges. He on his side promised simply to represent Celtic studies in the University of Berlin, all particulars being left to him to arrange as he pleases. By implication he undertakes to make no public pronouncements as to Prussian political matters, or as to the international relationships of the German Empire. He was, in fact, to limit his activities to Celtic matters. Since August 1914 this gentleman has been engaged by the German Government to influence Irish Nationalist feelings in the United States against Great Britain.

The extremely handsome treatment which this gentleman received at the hands of the Prussian State has, in fact, borne its natural fruit. On the other hand, so strong is the centrifugal attraction of the university system of Germany, that, although German professors are not infrequently persecuted or worried by the Minister of Education, either because they omit to deliver political orations or because they hold in private Liberal or Socialist opinions or support, say, the Peace doctrines that were preached at the opening of the Hague Convention—in spite of very efficient persecutions or eminently troublesome worryings at the hands of the Ministry of Education, no such gentlemen have, as far as I am aware, uttered anything in public against the Prussian administration since the events of August 1914.

You have, for instance, the very peculiar case of

the Brothers X.[1] The Brothers X were three in number. One was Professor in Ordinary of International Law, an authority of the most distinguished kind upon his particular subject. Another was Professor Extraordinary of English Literature; the third was the Burgomaster of an important provincial town. The Burgomaster incurred the displeasure of the authorities by writing an article for a Liberal paper. He was tried *in camera* for this offence and deprived of his office. By Prussian law, however, a person tried *in camera* has the right to call witnesses, and these witnesses may give an account of the case in the newspapers. The Burgomaster called as witnesses a number of reporters from Liberal newspapers. These witnesses reported the case very fully in their papers. The result was a great Liberal outcry throughout Germany.

The Minister of Education then approached the two brothers who were professors. To each of them he presented for signature a paper in which they purported to disavow the Liberal opinions of their brother the Burgomaster. Neither of the brothers had till that date as far as I know—and I knew them very well—taken any strong interest in politics. They absolutely refused, however, to sign the papers that were presented to them. The Prussian Minister of Education then deprived the younger brother, who was Professor of English Literature at the Prussian University of Z., of his chair. When the universities of other German States offered him chairs, the Prus-

[1] As these gentlemen have played creditably patriotic parts since the outbreak of war I do not wish to inconvenience them with their own governments by giving names and dates. But the facts are well known throughout Germany, where the "Fall X" made a sufficient sensation in its day. This is rather an extreme case, but I would ask the reader who is interested in the matter of university organisation or who doubts my general proposition that the Prussian Ministry exercises upon the Prussian professoriate what I will call a "patriotising" and coercive pressure that in other countries would be unthinkable, to read with attention Appendices C and D of this work.

sian Minister of Education and the Imperial authorities used every kind of pressure at their disposition to get the offers withdrawn. Finally, this professor secured a chair in the university of a small Grand Duchy that was hostile to Prussia.

The other brother was a professor in ordinary, therefore the Minister of Education was unable to deprive him of his chair. Nevertheless, the Ministry was able practically to cripple his industries. They warned him that he could expect no further promotion; they deprived him of his seat on the Senatus Consultum of the university; they deprived him of the right to examine pupils; they warned students that if they attended the lectures of this professor, their subsequent careers would be prejudiced. Finally they appointed another Professor of Law at the university in question, hoping to draw off such students as remained faithful to him; and the Budget of the Minister of Spiritual and Educational Affairs of the year following contains the following item:

To establishment of an extra Professoriate in the Juristic Faculty at the University of M., an average annual subvention and housing allowance . . . . Marks. 4,300[1]

It may be wondered at that a large body of honourable men such as the German professoriate can be found ready to submit to official pressure of this kind. But it should be remembered that there is in the first place the economic pressure upon the learned classes of which I have already spoken; there is also the extreme docility of the German mind, and, over and above all that, the fact that the German professoriate

[1] It may interest the reader to know that, in December 1914, after the war had been in progress for four months, I received a broadsheet written by one of these professors. It contained a spirited and skilful attack upon an English novelist who had been attacking Germany; and an equally spirited defence of Germany as the true land of culture and of democratic progress. This is indeed valiant patriotism.

consists entirely of specialists, and that specialists, however strong-minded they may be in their own departments, are apt to take very little interest in, or to know very little of, the outside world.

If a learned, worthy, Christian, and reasonably patriotic gentleman have strong views as to the constitution of the shells of cephalopods, if his whole life have been spent upon the study of these minute creatures, and if the one desire of his life be to spread his views on these subjects, and if there be offered to him a professorial chair from which eminence the dissemination of his views will be practicable, with ease, leisure, and authority, such a little thing as saying that Germany is great and German Kultur the most important thing in the world, or that Social Democrats are emasculated internationalists, will seem a small price to pay for the benefit conferred upon the human race by the dissemination of correct views as to the habits of the Infusoriæ. Nay, more, the Minister of Education may well impress upon the professor that it is the professor's patriotic duty from time to time to make speeches or to introduce into his lectures digressions going to prove that Germany is great, and that the spread of German Kultur is the most beneficent action open to a man.

Moreover, it should be remembered that, the nomination of professors lying practically in the hand of the Minister, the Minister takes great care that no professor shall be nominated whose views outside his special subject are not strictly orthodox. Thus the activities of the Prussian Minister of Education are little resented by the professoriate, and even so great an authority as Professor Paulsen, whose monumental work upon the German universities is accepted as the only standard of this subject by all the countries of the civilised globe—even Professor Paulsen dismisses this immensely important side of the matter with a composed sentence or two in his *opus major* and with a single phrase in his smaller work. His view is that the German universities are as free as

any reasonable man can desire, and that, even if a professor find that distasteful pressure is put upon him by one State of the Empire, he can always, or at least almost always, find a chair in a State where ministerial activities are less unsympathetic or less forceful.

IV

It may interest the reader, in this connection, to know the exact amount spent by Prussia on the formidable engine known as Prussian Kultur. It is a yearly sum of 266,615,446 marks. In addition to this, there is usually a supplementary estimate of the Kultus Minister of about twenty million marks. The following table for 1911 will show the headings under which these immense sums are distributed. It is the supplementary account for that year:

	Marks.
Technical education	1,012,320
Arts and sciences	3,851,550
Elementary education	5,858,425
Higher teaching institutions	2,393,995
Universities	4,792,546
Provincial schools	90,000
Clerical administration	464,650
Spiritual and educational objects	1,100,000
TOTAL	19,563,486

Thus the regular income at the disposal of the Kultus Minister is about thirteen million pounds sterling, and he may budget for about another million pounds. This is exclusive of other sources of income, from students' fees, funds confiscated from the Jesuits and other Catholic bodies, and from quainter but very exactly registered sources, such as sums paid for the use of the telephone at the Ministry by clergymen, which in 1911 brought in £1 16*s*., or money paid for admission to a ruin in the neighbourhood of Magde-

burg, which came to 8*s.* 6*d.*, these sums amounting to a further £380,000.[1]

And this expenditure of about fourteen and a half million pounds is administered by the Minister, who is assisted by an Under-Secretary of State, three Directors of Departments, thirty Specialist Councillors in the Department of Education, Science, and the Arts, and one spiritual adviser.

It is obvious that the handling of so considerable a sum covering such varied fields of human enterprise as music, sculpture, the Evangelical Church, the ten universities that are in Prussia, the choirs in the Court churches, the cathedral organists, all the museums, picture-galleries, technical schools, laboratories, must put vast powers into the hands of the Minister and his assistants and into the hands of the absolute Sovereign who controls their destinies. This conduces to a certain uniformity of effort, of ends, and of standards. But as to whether such uniformity conduces to the interests of culture as opposed to Kultur may well be doubted.

And minute supervision and tyranny of the Kultus Ministerium such as I have described in the case of the Brothers X is carried into every department of kultural and cultural activity. The State catalogues not only every State museum, picture-gallery, library, or technical museum, and not only every municipal museum, picture-gallery, and library, but also every private collection that threatens to become of any importance or notoriety. The results are catalogued in an immense volume published under the auspices of the Royal Museums in Berlin by the authorities (Herausgegeben von der Generalverwaltung). This catalogue pays attention to the most minute nooks and villages. Thus you find such entries as:

Village of Moers: Private collection.

[1] These particulars are taken from the Etat des Ministeriums der geistlichen und Unterrichts-Angelegenheiten for 1911 (p. 232).

Dr. Haniel, Landrat a D.
Old cupboards; Rhenish pottery and jugs.
Village of Monterberg (near Kalkar, District of Cleves): Private Collection of Reinh. Bossmann.
Roman urns, lamps, pots, jugs (120).[1]

Such a catalogue is of immense use to the student, and its compilation is a marvel of industry and care. At the same time it puts in the hands of the Minister one more instrument for influencing people in the way they should go. Collections, for instance, of modern French art are either omitted or their collectors are unofficially requested to turn their activities in other directions: whilst collectors of orthodox antiquities or of pictures by Court painters are decorated.

V

I will complete the analysis of the activities of the Minister of Education by giving an instance of the way direct Imperial pressure is brought to bear upon matters entirely outside the scope of education. There is in Prussia no Minister of the Fine Arts; but the whole organisation of the State Museums and Fine Art Collections being in the hands of the Minister of Education, the State, and more particularly the head of the State, is able from time to time to exercise strongly coercive pressure upon the pictures that are exhibited in or purchased for State collections. From time to time the Emperor will take sudden, violently increasing, and as suddenly vanishing interest in such questions as the influence of the fine arts on public morals.

I do not wish to injure my case by appearing to speak with violence or with acerbity of William II. He is a fine, and a not absolutely unsympathetic specimen of the too constructive male—as it were

[1] "Kunsthandbuch für Deutschland," p. 238.

an imperial Richard Wagner; the type of man who brings out always what is in his head at the moment. The misfortune is that, his industry being unceasing and his words having enormous weight over the destinies of many millions of humanity, his ill-advised utterances, which would be harmless in a private individual, have had an immense power for harm over the whole wide world.

A very good instance of the jocular and unconsidered nature of William II's influence is afforded, for instance, by his speech to the Hamburg Ober-burgomaster in the year 1913. Up till that date there had been some trouble between the Free and Hanse City and the Kingdom of Prussia—about the railway service, I think. The Emperor, therefore, visited Hamburg in order to promote a better feeling. Walking with the burgomaster about one of the city squares, the Emperor perceived a statue representing the Rape of Persephone. Said the Emperor to the burgomaster, "Do you know what that is?" The burgomaster answered that it represented the Rape of Persephone. "No," replied the Emperor; "it represents a former Ober-burgomaster of Hamburg carrying off the wife of one of his town councillors." He clapped the burgomaster upon the back and added, "What a pity it is that our Ober-burgomasters to-day do not keep up these fine old German customs!" And photographs of the Emperor clapping the burgomaster upon the back and uttering these words were reproduced throughout the length and breadth of Germany. That is the logical corollary of the Superman idea; it is also the reason why the Prussian State is a nuisance in the comity of nations.

Again, I once asked a serious, slightly Liberal professor of history in a non-Prussian university what was the truth about the Emperor as an administrator and lawgiver. This professor had held a post in Berlin, was mildly anti-Prussian, and had been a National Liberal member of the Reichstag. You might call him a Whig. He answered:

The Emperor is not a *bad* man. He is not even an undemocratic man. If abuses are brought to his notice he will try to have them reformed. The trouble is that he is so interested in trifles, and so apt to go off his head about them, and the abuses that are brought to his notice by the people around him are of so childish a kind! He will block the whole legislation of a sitting in order to get a Bill passed for the proper smearing of butter on bread (Butterbrodtschmieren), and he is for ever meddling in what cannot concern him.

I should say that this is a fair statement of the case, as far as domestic legislation in Prussia is concerned. But when it comes to the administration of the fine arts, it must be obvious that an Emperor with a subservient Kultus Minister and a body of painter-flatterers round him must be a serious nuisance to the artistic world. And so indeed William II is.

A bureaucratic administration of the fine arts of a country must always be open to serious objections; a bureaucratic administration in a country whose immensely powerful head is an active and actively meddling, almost absolute, ruler must obviously become a flail to one school of art or another—or, indeed, to every school not that of his immediate favourites. And that would probably be bad for the arts, even if the ruler favoured quite good work.

It becomes a positive curse as soon as the potentate falls into the grip of very bad artists, or of art-dealers anxious to turn an honest million. And this is what happened to William II many years ago. (I am not saying half such bad things as are said of William II by his own subjects and his own journals.) Here, for instance, is an extract from the *Kunstkronik* of Leipsic, which is headed "A Crisis in the National Gallery" (the Berlin National Gallery is the equivalent of our own Tate Gallery):

Hugo von Tschudi is going (from the directorship of the National Gallery in Berlin), a collection that, under his direction, has been changed from an unspeakably monotonous picture-shop into such a gallery of modern art as

even experienced foreign connoisseurs have called the most carefully selected of all.

What is the reason for this astonishing step? Intrigues because of his purchase of a series of French pictures. . . . And they are not even Impressionists! The classics of French landscape: Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, and Delacroix. . . .

For several years a custom has arisen in the National Gallery according to which all contemplated purchases of any importance must be submitted to the Kaiser. It was he who refused the Corot which in consequence never made its appearance in the gallery; but a big landscape by Troyon . . . perhaps his most important work, and two landscapes by Theodore Rousseau seemed to find the monarch's support. After a conference at the Ministry, Director von Tschudi held himself to be authorised to buy the pictures. But, following on a changed decision (by the Emperor) the consent to the purchase was taken back again, and the Director found himself with the pictures on his hands and was censured as well. . . . But the real reason for the removal of this highly distinguished man lies deeper than this. . . .[1]

And the writer goes on to lay bare a very complicated Court intrigue the account of which I have not space here to quote in full. It appears that Professor Meyerheim had the ear of the Emperor, and Professor Meyerheim and his friends carried on, apparently on patriotic grounds, a long campaign against French art, more particularly against modern French art. But there was also a personal cause. Herr von Tschudi had covered up a frieze that had been designed by Professor Meyerheim to surround a vestibule in the National Gallery. The frieze was a very ugly and clumsy piece of work: Herr von Tschudi had not obliterated it, but had merely covered it up during an exhibition of early German paintings which did not go well with the frieze. The Emperor remonstrated with Herr von Tschudi, and apparently von Tschudi stuck to his guns, or, as the *Kunstkronik*

[1] *Kunstkronik*, Leipsic, March 27th, 1908, article "Eine Krisis in der National Galerie."

puts it, "On this occasion and others he put his artistic views before the monarch openly and with freedom. He got himself disliked by the Emperor. That is, in so many words, the reason for his unconstitutional dismissal." [1]

Apart altogether from the fact that a monarch who refuses to let his National Gallery buy pictures by foreign classical masters on grounds of unpatriotism must turn his national collections into laughing-stocks, there is the other fact that the Emperor has absolutely no right to have pictures submitted to him or to refuse them. But, in his restless way, the Emperor got it into his head—or had had it put into his head by the German academic painters who surrounded him—that the contemplation of French works of art would damage the morality of his subjects. It is difficult to see how the contemplation of a landscape containing four willow trees, a stream, and a high bank could damage the morality of, let us say, an Ober-burgomaster of Hamburg, or do much harm in the city of Berlin. But there it was. At that date the Emperor was engaged in watching over the morals of the German Empire, and he slumbered not nor slept.

I am not, of course, saying that there are no just men in Germany. Herr von Tschudi was an excellent, enlightened, and extremely industrious director for a public gallery to have; but these intrigues swept him out of his place and substituted for him the energetic gentleman who discovered the wax bust by Leonardo da Vinci that had in its interior part of the waistcoat of an English nineteenth-century sculptor. And Dr. von Bode has very energetically seconded by voice and pen the monarch who opened a way for him. It is

[1] "Als wesentliches Moment kommt noch hinzu dass M. von Tschudi seinen künstlerischen Standpunkt auch dem Monarchen gegenüber stets mit Freimut und Offenherzigkeit verteidigt hat. Er ist zu wenig Diplomat. Er ist *unbequem geworden*. Damit ist in vier Worten die Sachlage gekennzeichnet."—*Ibid.* (italics in original).

almost impossible for a gallery where the Prussian State has any say to purchase a modern French work —or any work at all that is not produced by a friend of a Court painter or his pupil, or a dealer connected with the Court.

And, on the other hand, it is impossible for any State museum in those parts of Germany that are not Prussia to purchase any modern work of art of foreign origin without extorting a letter from Dr. Bode to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The doctor will repeat that such purchases are anti-patriotic, un-German, immoral, emasculating, and liable to cast Germany down from her proud eminence amongst the armed peoples of Europe. Thus, by the combined efforts of William II, the professors and dealers who surround him, and the Ministerium der geistlichen und Unterrichts-Angelegenheiten, is the shining armour kept bright, at any rate in so far as the fine arts are concerned.

VI

The whole problem of the treatment of the plastic arts by the State is one of extreme difficulty of approach, or, if you will, of an extreme insolubility. Indeed, the whole question of the relation of the State to all the arts is a matter so fraught with dangers that, upon the whole, it would appear best if the State could be persuaded to leave the arts severely and absolutely alone. The arts, considered in their widest aspects, are matters of extreme importance—they are probably the most important things in the body politic. They are, indeed, so much more important than the State itself—they are, indeed, so exactly, in the end, the judges of the success or the non-success of a State—that for the State to set up as a judge of the arts is indeed the man's attempting to direct the activities of the master. And any patronage of an art by a State must of necessity be in the nature of a

judgment—whether the art be that of strategy, that of a religious teacher, or that of a lyric poet.

To put the matter in as homely a way as I can, I should like to advance the thesis that the German Emperor's condemnation, expressed to a British general, of open-order tactics in infantry attack is an example of the State's assuming the functions of judge in the art of strategy; for strategy, like architecture or any other of the applied arts, is a mixture of expediency and of psychology. You have, that is to say, to set the psychological effect of companionship on the one hand, and the spectacular advance upon the other, against the equally psychological effect of comparative security and of the difficulty in mowing down advancing troops. I am not in any way attempting to estimate the respective value of shock or of open-order tactics. I am only pointing out that, supposing the Emperor to have made his reported speech to the British general, the Emperor was obviously setting up as a judge between two opposing art schools.

And here again the matter of State interference becomes one of an extreme difficulty of analysis. For it is obvious that the State must to some extent interfere with certain of the arts, such as strategy, naval tactics, architecture, and in a lesser degree with such other arts as prose-writing, town-planning, or theology. I do not mean to say that the State has any moral right, other than the moral rights of sheer necessity, to interfere with these things. But in certain of the arts its right is that of absolute necessity, since the State is bound to employ at times strategy and naval tactics, and continuously the rule and compass of the architect and the pen and language of the prose-writer. In times of war, that is to say, there must be generals and admirals, and the State must always use bricks and mortar with which to house itself, and language with which to promulgate its proclamations and its legislation.

To that extent, then, a State may very innocently

act, and in so far as it confines itself to the sheer necessities of its case it cannot be said to be judging even the arts that it employs. If it is building, say, barracks for its troops, or offices for its clerks, it must have a proper amount of air-space for each of the men, of window-space that the clerks may have a sufficiency of light for writing; it may be pardoned if it insists therefore upon rooms of specified height and upon stables for cavalry horses of a certain shape and dimensions. For these purposes it will call in experts in sanitation, whether of men or of horses. It must also insist upon a certain amount of drainage, of convenience in access between office and office, upon central halls in which meetings of boards may be held, or deputations may be received. There, practically, its functions as a judge of architecture may be said to cease. Nevertheless it must go on judging, and it may judge rightly or it may judge wrongly, for when it is a matter of definite æsthetics the State can have very little guide, and, given that the plans submitted conform to the requisites of air-space, light, and sanitation, the question of external and internal decorations, which—the matter proportioned being of necessity settled—is all that remains for expression of æsthetic idiosyncrasies: this matter must be left very much to chance.

I dare say it would be a very safe rule if the State were to say determinedly that every one of its buildings must be just so many brick, stone, or concrete boxes. Indeed, I think that that would be really the only absolutely safe rule for a State. But I suppose that a certain amount of individuality must be allowed even to State officials, and the moment individuality is allowed one sort of idealism or another will come creeping in. In order to allow for this a certain amount of decoration must be sanctioned by the State; in order to check this, boards of architects must, I suppose, be elected to judge such designs as may be submitted. But here, of course, nepotism must come in. Somebody must, that is to say,

select the architects who will be the judges, and so on.

I do not know, to be perfectly fair-minded, that in the quality of their respective architectural products the English or French States are much more to be congratulated than the State of Prussia. Modern State buildings, whether in London, Paris, or Berlin, have a tendency to a rather dreary machine-made classicism, and to an adornment by statuary that is even more drearily classical. The one real curse that Greek civilisation has left to the world is the deification in a personality of every possible form of human activity. So that if to-day we wish to dignify a place in which pick-pockets, prostitutes, drunkards, and other evil-doers are sentenced to fines or imprisonments, it is an even chance that one dreary statue of a lady with a bandage over her eyes, in a pseudo-chiton, after the manner of Thorwaldsen or Canova, or Sir Edgar Boehm or Pheidias, will decorate either its courtyard or its skyline. It will not much matter whether the thought expressed be in any way Greek, or by the remotest straining of hairs to be connected with any Hellenic ideal. Electrical engineering, diseases of the chest, metallurgy, or the activities of the printing-press will all have their commemorative effigies in attitudes that suggest nothing so much as what is called the Græco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling.

I do not know that, as far as the qualitative side of this affair is concerned, any one of the three great Occidental Powers has in this respect sinned more than another. But when it comes to quantity, it is certain that England is an easy third, that France is a good second, but that Prussia outpasses the bounds of the human imagination. In a photograph of the Schlossbruecke and Museum at Berlin—which I happen to be looking at at this moment—there are to be seen, upon two spans of a five-span bridge, six groups of statuary. They contain two winged figures, five helmeted ladies with spears, one helmeted youth

without clothes, four other stalwart and unclothed youths, and one other youth who is fainting in the arms of a genius. Upon the roof of the museum behind there are four statues of naked heroes engaged —two of them in training ordinary horses and two in performing similar operations with horses with wings. There are, in addition, ten other, what I can only call assorted, statues all upon the one roof. In the front of another portion of the same building is a sort of Parthenon frieze.

To crown everything, and to introduce strikingly the Prussian symbol, above the plinth of the main entrance of the museum are no fewer than eighteen representations of the Prussian eagle. Thus, on the space of ground represented by a frontage of what cannot be much more than fifty yards, there are to be seen no fewer than forty-nine classical representations in stone of one attribute or personality and another. I have omitted to say that, in the balustrade of the bridge itself, there are visible no fewer than twenty-eight cast-iron dolphins standing on their heads, twenty-eight sea-horses, and twenty-eight semi-human figures with reptilian bodies, raising the grand total of statuesque objects to one hundred and thirty-three.

Of course, as I have said, this sort of thing is not limited to Prussia, and things to be seen in front of Buckingham Palace are nearly as bad as things to be seen in Berlin. But they are not so numerous in this country, and they are not quite so bad. For one thing the English architect and the English sculptor really have a slight tradition of domestic design; and for another there is not in this country the extraordinary madness of allegorical language that overwhelms all Germany. And although there is a good deal to be said against the Royal Academy, it cannot be said, as must be said of Prussia, that, surrounding a much too active sovereign, there is a close ring of perpetually intriguing academicians. Let us say the best we can of the German people—they buy modern pictures. But that is only to say the worst possible

of the Prussian State machine and of that unfortunate figure, the German Emperor. For I suppose that it may be considered a virtuous impulse in an absolute monarch that he should desire to patronise the arts, though his patronage must almost invariably result in damage to the arts that he practises or patronises. For, as I have pointed out, no State can afford to set up as judge of the arts.

That is, of course, largely a matter of opinion and of expediency as to which I do not wish to dogmatise. I am quite aware that there were kings—of France, of Spain, and even of England—who patronised Velasquez, del Sarto, Vandyke, and that those patronages cannot be called altogether unsuccessful. I am aware, too, that there are artists who vigorously advocate State patronage of their wares. But in the days of Velasquez and of Holbein and of Vandyke the output of the plastic arts was a much less extended and much less tenebrous affair. The sovereign who patronised Velasquez was patronising art—which a sovereign ought to do. There was, that is to say, no school to set up against the painter of Infantas and Philips.

But to-day the plastic arts have evolved principles, theories, schools, and self-consciousnesses. (I do not say that this is a good thing or a bad thing; I only say that it is so.) So that the monarch who, at the bidding of a Court ring of professors of painting, headed by a professor of painting called von Wernher, let us say, persecutes, drives out of his dominions, and kills the head of his national gallery because this head of his national gallery desired to buy works by deceased French painters of a non-allegorical school—such a monarch is at least judging between two schools of art. That is what the German Emperor did in the von Tschudi affair. Indeed the record of William II in the arts is uniformly bad.

And the activities of William II are never-ceasing, just as his speeches with their metallic sound and their individualism have been incessant. Given his

ideals, in fact, the German Emperor's record has been creditable in the extreme. I do not know exactly what ideas underlie his devotion to the sham-classical statues, to the effigies that decorate the Museum, the Schlossbruecke, and the other buildings of Berlin. But I think that, at the back of the Emperor's mind, there is the idea that the contemplation of fine-limbed, athletic, and naked males and females will make his subjects fine-limbed and athletic, if not necessarily naked. I think there can be no doubt that he heartily desires the welfare of his subjects, and the welfare, too, of the arts. Thus we have him speaking of:

> The glorious transfigured image of my mother, whose every thought was art and for whom everything that was constructed for the service of daily life, however simple it might be, was impregnated with beauty. . . . I too regard it as my mission . . . to stretch my hand over my German people and its rising generation, to foster the beautiful, to develop art in the life of the people, *but only in fixed lines and within those strictly defined limits which are to be found in the sense of mankind for beauty and harmony.*[1]

The very tones and words of such a speech may well seem almost ludicrous to an English reader—and I well remember that this speech when I read it twelve years ago seemed to me as ludicrous as an old-fashioned sermon by an English dean in an English cathedral. But if I had had any sense at that time, or if any one else in this country had had any sense, we might have been disturbed. For it was not a dean but an absolute monarch that was speaking.

We had not yet discovered—we had never taken the trouble to discover—how absolute that monarch was. For, setting aside William II's temporal and constitutional position, the indirect power of the Emperor is enormous, the State organisation is so far-reaching and influences so immensely every

[1] Speech delivered at the Museum of the Applied Arts, Berlin, January 1902.

department of private life and careers, that it is not too much to say that every individual in Germany may at any moment find that his hopes, joys, and satisfactions depend, not upon the caprices, but upon the aspirations of the head of the State. And the chief aspiration of the Emperor William II has been to breed true to type a German nation, uniform in character, in aspect, and ambitions. It is to this that all his civil energies have been directed.

And what, then, is this German that the Emperor has desired to breed? He is a man physically healthy and athletic like the statues that the Emperor has had set up on the Schlossbruecke; sexually overbearing like the supposititious Ober-burgomaster of Hamburg antiquity, but not sexually degenerate as he might be, according to the Imperial imagination, if he were allowed to contemplate the works of Corot and the French Impressionist landscape painters. He is to be a man fitted for the career of arms: with a hatred for Social Democracy, as will appear in the next chapter when I shall present you with the views on education of this Emperor. He is to be a man with few scruples as to commercial probity, but spreading commercial expansion of the German Empire to the limits of the inhabited globe; a man instinct with the ideas of the glories of the German race and of the Hohenzollern dynasty; a man holding that "Great ideals have become for us Germans a permanent possession while other nations have lost them. The German nation is now the only people left which is called upon to protect, cultivate, and promote these grand ideals." [1]

And when this race has been propagated and has filled the earth to its confines, the first day of that new era shall see its Army—which is the German people in arms—"gathered around their standards" with their Emperor at their heart, "kneeling before the Lord of Hosts." It is a conception not wanting

[1] Speech at the opening of the Sieges Allee, Berlin, 1901.

in fineness of a mediæval order, but it is a conception very terrible for the other nations of the world.

With this prelude uttered, I will ask the reader's serious attention for the subject of the internal nature and constitution of the German universities, an organism in the world of culture more powerful in its influence and more wide in its influence on the human habit of mind than any that has existed since the Church of Rome lost her absolute spiritual dominion over Christendom.

CHAPTER II

THE DEFECTS OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY SYSTEM

I

THE tracing of the cultural history of Germany during the period whose political history I have so summarily sketched is a matter of extreme complexity. The tendencies that were at work are not of any extreme subtlety, but the reactions of these streams one upon the other caused many whirlpools that are difficult to describe or indeed to remember. The cleft between the political and the cultural history of Germany is perhaps wider than is the case in any other nation. There is, for instance, a State official culture which has no relationship to the history of art or learning either in the German Empire or outside of it. There is again the Imperially supported art to which I have already referred, which is bastard classical in expression, which dates technically from the year 1820 or thereabouts, and whose official purpose is to exercise a "healthful" influence over the morals of Prussian manhood.

This art has no relationship with the German artistic life of such cities as Dresden or Munich, since it neglects to take into account even the earliest forms of impressionism, whereas the æsthetic schools of Bavaria and the Rhineland riot in or invent the most modern of artistic conventions. Thus to-day, whilst the German Æsthetic Schools might be called Futurist in tendency, the art vigorously supported by the German Emperor and the Prussian Ministry of Spiritual and Educational Affairs is exclusively devoted to the turning out of very old-fashioned battle-pieces and

statues of colossal ladies furnished with helmets, spears, and other Græco-Roman attributes. This cleavage between the arts and the ideals of the Prussian State and the arts and ideals of German culture in general subsists in Germany throughout every sphere of human activity ; and inasmuch as the Prussian State exercises an extremely formidable influence over the lives and careers of its subjects, its effects are extremely great in the direction of checking any kind of artistic innovation.

The next great factor in German cultural life is afforded by the German university ; the next by the fact that the Germanic Empires are made up of a very large number of cultured centres, such as Vienna, Dresden, Leipsic, Stuttgart, Weimar, Munich, and even to some extent Berlin. This gives to German culture some of the disadvantages of what the Germans call " Kleinstädtigkeit," which we might render by the English word " provincialism," but which is actually a much more disagreeable thing than any non-German provincialism. It has, however, the advantage, which was noticed even by Lucretius, that the life upon which it is founded and amongst which it has its origin is less a matter of superficialities than is the case of the culture of real world centres.

Other factors which it is necessary to consider either cursorily or with care are the increased cost of living and the greatly heightened standard of luxury which have been caused by the industrial expansion of the German Empire, and which tend to make learning more and more the province of the bureaucratic classes, and less and less an open region in which the children of the proletariat may pursue careers. In addition it is necessary to consider the nature of that industrial expansion itself and of the technical universities by which that industrial expansion has been largely promoted. In order the better to get these matters well before the reader's mind I will set them down again in tabular form and then recapitulate how I propose to deal with them.

They are:

(*a*) The attempt at State guidance of the arts.
(*b*) German artistic life proper.
(*c*) The universities.
(*d*) The heightened standard of luxury.
(*e*) Industrial development.
(*f*) Technical universities.

Let us now consider the case of the German Universities in their present condition.

The military, the inter-State, the political and the constitutional development and reactions between the years 1806 and 1890, which I have attempted to sketch in the foregoing divisions of this book, could not, of necessity, take place without correspondingly great influences upon the development or the reaction of German cultural and academic life. The earlier part of this period, as I have attempted to show, when learning, academic life, and artistic production were alike united in the promotion of ideals, of political and constitutional liberty, was a period of great "cultural" activity. It was succeeded, from 1850 to 1870, by what Professor Paulsen calls the period of exactness—a period of stagnation in academic life, of the gradual deterioration of all learning into philology, and of the gradual disappearance of artistic effort.

The succeeding periods with their exaggerated and bitter political struggles were uniformly bad for culture in the English sense of the term. This gradually produced the disappearance of culture altogether from the North German world, its place having been almost exclusively taken by Kultur in the German sense. The political bitternesses of these years attracted, that is to say, too much attention. In a constitutional country like our own the average man reserves his political attention for the time when he will be able to act politically—at the poll. But in a country like Germany, where the poll has literally no effect upon politics and where a uniformly reactionary ministry pursues its courses with a quiet disregard of what may

be the state of the political parties in the Houses of Parliament, political irritation reaches a height of which we have no conception in this country.

It may be said that since 1870 Germany has been in a state of political fever such as is only known in this country during times of general elections, and that fever is rendered all the more intense because the most agitated non-official politician has not the slightest chance of putting his most violent utterances into action. And this state of irritation is again extremely bad for culture as we understand it. It accounts very largely for the phenomenon of the political professor—an appearance almost unknown in other countries. Treitschke, for instance, was much more violent in his political orations than he would have been had he imagined that there would have been the slightest chance of his doctrines being put into political practice.

Again, it would for us be almost unthinkable that Lord Acton or Professor Gardiner should deliver political orations, but this, in Germany, is expected of historians as eminent as Professor Delbrueck or metaphysicians as eminent as Professor Eucken. And nothing is more curious than to listen to professional lectures in the smallest as in the largest of German universities. How it may be with biology, bacteriology, or the applied sciences generally I do not know of personal experience. But I have attended a great number of lectures upon such subjects as history, literature, whether classical or modern, and philosophy. And in quite a large percentage of these lectures the professor has broken off in the middle of a discourse concerning land-tenure under Charlemagne or the home of Marie Antoinette, the nature of existence and non-existence, or Chapman's translation of Homer —the professor has broken off to introduce a passionate excursion as to the military degeneracy of the English people, the physical degeneracy of the French, or the absolute degeneracy, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, of the Germans. This last trend will have been given to his turn of thought by the remembrance

of some proposed legislation that he does not like—or it may be intended to induce his students to give up the study of the works of Zola and the naturalistic school.

We have got into the way of thinking that professors matter very little to the arts, to learning, or to life. And indeed in this country professors do matter very little to the arts, to learning, or to life. And in so far as professors are concerned we might accept this position with equanimity. But when one comes to think of the position in the life of the people that might be occupied by its universities this position has a comparatively lamentable appearance. And when one considers the position actually occupied in the life of the German peoples by their universities, and when one considers the effects of the German universities upon the world in general, the whole matter adopts an aspect so lamentable that it might well be styled heart-rending.

It is, of course, a pity that the ancient and illustrious universities of Oxford and Cambridge should exercise so very small an influence upon English life. But if they do little discoverable good they do equally little discoverable harm. In the large scale of things they are in fact negligible, but with Germany since 1849 the case has been very different. As I have already pointed out, the principles underlying the great University of Berlin and the universities that were founded upon the model of the University of Berlin were alike revolutionary and beneficent. They concerned themselves not with the providing of academies for the turning out of pedagogues, but with the providing of colleges for the furthering of research. Their aim was not to confine learning, but to extend it. And this continued to be their province until those years of revolution.

After 1849 they may be said to have marked time; after 1876 they may be said to have steadily deteriorated, until to-day, considered on its learned side, a German university is nothing more nor less than an institution for providing State officials of an orthodox turn of mind. Before 1848 then the "cultural" state of Germany may be said to have been satisfactory, if

it was essentially provincial. For, in considering the products of the German muses, I am never able to get away from the feeling that I am studying the works of a local school—as it might be of an English county. You had, for instance, Herrick, the west-country poet. Well, the west country was a very pleasant country and Herrick was a very pleasant poet. If then Herrick and the west country, with Exeter, Bideford, Taunton, Tintagel, and South Molton, had fostered a school of local poets, all singing of Devonshire coombes, of red apples, red deer, of clotted cream and pixies, and the Bristol Channel and the "bore" on the Severn, you might have had a very pleasant, charming, and indigenous output of verse. And if then there had been universities in Exeter, in Barnstaple, in Torrington, in Gloucester and Worcester and Hereford, and if these universities had turned out very erudite, learned, and eminent professors whose minds ranged through the classics, the works of the Fathers, and the chronicles from Asser to Richard of Gloucester, and if the students attracted to those venerable seats of learning had been gay and independent young men, with a desire for freedom and wrong-headed and right-headed theories of the arts—you might have evolved a kindly and pleasant provincial cultural spirit, such as distinguished Germany from the years 1815 to 1848.

From this date onwards the history of German culture as it was affected by the German university system—and again I must point out that in Germany the universities play an enormous part in "cultural" life—becomes every year increasingly gloomy. Professor Bartels puts the date for the grand climacteric, the day when German learning finally became pure "philology," as 1876. "The *Philolog*," he says, "ruled over the spiritual life of Germany from 1876 onwards and German culture took on its notorious weakness." Professor Bartels, it will be observed, uses the word "Bildung" and not "Kultur." [1]

[1] "Der Philolog beherrschte seit 1876 das geistige Leben in Deutschland und die Deutsche *Bildung* nahm seine wohl-

And in this connection it may be interesting to use another short quotation from the same professor in which once more the difference between culture, as we understand it, and "kultur," in the German sense, is very plainly shown. Speaking of the German school of poets which had its origin in these years and which began to practise shortly afterwards, the professor says that their work is so entirely worthless that "one might well absolutely pass them over in the history of German poetry and abandon them to the historian of *Kultur*." [1] Kultur in this sense means the careful digging out of facts about poets artistically unimportant. A "cultural" historian of poetry in the English eighteenth century would, that is to say, concern himself with the artistic methods of Pope, Dryden, or Burns, or even of Thomson; a historian of the Kultur of the same period would, ignoring the artistic methods of these comparatively important writers, devote his energies with impartial industry to digging up from records of births and deaths details as to the lives not only of Pope, Burns, Dryden, and Thomson, but also of Shadwell, Flecknoe, Glover, Blackmore, Phillips,

bekannten schwächen an."—Professor Bartels, "Die Deutsche Dichtung," p. 62. The similarity and at the same time the dissimilarity between English and German academic terminologies makes writing about these matters an extremely tricky affair. It should be understood that "Philolog" is not the equivalent of the English word philologist. The proper translation of the English word "philologist" into German is *Linguist*. "Philolog," derived as it is from Greek words meaning "friend of the word," may be exactly understood if it be read in the scriptural sense of "the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life." A "Philolog" is a scholar who of set purpose avoids paying attention to the spirit of the work he is criticising, and who pays, on the other hand, an extremely minute and industrious attention, not only to the philology of the work in its English sense, but to the biography of the producer, to the methods of production, to the punctuation, the syntax, the dialect, variations, and to every possible department of fact connected with the work.

[1] "Man könnte sie in der Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung vollständig übergehen und es der Kulturgeschichte überlassen."—*Ibid.* p. 62.

or Tonson the bookseller. He would treat all these men with an absolute impartiality, paying no attention to the one more than to the other; he would devote great length to the topics of their respective syntaxes and philologies; would devote a treatise to the uses of the words "will" and "shall" respectively in Scotch and English, and would carefully tabulate how many times each of these poets used the word "until" instead of the word "till."

A very fair instance—an instance that may be called average and typical of what this Kultur scholarship leads to—has been kindly afforded me by a gentleman who until the outbreak of the war was *Lektor* to the professor of English Literature at a South German University. (I cite this instance rather than instances which I myself have come across because these, like the immortal doctor's thesis on "Die Schwester von Mealy Potatoes," are so grotesque or so comic as to be unfair. I do not mean to say that the work of every German aspiring to a doctor's degree is grotesque or comic, but that the instances that have remained in my mind implanted themselves there because of an irresistible comicality. But the following instance is, I should say, a fair average.)

A student, then, in a German university, having put in his due time and having satisfied his professor by the number of his attendances at lectures and by his general demeanour that he is a proper candidate for doctoral honours, approaches his professor and consults him as to what subject he shall select for his doctoral thesis. The object of the doctoral thesis is to show that the student, true to the traditions of the German universities, has made independent researches into what are called "Quellen," or original documents. As a rule the professor will suggest some department of a subject upon which he himself is employed. If the professor be writing a gigantic volume upon the times of Charlemagne, he will suggest that the student shall write a thesis about the size of the hide, or acre, in the contemporary Anglo-Saxon kingdom and

compare it with the land-measurements of Thuringia in the time of the Charlemanic Empire. In the case I have in mind the Professor in question was interested in John Bunyan. He therefore suggested to the student that the student should make investigations as to the influence of "The Pilgrim's Progress" upon contemporary English thought.

The statutes of German universities contain provisions, varying, it is true, but generally similar, to the effect that students desiring a doctorate in English Literature shall pass a certain number of months in independent research in England. This student accordingly came to London and spent his time in calling upon London publishers to ascertain whether they published editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and, if so, how many copies of that work they sold annually. Some publishers gave him information, others, suspecting that he intended to use the figures afforded him for trade purposes, showed him the door. The resulting figures the student tabulated, with notes as to the shape, get-up, and appearance of the editions, and these tabulations were presented as a doctoral thesis upon the moral effects of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in England of to-day. The result was that the student got his doctorate and was duly qualified for a small post in the Civil Service of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg.

This is a lamentable outcome of the great dreams that were in the head of Alexander von Humboldt when he aided in the foundation of the University of Berlin. But that it is its absolutely logical outcome, given the events of 1848 and the later events of 1870, 1876, and 1879, no one can well deny. The pursuit of knowledge and the occupation of research must, if they are to be of any value to the community in the domains of ideas or of culture, be pursued with an absolute freedom in every domain, whether of abstract thought, of political thought, or of æsthetics.

But after 1848–9 the pursuit of any form of research in the realms of political thought was absolutely

circumscribed for the German students and absolutely directed for German professors. A system of spying, of proscription, of prosecution, and, at best, of banishment was set up by the State in almost every German university. It was forbidden the professors to speculate on any form of German constitutional unity, and students were forbidden to pursue researches into any branch of any subject that would cast light upon constitutional theories unless their researches bore fruit along lines authorised by the ministries of the respective States.

Such a system of repression and of terrorism could have but one logical effect—the effect of making German learning, as it were, mark time. Research into the spirit of history becomes impossible when the topic of constitutions is barred to the researcher; research into the spirit of classical literature becomes impossible when the student of Plato, of Livy, or of Tacitus is forbidden to speculate upon the topic of liberty. But the universities of Germany were an immense machine for the production of researchers. Researches must go on since the machinery must be kept going, and since the universities stood between the middle and professional classes and any possibility of a career.

It followed, then, that if the student was forbidden to pursue researches into the spirit of Plato or of the Greek Anthology he must pursue his researches either into the facts of the lives of the poets or philosophers, or into their philologies. Thus we have such a phenomenon as a three-volume dissertation upon the punctuation and the orthography of Hafiz which tells you nothing whatever of the thoughts which filled the mind of the poet, of the images with which he embodied them. Two other phenomena accompanied this period of change in the characteristics of German university life—the founding of universities exclusively for technical research in the applied sciences and the immense spread of the influence of German educational methods throughout the rest of the civilised world.

It would, indeed, be the merest impertinence in myself to criticise the methods of German university education and traditions if the Prussian influence limited itself to Prussia. But, far from limiting itself to the dominions of those who were formerly Dukes of Brandenburg, this influence aspires to dominate, and has very considerably succeeded in dominating, the educational systems of the entire world. The influence of German methods on primary and still more on secondary or technical education in this country has been deep and wide-spreading. This was very largely due to the influence of the late Matthew Arnold, who was one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. In this capacity Arnold visited Germany in 1865, and paid cursory visits to several primary and upper schools, though, as he himself says, his investigations were hindered by the fact that the longer part of his visit took place during the period of school holidays. He was, however, at this date very strongly predisposed in favour of German educational methods both in the gymnasia and in the universities.[1] He very much disliked the English system of examinations for degrees, and he very much liked the products of the German system—the Germans that he met during his visit. This visit, however, took place even before the Austro-Prussian War, when Prussian Germany was temperamentally a very much milder and gentler State than it is at present.

In 1885, just before his retirement, Arnold made another visit to Germany under the auspices of Mr. A. J. Mundella, who was then Liberal Minister of Education, and the results of this visit were embodied in a special report of the Commission on Education. In this report Arnold was no less favourable to the educational system of the German Empire than he had been to that of the Prussian Kingdom.

In all his writings on these particular matters,

[1] Cf. "Educational Codes of Foreign Countries," by A. Sonnenschein (1889); "Reports on Elementary Schools," by Matthew Arnold (1887).

Arnold, whilst making bitter references to the English system of examination, lays special stress on the fact that although examination was (and is) a feature in German university and State life, nevertheless the passing of examinations might be said to be a minor necessity of the process of entering a German university or becoming a State official. In certain cases, that is to say, a brilliant or a favoured young man might be allowed to enter a Prussian university without any examination at all, but another young man might pass the most brilliant examination in the world and unless he could prove that he had spent prior to that a certain number of months or of years in State educational institutions where his manners and his industries and his mental and political tendencies had been approved of by the professors and other State officials under whose supervision he came—he could not by any means either matriculate into a university, become a doctor, a clergyman, a lawyer, or a professor, or occupy any position under the State.

Matthew Arnold whole-heartedly approved of these regulations, since he was of the opinion that it gave the authorities the opportunity to favour the efforts only of the morally trained and the well-disciplined. He omitted to observe that such regulations entirely destroyed, or at any rate rendered extremely difficult, any private study or individual initiative in those desirous of taking part in State careers or in the activities of the learned professions. Matthew Arnold's ideal of a cultured man was indeed very much the type of man that might have been turned out could the rigidity of the German educational system be grafted on to the type of man whom it is convenient to call an English gentleman. It would produce a grave, serious, disciplined, well-instructed and sober being, largely but not absolutely deprived of personal initiative.

But the Germany of Arnold's last visit was still the Germany of Bismarck, although Falk had already been at work in the direction of nationalising primary

education—in the direction, that is to say, of turning out Germans first and cultured beings only as a by-product or an accident. Only five years later the storm burst upon the German educational system, for it was then that the present Emperor delivered his memorable and extraordinary address to the gymnasia teachers of Germany. The Emperor's main thesis in delivering this allocution was nothing more and nothing less than the following: You, the teachers of Germany, have only two functions—that of delivering into my hands physically well-trained and morally well-disciplined young men who may become my soldiers, and that of so instructing them that social democratic ideas shall be entirely stamped out of the minds of the German manhood of the future.

The allocution was delivered with an extraordinary vigour of manner and incisiveness of diction. What is the good, the Emperor asks, of teaching boys Latin? It in no way helps on the spirit of Germanic nationalism. Let all their compositions be in German and about subjects from German history. What is the good, again the Emperor asks, of the long hours spent on non-German subjects? And he notes that when he himself had been a boy in the public school at Cassel, 74 per cent. of his schoolfellows had had to wear spectacles and that he himself had been forced to work for fourteen hours a day. Do away, he says, with Latin, with philosophy, and all those useless subjects. Limit yourselves to giving me the stuff for soldiers and with fighting social democracy.

The speech is so remarkable that in the accompanying footnote I present the reader with several passages from it, since it is too long for me to quote it *in extenso*.[1] And it is, as you like to see it, comic or tragic

[1] "If school had done what we had a right to expect from it—and I can speak authoritatively on this subject since I was educated at college and know what goes on there—it (the school) should above all have combated social democracy. . . . We must take German affairs as the basis of instruction. German composition should be the central point round which everything else revolves. When a German composition is

to observe that immediately afterwards the gymnasial teachers of Berlin issued a public reply to the Emperor in which they stated that the constant efforts of their body had been to produce food for powder and to combat the imaginations of the social democrats.[1]

There are, of course, two great educational theories in the world—the one, which I will roughly call the German theory, being to the effect that the end and aim of education is to produce men fitted for given professions, avocations, trades, or careers. The other, and what I will call the native English theory, is that education has nothing to do with these matters—the province of education being to awaken the sense of general observation and to develop all-round qualities in a man who will afterwards, from instructors, not

taken as a subject for a degree, the amount of intellectual culture of a young man can be appreciated and his worth judged. . . . With Latin we lose time which should be given to German. . . . I should like to see the national element more developed in us, in the matter of history, of the geography of our country, of our mythology; let us begin at home, by knowing our own homes first. . . . Gentlemen, we are in a time of transition and at the beginning of a new century, and for all time it has been an appanage of my House, that is to say of my predecessors, to feel the impulse of the time, to foresee the future and to remain at the head of the movement they have resolved to direct and to lead it towards a new goal.

"I think I have recognised the tendency of this new spirit and the end to which the last century was moving, and I am resolved, as much as I was in touching on social reforms, to inaugurate with decision, in the matter of the education of the young, new ways in which we absolutely must enter, for if we do not enter them now we shall be forced to twenty years hence. . . ."—Speech of December 17th, 1890, reported in the *Times*, December 19th.

[1] "Aussi les professeurs des gymnases de Berlin ont-ils protesté contre le discours de l'Empereur. Ils ont été unanimes à exprimer leurs regrets des reproches qui leur étaient faits : ils ont protesté qu'ils avaient toujours considéré comme le plus sacré de leurs devoirs d'enseigner à la jeunesse l'amour de l'Allemagne unifiée et de préparer à l'ordre social des défenseurs capables de résister à l'effort révolutionnaire."—"A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons ?" par Edmond Demolins, p. 36.

educators, receive a specialist's training in one or other of the human activities. And it is interesting to observe what progress German instructional ideals had made in this country up till the date of the outbreak of the war.

In June of 1914 an English writer of considerable educational authority published a work that advocated the abolition of education proper in English schools in favour of technical instruction, beginning at the earliest age and continued till the end. "Education," says this writer, "that is not vocational, is not education at all." [1] And although Mr. Egerton's form of locution is a little obscure and although much of the remainder of the book is given up to statements of the converse theory, I can only see in this sentence a renewed statement of the German position. For the province of education is surely to fit a man to discover what his future vocation will be, to offer him in fact some insight into various departments of mental activity, so that, eventually, one department or another calling to him may enable him to discover what his vocation is.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that such a system as would have arisen in Germany had the Emperor's wishes been absolutely carried out—this system would have ensured the turning out of an immense number of human beings all to one mould.

The objection to the Emperor's programme was put wittily and incisively in 1896 by a French writer, M. Demolin, who, however, was avowedly Anglophile.

> Vous représentez-vous (says he) en effet, le malheureux élève formé dans un collège Allemand à la pure contemplation de la monarchie prussienne, du militarisme prussien ; ayant pour notion fondamentale la géographie de la Prusse, l'histoire de la Prusse, ou, plus exactement, de ses souverains ; n'ayant aucune idée du monde extérieur, qu'on a systématiquement dérobé à ses yeux ; n'ayant aucune idée de la pratique d'une vie indépendante ; vous représentez-vous ce jeune homme mis subitement en

[1] "The Future of Education," by F. Clement C. Egerton, p. 138.

tête-à-tête, sur un point quelconque du globe, avec un de ces gaillards qui ont reçu la formation pratique que nous venons de décrire. [1]

M. Demolins is of course rather a popular writer than a very serious observer, and in any case the practical upshot of the matter is at the moment of writing being tried out upon the fields of Flanders. It has, this practical upshot, nothing whatever to do with culture; the ultimate outcome being no more and no less than the solution of the question whether peoples like the French and the English, whose educational systems are fairly general and fairly educational, can devote to war, as a by-product, sufficient attention to hold in check a nation the primary occupation of whose educationalists is to provide disciplined and armed manhood. That, however, is only very indirectly the province for my speculation.

To return then to the topic of the defects in the German university system considered as a pattern to the civilised world: for the allurements of German pedagogic thought have had their effects already all through Christendom and in the colleges of Japan, of China, and of India to boot. This, however, is a matter to which I shall return later. In the meantime it may as well be pointed out that it is the definite aspiration of the German official educators to establish in the world a federation of States not necessarily subject to Prussia, but a federation in which, according to Dr. Adolf Grabowsky, of the Deutsche Archiv der Weltliteratur, German thought will be the unifying principle and "the smaller States, although Germany will annex little territory, will no longer be entirely independent, but will seek their advantage in living within the boundaries of a mighty and imperial State."

But for this aspiration the inherent defects of the German university system would matter very little to anybody and would be no affair of mine. But with

[1] "A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?" par Edmond Demolins, p. 50.

the university systems of a great part of the world already hypnotised by the in many ways splendid traditions of German learning, it is worth while to point out, in view of the aspirations so naïvely voiced by Dr. Grabowsky, what is the logical outcome of such a system and what has actually been its outcome in the Germany of to-day.

My own views and experiences of the German university system, which have limited themselves to observations more or less protracted in the universities of Bonn, Heidelberg, Jena, and Giessen, have been of so uniformly distasteful a kind that I can only regard myself as too prejudiced and partial an observer to attach much value to my own views. I will therefore present the reader rather with views gathered from the pages of several German professors such as, in the first place, and most prominently, Professors Paulsen and Ziegler, who would, I think, be acknowledged throughout Germany as the most competent, weighty, and impartial observers of the university life of those countries. In addition the immediately following pages contain condensations of passages from the works of Professors von Hartmann, Bernheim, and Duehring, who, however, it is only fair to state, are more or less sharply opposed to one feature and another of German university life or influences.

The chief defect, then, of the German university system—and of the whole system of education in Germany—is, from an English point of view, its undemocratic nature. It is not only that such a career as that of Mr. John Burns to-day, as in former times that of Thomas Cromwell, would be absolutely impossible in Germany, but that the careers of the several distinguished authors, scientists, and servants of the State generally who have risen " from the ranks," who have been the sons of working men and of small shopkeepers—it is that such careers also have been almost impossible in Germany for the last forty years and have grown year by year increasingly difficult.

It can be put to the credit of German life that,

although there are only two possible means of social advancement in the German Empire, one of those means, at least, has been the possession of a high degree of learning. The other means is of course the acquiring of military rank. But even at that a learned title will take precedence of a military title—thus the Colonel in the Army if he is also a Doctor of Science will call himself Dr. So-and-So and not Colonel So-and-So, and the wife of a poet of such acknowledged eminence as Herr Hauptmann will upon ordinary occasions take precedence of the wife of a General-in-Chief commanding the district in which the social function takes place. Similarly, definitely learned titles will take precedence of State titles. Thus a friend of mine was accustomed to describe himself as Membre de l'Académie Française, Member of the Berlin Academy, Professor, Doctor, Imperial Privy Councillor and Member of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle, the highest cultural qualification coming first and the State order last—much as if an English Fellow of the Royal Society, Honorary Member of the Athæneum Club, when created a peer of the realm for his services to literature or science, should inscribe upon his cards that he was F.R.S. and Member of the Athenæum Club, and leave the peerage amongst the etceteras.

These are of course very creditable traits in German society, and they are not, as far as I can see, capable of any diminution. A man, I mean, must have fairly well earned his distinction and the distinction will be universally valued. But the actual value to the State and to humanity will be sensibly limited as soon as the area of competition is circumscribed, either accidentally or of set purpose.

The objects of education as of all other "culture exercises" are in a large degree international. The labours of a great experimental physician, of a great imaginative or exact writer, or of a great composer are at the service not only of the country of his birth, but of all the world. And that country which spreads its educational net the widest and affords opportunities

for the largest number of men will have deserved best of humanity at large. The Prussian will reply that the business of his State is not, firstly, to benefit humanity, but to ensure, firstly, that Prussia shall have a national education—national in type, in tone, in convention, and in aspirations—and, secondly, that this type of education shall spread itself over the whole civilised globe. Let us postulate that this ideal is an ideal like another, neither more nor less worthy and neither more nor less altruistic. It remains, nevertheless, the fact that even from this point of view the Prussian university system has very considerable defects. Let us hear Professor Paulsen:

In Germany (he says) "those who have a university education form a kind of intellectual aristocracy. It is composed of the clergy and teachers, the judges and officials, the physicians and technologists, etc. . . . As a whole they constitute a kind of official nobility and, as a matter of fact, they all really take part in the government and administration." [1]

[1] Professor Friedrich Paulsen, "The German Universities," translated by Frank Thilly and William W. Elwang, pp. 119–20. I have adopted Professors Thilly and Elwang's translation of "Die deutschen Universitäten," rather than make a translation for myself, because I have taken it that these academic authorities have more knowledge of German technical terms than I can lay claim to. At the same time the words "as a matter of fact" of the American professors do not seem to me to be quite a strong enough rendering for the words "wie sie denn auch," which I should prefer to render: "in the same measure as." For a Prussian physician or lawyer is actually and technically an official of the State. The words, "as a matter of fact," might be taken to imply that there is some doubt of the matter. The whole German text is as follows: "Die Gesamtheit der akademisch Gebildeten stellt in Deutschland eine Art geistiger Aristokratie dar. Es gehören dazu die Geistlichen und Lehrer, die Richter und Beamten, die Aerzte und Techniker, kurz alle, die durch einen Kursus auf der Hochschule sich Eintritt in einen der gelehrten oder dirigierenden Berufe verschafft haben. Sie bilden in ihrer Gesamtheit eine Art Amtsadel, wie sie denn auch alle an der Staatsregierung und Staatsverwaltung beteiligt sind."—F. Paulsen, "Die gegenwärtige Verfassung der deutschen Universitäten," p. 149.

In another passage dealing with the subject of the modern university and public life of Germany Professor Paulsen says:

On the other hand, a person in Germany who has not university training is without something for which wealth and noble birth cannot offer a complete recompense. The merchant, the banker, the wealthy manufacturer, or even the large landowner will occasionally become sensible [1] of the lack of such an education, no matter how superior he may feel in other respects. The consequence is that the acquisition of an academic education has become a kind of social necessity with us; a person must at least have been graduated from the gymnasium (in English "have matriculated"); which would give him a potential claim to academic citizenship. Only a commission can, in a measure, relieve a man from this necessity.

The evolutionary process of the German university system has, in fact, gradually become one of levelling off not only at the bottom, but at the top, and except for the openings afforded by the army it is as difficult for a member of the governing classes to "make a career" without passing through a university in Germany as it is for the working man. Thus the tendency is to restrict German official life—and again

[1] "Occasionally become sensible" is again too mild a rendering for "wird gelegentlich der Mangel akademischer Bildung empfindlich," which means that a non-academic rich man will find his lack of university training disadvantageous or definitely hostile in influence. (Paulsen, p. 120, English edition.) The full German text is as follows. F. Paulsen, "Die gegenwärtige Verfassung der Universitäten": "Umgekehrt: wer keine akademische Bildung hat, dem fehlt in Deutschland etwas, wofür Reichtum und vornehme Geburt nicht vollen Ersatz bieten. Dem Kaufmann, dem Banquier, dem reichen Fabrikanten oder auch dem Grossgrund-besitzer, er mag in anderer Hinsicht noch so überlegen dastehen, wird gelegentlich der Mangel akademischer Bildung empfindlich. Und die Folge ist, dass die Erwerbung der akademischen Bildung zu einer Art gesellschaftlicher Notwendigkeit bei uns geworden st, mindestens die Erwerbung des Abiturientenzeugnisses, als des potentiellen akademischen Bürgerrechts."

it must be pointed out that German official life limits almost all learned and scientific men—more and more to one class, that class being almost exclusively composed of the sons of officials. The resultant danger Professors Paulsen, Bernheim, and the others style " the danger of in-breeding."

Actual figures in such a connection are more convincing than any number of generalisations, but actual figures are very difficult to get hold of. The following analysis of the origin of their students, published by the Royal Prussian and Grand Ducal Baden Universities, are convincing enough:

Children of:	Prussia.	Baden.
1. Merchants, bankers, and large hotel-keepers	2,416	907
2. Employers of labour, foremen, and directors	1,981	1,116
3. Substantial farmers owning their own land and smaller landowners	1,613	715
4. Teachers, without university degrees	1,099	487
5. Clergymen	890	238
6. State and municipal officials with academic degrees	880	811
7. Physicians	471	251
8. Teachers with academic degrees	416	195
9. Private gentlemen (*i.e.* those living on investments)	351	362
10. Great landowners	185	89
11. Pharmaceutical chemists	185	89
12. Officers and members of reigning houses	127	87
13. Working men	12	—
14. Lower officials	9	278
15. Artists, musicians, and journalists	none	69
16. Other occupations	149	—
TOTAL	10,784	5,694

A very superficial analysis of these figures, which embody the census of 1890 and 1893 respectively, and which are the records in the case of Prussia of three years and in that of Baden of twenty-three years, will show the reader how true is Professor Paulsen's contention that the working classes and the classes below the degree of State officials were practically

untapped by the German university system even a quarter of a century ago. And in the intervening years the tendency has certainly been an increasing one. How fast it has increased I have been unable with statistical definiteness to discover.

But in the last fifteen or twenty years it has, I remember, often struck me that the tragic note of German student life, if such a normally gay thing can be said to have a tragic note, was the thought of the widespread distress that must be occasioned in small country parsonages and in many humble homes by the efforts to maintain one or more sons at some university or another where the sons certainly passed an unnecessary amount of time in idleness and in unreasonably expensive social pursuits. It is customary in Germany to say that two years of the ordinary student's three years are spent on the Bummel and at the Kneipe—in lounging about and in the students' clubs, where much beer is drunk. In the third year the student will make desperate attempts to pass—and generally does pass his examination for a doctorate. For the percentage of those who pass this examination in Germany is remarkably high, owing to the fact that a German professor will not let his students go in for their examinations unless he is certain of the student's obtaining at least a pass. Other students are simply sent down.

Indeed, I have myself long entertained the gloomiest possible views as to the whole German system of training young manhood. At school it has always appeared to me the hours of study were pitilessly long and the methods of discipline maintained by both teachers and parents mercilessly harsh. I have forgotten—and at the present juncture it is almost impossible again to get hold of—the public statistics as to suicide amongst German school-children. This was published in a German White Paper three years ago. I fancy the suicide rate was 0·3 per thousand—but whatever the figure was, the fact that there should be a suicide rate at all amongst small children

and that this suicide rate should be officially attributed to over-driving in schools has always seemed to me to be a phenomenon in itself sufficiently horrible to condemn the whole German scholastic system. For if 0·3 per thousand of German school-children are threatened by their teachers and worried by their parents into actual suicide, how many more will be driven to the verge of that desperate remedy and how many more again will not lead desperately unhappy lives?

The whole career, indeed, of this class—and it is this class which governs Germany—would to any non-German seem unfortunate in the extreme. Bullied by teachers and by parents into unnatural exertions during the whole of their school life in order to pass the *Abiturienten examen* (matriculation), the moment they go to the university they are turned loose, entirely without supervision, for three years, at a time when, if supervision is ever necessary for a boy, it would be reasonable for parents and teachers to exercise it. Towards the end of those three years they are rushed, pushed, and tear themselves through an examination that is entirely useless in so far as it has any application to life. After that examination they will do their year's military service, if such academic distinction as they have obtained do not exempt them from this service.

The life of an *Einjähriger* is a fairly attractive life, with a certain amount of physical exercise and as many social amenities as the individual's purse will allow him. (It will cost a one-year private in a good cavalry regiment about £400 to live comfortably with his fellows, to have a suitable horse, to fee the under-officers, and to attend balls and the like.) At the end of this year there will come the almost unreasonably great physical test of the autumn manœuvres, which, in a certain percentage of cases, are sufficient physically to wreck a man for life, and then for the rest of his years he will settle down to the desk of an official, with an exceedingly meagre pay

as a rule, and to a career dominated almost entirely by small scandals and the reports of officials in positions slightly higher.

If, on the other hand, the individual has selected for himself an academic career, the crown of which is a professorship, he has no reasonable prospect of maintaining himself, let alone marrying and supporting a family, before he has reached the age of forty, and he will have no prospect at all of maintaining his children other than by his own unaided exertions and his meagre pay. His children again, if, as is most likely, he desires to see them in turn embrace an academic career, will have no chance of supporting themselves until they reach the age of forty. The conditions vary, of course, in different States. In Hessen-Darmstadt, for instance, one-third of the male population are State officials, and the State being on the verge of bankruptcy, these officials are faced with the possibility of having their wages docked.

The wages themselves are still upon a scale fixed in the 'seventies, whilst the cost of living and of such social amenities as are supposed to be necessary for the keeping up of the appearance of a State official is double what it was in the time when the scale was fixed. Of course in the wealthier States better salaries are paid and these have not been docked. But even in Prussia the phenomenon of the rise of the cost of living, the necessity for living in elegant flats, in modern buildings, where the rates and taxes are very high, the social necessity for having the walls decorated with reproductions from old masters, the doors hung with velvet curtains, electric light where the illumination used to be that of colza lamps, and the electric lights themselves decorated with hand-painted shades —all these social necessities cannot render the lot of a Prussian official a very enviable one.

That, however, is a matter for the Prussian official himself, and the fact that hordes of men can be found in Germany to embrace year by year the official career may be taken as evidence that the German of

this class finds his existence congenial enough. My own only purpose in drawing the picture is to point out that if other countries embrace the academic methods of German universities some such development in the national lives of such countries must almost inevitably take place.

I shall omit here any further comment upon a matter that I have treated with considerable detail, the matter of the pressure put upon Prussian officials by the Prussian State so that these professors can teach only such doctrine as is acceptable to the Minister of Public Worship, and through him to the Emperor and the Court clique that happens to be reigning at the time. My immediate theme—the theme upon which I can speak with authority, if I can speak with any authority upon anything at all—must be the inherent defects of the German university system in its effects upon culture—in its effects, that is to say, upon the standards of artistic taste and the values to be attached to the various forms of vital activity.

My chief indictment of the German universities, if I had to bring an indictment against them, must still remain that they have reduced all learning, all criticism, and all philosophy, which implies the judgment of life, to what is called in Germany *Philologie*. *Philologie* is, as I have pointed out, something a little broader than "philology"; it inquires into documentary facts as well as into the origins and uses of words. But even upon this broader basis of definition *Philologie* is hardly a sufficient justification for the existence of so vast a mechanism as that of the German universities. It is certainly not a justification for the enormous claim made with official justification by such professors as Herren Grabowsky and Ostwald —the claim that the German university complexion should be the complexion of all the learning in the earth.

I do myself seriously consider that *Philologie* is the least valuable and one of the most detrimental of all forms of human activity. It appears to me to mean

the death of the arts, of the historic sense, and of creative or adaptable philosophy. But many persons in this country and throughout the non-German civilised world—many persons for whose gifts I have a respect or for whose personalities I have an affection—have urged upon me the view that German scholarship has done a great deal for learning. They state that there is room in the world for solid and industrious delving into facts, since those, once dug up, are useful for more creative minds to work upon. Intellectually, I can see the truth of this contention. I should, for instance, find it extremely difficult to work without Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" or the German compilation called "Wer Ist's?" Still, I could work without them, and the mere fact that such excellent compilations are of assistance to the constructive mind of man is a very small argument for giving the mastership of the entire civilised world to the original Haydn, the late Dr. Vincent who revised his work, or to the staff of clerks who keep their lists up-to-date by sending out forms on postcards.

The great harm that a world-wide extension of the German university system and of German professorial modes of thought would cause, would in fact be the extinction of constructive activities the world over. The philologist may possibly be a good servant; he is certainly the worst imaginable master. And the chief indictment that can be brought against Von Humboldt and his friends when they founded the University of Berlin is that, although they made every possible provision for research, they made none whatever for constructive activities. Thus, little by little, the German universities have reverted to a state of things almost identical with that which they set out to remedy.

Universities at the beginning of the nineteenth century were little more than institutions in the hands of pedagogues for turning out still more pedagogues. This was as much recognised by Napoleon the Great as by Von Humboldt. And the university system that

Napoleon sought to establish in France had perhaps not all the merits, but it certainly had fewer defects than the German system little by little developed. So that it is not too much to say that, upon its philosophic or learned side, the German university has become little more than an institution for the training of correct State officials by correct State officials.

This is so very passionately my own view that I should hesitate to set it down, distrusting my own judgment or fearing my own prejudices, were it not that, throughout Germany, of late years a general feeling of mistrust and uneasiness as to the ultimate outcome of the system is arising. In almost every German university a certain proportion, and year by year an increasing proportion, of the students enters upon the university course without intending to take their doctorate at all. This is, of course, not solely due to a distrust for *Philologie* as a factor in life. A certain number of students are simply forced to this determination by the economic pressure of the increased cost of living and by the fact of the impossibility of becoming self-supporting before they reach the age of forty. To such men the doctorate is of no value, however great might be the value of a general education. The university is, however, the only place to which the adolescent German can go for any form of education at all.

But in addition to these men there are a certain number of other students who, perfectly advisedly, and not on account of any economic pressure, do not wish to submit themselves to the nerve-racking ordeal of taking a doctor's degree. They imagine that the labours amongst entirely unvaluable facts will limit the elasticity of their individualities. These, of course, may be merely the immature fears or preconceptions of the very young, and owing to the methods of preparing university statistics it is almost impossible to check the exact figures of these abstainers. But if you add to the figure, such as it may be, the really astonishing negative statistic that, for three years,

not one single son of a German artist or man of letters attended any one of the eight Prussian universities, you do arrive at the fact that the German artistic classes feel an intense distrust of the German universities.

But let us abandon these deductions, which are essentially my own, and to which I desire the reader in consequence to attach no immense importance, and let us consider the objections to the university system which are advanced by Professor Paulsen and by the other professors whom I mentioned some pages back. As I then said, some of these gentlemen may be regarded as prejudiced witnesses. Thus Dr. Bernheim roundly asserts that the cause for the disappearance of the working man, or at least of the poor student, from the German university is due to the rapacity of the professors who insist on taking fees for attendances at their lectures. This is probably an entirely prejudiced and purely personal view, though it is fairly largely held. At any rate, the taking of fees by professors cannot have any very new effect upon modern conditions, since the arrangement was instituted in the early years of the eighteenth century, and I should say that few professional men are more ready than German professors as a class to renounce their fees when a student is deserving and impecunious. And, over and above all this, since the fees for any class of lectures in German universities rarely exceed £1 10s. for an academic year, the paying or the not paying of them can make very little difference to the budget of a student, however poor.

The real reason for the disappearance of the poor student from universities is probably, as Professor von Hartmann suggests, the fact that although there are a few scholarships which would take a poor student to one of the universities, these scholarships date from comparatively early days of German university history and average about £15 per annum, a sum which nowadays is ludicrous when considered as the sole

means of support for a student in a university town. And Professor Paulsen further states that the whole tendency of German university life is against the granting of scholarships which shall enable the poorer classes, not so much to compete with the children of bureaucrats, as to rub shoulders with them.[1] This whole tendency Professor Paulsen styles "der sozial-aristokratische Zug"—"the social-aristocratic tendency" of the universities.

It is, that is to say, the ambition of German academicians to restore to learning some of the aspect of a mystery or miracle that it had in the Middle Ages. Not only must the proletariat, and for the matter of that the idle rich, the manufacturing and the trading classes, be discouraged as far as possible from attending the universities, but the actual language, the mere wording of lectures and of learned works, must be made as formidable, as overbearing, and as technical as possible. Thus, says the professor, the whole teaching of philosophy proper and metaphysics, at German universities, is definitely made as difficult as possible, in order that it may not be soiled by contact with everyday life. And the professor continues that this seems to be a contradiction, if not in terms, then at least in purposes; since the purpose of philosophy, if it have any purpose at all, must be such as to teach a man how to bear himself during, and what to expect from, life. If, in fact, this be not the purpose of philosophy it can have no more purpose and can be of

[1] It may interest the reader to know what is Professor Paulsen's view of this matter. Here it is: "It is certainly not desirable that a learned profession should be largely, not to say exclusively, recruited from the classes below it; even the practical efficiency of the profession might suffer thereby. If, for example, the teachers in the *gymnasium* were to lose their social prestige as a class, so that the sons of wealthy and respectable families would generally scorn to enter upon the profession, and only those should choose it who regarded it as the cheapest and quickest road to an academic berth, it would naturally lose the power to educate the leading classes." —Friedrich Paulsen, "The German Universities and University Study," p. 129.

no more value to the State than stamp-collecting or any other pursuit whose wisdom consists in the knowledge of purposeless and accidental technicalities.

To such an extent does this *sozialaristokratische Zug* of the more learned German universities extend, that even the students of the various technical universities of Germany come under its ban, and of late years there have been various ludicrous squabbles for precedence between the doctors of differing faculties—such as between technologists and jurists. Into the history of these dissensions I cannot of course enter, nor indeed can I claim fully to understand them. Apparently the doctors who have obtained their degrees at technical universities or institutes do not claim social equality with doctors of pure learning—or have not as yet felt themselves strong enough to make the claim. But a doctor of metallurgy or of electrical engineering does not, apparently, see why precedence should be taken of him by a doctor of law, since in the first place law is only an applied science and, in the second place, German law is actually a more modern thing than mining engineering, since the whole body of German law had, of necessity, to be revised and reconstructed after 1870. Indeed, German law as it at present stands in the Buergerliches Gesetzbuch—or "Citizens' legal code"—was not codified and did not become law until the first year of the present century.

These, however, are matters with which the outsider can be very little concerned except in so far as they show how, little by little, the country of Goethe and of Beethoven has become more and more materialistic in its outlook and its social values.

And this process was absolutely inevitable. After 1848 the German middle classes were forbidden to turn their attention to politics; they turned them, as I have said, to industrial development. Since 1870, as we have just seen, the tendency has been to exclude the German non-official middle and lower classes from university and from official life. These classes then turned their attention still more exclusively to in-

dustrial development. The natural effect of thus turning the energies of very vigorous and determined classes into narrow channels has been the adoption of almost exclusively materialistic values of life by the proletariat.

But since even the Prussian State cannot afford absolutely to ignore the activities and necessities of the population from which it takes its power, the Prussian State has found it necessary to accord more and more official recognition to the productions of the technical universities as opposed to those universities whose speciality professes to be pure learning. Thus when the Prussian State makes to-day a proclamation in favour of "Kultur" it includes in the senses that are behind that formidable word the producing of by-products, the progress of mining engineering, of metallurgy, and of sciences that are exclusively "applied." The institutions for the professed furthering of pure learning tend to suffer in proportion. And this should render comprehensible to the outside world Professor Wendels' proclamation after the burning of the library at Louvain. Says this professor: "Although many thousands of learned works dealing with philosophy, theology, history, and law have vanished from the world, Weltkultur will in no wise suffer, but will rather be extended, for under the auspices of Prussia there will arise such a technological library [dealing with engineering and the like], that humanity will be made infinitely richer and more prosperous."

CHAPTER III

GOETHE AS SUPERMAN

LET me briefly recapitulate the theses of this work, which has latterly resolved itself into a frontal attack not so much upon Germany as upon Prussian culture. I have accused Germany of having destroyed in the world the spirit of scholarship, and of having substituted for it "philological" pedantry. I have accused Germany of having substituted for education, whose purpose is the broadening of the mind, instruction, whose purpose is a narrowing of the mind, so as to fit it for one professional avocation or another. I have pointed out that the underlying occasion of these Prussian phenomena is the extreme poverty of the German peoples until the year 1870. I have given an instance of the means by which the Prussian State coerces German professors into disavowing doctrines which the State holds to be pernicious.

I propose in the present chapter to trace how, more subtly, the Prussian State causes its professors to enjoin upon the German people doctrines which it considers salutary. To do this I must ask the reader's attention in this chapter for a number of quotations, which, however dull they may appear, are nevertheless extremely significant.

The German Empire, regarded from however favourable an angle, is merely a commercial union under the hegemony of Prussia, and it has been the constant Prussian endeavour since 1870 to conceal this fact, and to build up a national spirit, not of the German people, but of the German Empire. The attempts of Prussia in this direction have been at times of the

most petty, at times of the most lofty, or the most Machiavellian. I was once sitting on the verandah of an hotel at Boppard, on the Rhine, when the commanding officer of the garrison of Ehrenbreitstein drove up in a motor-car. He pointed to a sign bearing the word "Garage," and said that if that word were not changed he would place that hotel out of bounds for all his officers and for all the men of his garrison. Next day, there appeared on the sign the word "Kraftwageneinstellraum"—"power-wagon-standing-in-room."

This is not a joke; it is not really even humorous; it is a very good instance of Prussian official attention to detail. For the poor host of that hotel did not in the least want to do away with the French word. His principal *clientèle* were French and English, to whom the word substituted would appear repellent and unintelligible. And this is merely a symptom of a vast process and of the vast struggle to which I have already alluded, and which has been continuing for forty years between the natural inclination of the South German peoples towards the French language and French forms of culture, and the Prussian determination to Germanise any territory over which, by fair means or by foul, it can exercise an influence.

Let us now consider the case of Goethe.

Towards the 'seventies it became apparent to the intelligence of Adalbert Falk, and no doubt to the intelligence of many other Germans, that one of the great necessities of the German Empire was a great figure—and a figure great in the "cultural" and more particularly the personal sense. It was necessary to have a writer who should stand for Germany as Shakespeare stands for England, Dante for Italy, and Homer and Æschylus for ancient Greece. The problem of discovering such a figure was one of some difficulty, since it appeared in the first place necessary that such a figure should be one of reasonably great achievement and also one instinct with German patriotism.

As I have already pointed out, patriotism was almost entirely lacking in the composition of the really great Germans of pre-Napoleonic and pre-1848 days. The German writer of real distinction has almost always hated his national institutions, if not his fellow-countrymen, and has always hated with an extreme virulence the kingdom and the institutions of Prussia. Heine's hatred of Prussia was almost a mania ; Schopenhauer's contempt for his nation was vigorously and frequently expressed. And Nietszche's denunciations of German culture ought to be, if they are not, notorious.[1] Patriotic writers, on the other hand, like Arndt, and poets of the Freiheitskrieg were too obviously insignificant for any Minister of Education to hope to set them on a pinnacle beside Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. There remained, then, only Goethe.

[1] " At Aix-la-Chapelle I saw once again . . . the Prussian eagle which I detest so much. . . . Ah! Cursed bird, if ever you fall into my hands . . . I will hang you in the air like a popinjay, the target for joyous shots, and I will call the arquebusiers of the Rhine around you. And the brave fellow who fetches you down for me, I will invest him with the Rhenish sceptre and crown ; we will sound fanfares and shout ' Long live the King.' "—Heinrich Heine, " Germania."

" Wherever Germany extends her sway she ruins culture." —Friedrich Nietzsche, " Ecce Homo," p. 38.

" I even feel it my duty to tell the Germans, for once in a way, all that they have on their conscience. Every great crime against culture for the last four centuries lies on their conscience."—Friedrich Nietzsche, " Ecce Homo," p. 124.

" There is no other culture beside the French."—Friedrich Nietzsche, Letter to Strindberg, 1888. (Quoted in *Literarische Echo*, March 15th, 1913.)

" *Thrasymachos*. . . . We have a whole row of eminent men in the metropolis of German learning. . . .

" *Philalethes* (aside). . . . German humbug."—Arthur Schopenhauer, " Parerga and Paralipomena." " Immortality : a dialogue."

" The most sensible and intelligent of the nations of Europe lays down the rule, *Never interrupt!* as the eleventh Commandment."—Arthur Schopenhauer, *ibid.* " On Noise."

Goethe presented the Prussian Government at once with an opportunity and with a serious difficulty. In the nineteenth century, before 1870, no one would seriously have thought of placing Goethe amongst the supremely great creative writers. The first and second parts of "Faust" appeared even in German eyes poor things when set beside the "Divina Commedia," the "Iliad," or "King Lear." It was, therefore, difficult to set about the task of proclaiming Goethe one of the supreme poets of the world. On the other hand, Goethe had taken a lively and quite honest interest in the natural sciences; he had moralised about a great many things and had led an adventurous, inconstant, and distinguished life. Moreover, Thomas Carlyle, by making Goethe one of his heroes, had, in the vulgar phrase, already tipped the Prussian State the wink. Frenchmen of the rank of Renan and Taine had also paid tribute to the philosophical and moral ideas, if not to the imaginative powers, of the Weimar celebrity, and although after 1870 few Frenchmen could be found to say much in favour of Goethe, their abstention could be put down to patriotic causes.

There remained, then, the objection that Goethe had been by no means a very patriotic German. With his summing up of the claims of German culture I have already presented the reader in the quotation from the letter to Eckermann. And Goethe's views on Napoleon were lukewarm. On the other hand, if his dislike of the Corsican despot were not as violent as Arndt's, his lukewarmness was not as lukewarm as that of Hegel, who desired that the French might win the battle of Jena in order that he might continue his lectures in that university undisturbed. So that if Goethe could not be claimed as a violent patriot it was unnecessary to regard him as heatedly anti-German.

The lines of the Goethe campaign were therefore sufficiently clear. The poet's art might be left to look after itself, but the reputation of the moralist,

philosopher, natural scientist, and lover might well be pushed into the foreground. Given that Goethe had certain claims to be considered a considerable poet, it appeared to be quite possible that he might also be accorded the reputation of what, in later years, it has become the custom to call the superman. And no doubt Goethe was a fine figure of a fellow, full of the zest for life, for women, for good wines, and for agreeable poetry, not bothered much by political ideals or by ethical queasiness. To a person of composed views he might well appear a fine specimen of *l'homme moyen sensuel*. And any person of such a type, let alone a poet of the eminence of Goethe, might easily be pushed, by the forces and the backing of a whole Imperial State government, into the position of a true superman—which was, no doubt, the last position in the world that Goethe would ever have expected to occupy.

And the profusion of this poet's sentimental experience made the task all the easier, since if you wish by means of propaganda to create an attractive figure it is essential that your propaganda should be readable, and there is nothing that the public so much loves to read as accounts of sentimental adventures and mild improprieties with Lottes and Lises and Bettinas. Next to such sentimental adventures in public esteem come personal details, and, Goethe being much nearer our day than Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare, it proved easy to dig up an immense mass of personalia; and again, since Goethe took a great deal more interest in his personal appearance, appointments, and furniture, he had there, once more, an immense advantage over Æschylus, Catullus, or Sappho and other writers of love lyrics. As Stendhal unkindly puts it:

On lira la vie de ce dernier (Goethe) à cause de l'excès de ridicule d'un homme qui se croit assez important pour nous apprendre, en quatre volumes in-8° de quelle manière il se faisait arranger les cheveux à vingt ans, et qu'il avait une tante qui s'appelait Anichen. Mais cela

prouve qu'on n'a pas en Allemagne le sentiment du ridicule.[1]

I will now proceed to give some quotations tending to show how the figure, rather than the art, of Goethe has been imposed, in the first place, upon Germany, and then upon the modern world—of how it has been so imposed by the genius of a great German Minister of Education—Adalbert Falk. Falk was Minister from the year 1872 until 1879, but he had been sedulously working in subordinate posts since before the year 1870—he had been sedulously working at the inculcation of what subsequently became the ideal of the German "superman." Between 1840 and 1870 Goethe was regarded by German *literati* as a writer of great merit—as a German Wordsworth—the producer of some beautiful love poetry, and a rather quaint theatre director. I do not mean to say that this could not be more picturesquely stated, but it was what it amounted to. And it might be said that the idea of Goethe as superman originated in this country with Whig writers like Lewes, George Eliot herself, and Thomas Carlyle, who was a Prussian statesman *avant les lettres*.

The biographies of Goethe in German of any importance before the year 1856 limited themselves to three in number. They were those of Viehoff (1847), Schaefer (1851), and Prutz (1856). Then for nearly twenty years the interest in Goethe died out, as far as the large public were concerned, though, of course, specialists praised the subject of their studies and Pan-Germanists began in the 'sixties to claim special virtues for the student of Goethe. In 1874 there appeared a new and very large biography of the author of "Faust"; in 1877 there was another; in 1880 another; and so the tale continues until, in 1895, there were published no fewer than four full-dress biographies—those of Wolff, Meyer, Heinemann, and Bielschowsky. These dates alone should prove that

[1] Stendhal, "Rome, Naples, et Florence," p. 387.

in the earlier half of the nineteenth century German interest in Goethe was, let us say, languid; that after the year 1872 interest in the creator of the "Walpurgisnacht" began to revive, and that from about 1880 until, say, 1900, innumerable professorial pens were at work upon biographical details of the author of many charming love poems.

Let me in this connection give you two more dates. The first date was the year 1876, the second date was the year 1879.[1]

In the year 1876 the Minister of Education, who soon afterwards had in his hands the lives and careers of all German professors, made a speech to the effect that the study of Goethe must be regarded as on a par with the study of the teachings of our Lord. This was protested against by Alexander Baumgarten of the Society of Jesus in a biography of Goethe which he published in Freiburg in Breisgau. But I do not know that anyone paid any attention to the learned Jesuit's protest, and Falk remained Minister until 1879. In 1852 Dr. J. H. O. L. Lehmann, Professor at the Royal University of Berlin, wrote that Goethe was "one of the most exquisite love-poets of our Fatherland." In 1858 the future Minister of Education entered the Prussian Lower House, where almost immediately he won considerable influence by advocating education that should advance the cause of German national unity under the hegemony of Prussia. In 1861 Bernhard Rudolf Abeken wrote that, if praise from men were agreeable to the gods, and praising the gods agreeable to men, praising Goethe was as agreeable as praising the gods. In 1872 Falk became Minister of Education; in 1876 he made his

[1] "Before this date the universities (of Germany) stood upon a legal footing of their own (Hatten . . . eigenen Gerichtsstand) which was only completely abolished by the enactments (Gerichtsverfassung) of 1879. . . . The universities of Germany are State-teaching institutions which are absolutely under the control of the Ministry (Die unmittelbar unter dem Ministerium stehen)."—Meyer's *Konversationslexikon*, art. "Universitäten."

speech saying that the study of Goethe was as important to Germans as the study of the words of Christ. At about this time, Professor Scherzer went a little farther in this direction. He said that the house in which Goethe was born should stand near or be regarded as a little higher than the manger of Bethlehem.

It appeared at this date necessary to particularise a little as to the qualities that rendered the author of "Faust" almost super-divine—to give him the more definite appearance of a superman. Accordingly in 1878 we find Professor Ludwig Hacker writing that Goethe's was the most sublime spirit (Erhabenster Geist) of the world. In 1881 Dr. Karl Stejskal writes that so varied and all-embracing were Goethe's attainments that "the spiritual history of all mankind (dei Geistesgeschichte der gesammten Menschheit) can offer to the view practically no human figure which presents so many obstacles to living and complete comprehension as Goethe." The writer of that passage was "Royal Imperial Gymnasial Professor," so we may take it that the present German generation, when they were growing children, were taught that sort of thing.

The great modern achievement in the way of biographies of this author is, however, the "Life," by Professor Dr. Albert Bielschowsky. The publication of this colossal work began in 1875 in the height of Adalbert Falk's reign. It was completed in 1903, two years after Falk's death. As this work is not only extremely typical, but also claims for Goethe in practically every line the attributes and rights of the superman, I will present the reader with several quotations from the pages of this most celebrated biography of the sage of Weimar. It begins right away with page 1 of the Introduction:

> Goethe, the most human of men . . . had been endowed with a portion of everything human. His figure was typical in its mould; the very ideal of perfect man. . . . This man at one time grasps the world in the warm

embrace of a Faust and again he spurns it with the annihilating contempt of a Mephistopheles. . . . He loves life cordially because of the æsthetic enjoyment of influential existence.

The following is, however, the most significant :

Even though his spirit, stripped of all earthly weight, soars in regions beyond the realm of sense, still he has his feet firmly fixed on the earth and enjoys every little sensual pleasure, even if it be but the plums and cakes which Marianne von Willemer sends him from home. The extreme delicacy and infallibility of his taste in art criticisms characterises in equal measure his judgment of Rhenish and Burgundian wines. A pronounced northern and Germanic nature, passionately fond of skating, used to bathing in the cold waters of the Ilm, eager to take long winter walks in the Harz Mountains and over the glaciers of Switzerland, the author of such specifically northern and Germanic creations as " Götz," " Faust," " Hermann und Dorothea," and of such mystic spectre ballads as " Der Erlkönig," " Der Totentanz," " Der Untreue Knabe," and of the first " Walpurgisnacht," he feels, beneath the clear sky and in the soft air of Italy, surrounded by the works of classic and Renaissance art, as if it were his native land, from which he has long been exiled ; and yet even in the Borghese Gardens he has enough of his northern nature left to write that most fantastic of scenes, " Die Hexenküche."

I am not seeking here to appraise the value of Goethe as an artist and poet. He may have been very great ; he may have been somewhere between greatness and mediocrity ; or he may have been very great, with long intervals of an almost insufferable mediocrity. (That, I think, would be a fairly just estimate of the author of " Hermann and Dorothea." It was, at any rate, as I have already shown, the view of Bismarck in 1870, and may be taken to have been the view of most cultivated Germans of those years). But the latter-day writers about Goethe address themselves not to his art, but to his life.

A certain amount of hero-worship—a certain amount,

too, of chatter about Harriet—must, I suppose, be allowed to biographers of poets, though most poets would be better without biographies. That is a pity only for literature, which, in the end, can take care of itself. But these biographies, these monuments of *Philologie*, whilst neglecting almost all reference to the poetic-æsthetics of their subject, limit themselves almost entirely to Goethe's personal behaviour, which they uniformly glorify. That is a misfortune for civilisation. It is a misfortune for society, because any large acceptance of any disproportion by any large section of civilised human beings must militate against balance through the whole world. It is, that is to say, reasonable enough for Herder, writing under the stress of emotion caused by Goethe's personality, to say: "He had a clear, universal intellect, most generous and profound feelings, and the greatest purity of heart." Roughly speaking, Goethe had all these things—or may warrantably have appeared to have had all these qualities in the eyes of men who knew him intimately. It would, indeed, be horrible if a man as great as Goethe did not find some one as great as Herder to give him a great deal of hero-worship. But that, inspired by the official utterances of Cabinet Ministers, written by professors whose only chance of preferment lies in obtaining the favourable notice of those Cabinet Ministers, immense biographies of an arbitrarily selected writer should be produced to prove that the hero's feet were not of clay, or that, if the hero's feet are dirty, it is proper for all proper men to have dirty feet—that is a calamity.

In the case of Goethe the matter did not end with Germany. The Goethe legend has spread through the entire world. And I should say that the Goethe legend has done a great deal of harm to the æsthetic standards of the whole world. For a young man who, browbeaten by professors who have been in their turn browbeaten by the formidable German professoriate, has worried through the second part of "Faust," an exercise unattended by much pleasure,

but one well calculated to toughen what in Germany is called the " Hirn-stoff "—the brain-fibre—this man will suffer from several disadvantages. In the first place he will dislike any depreciation of this particular security. He will have invested so many foot-poundals of brain-energy in the author of " The Sorrows of Werther," just as he might have made an investment of so many pounds in Canadian railways. He will, therefore, dislike seeing what I may call a fall in Goethes. His brain-stuff will also have been very considerably toughened—a process which is not really good for the brain-stuff. But over and above all this is the very definite damage caused by setting up for the admiration of the whole world of a figure of hybrid idealism and materialism such as that of Goethe. An artist is either a materialist or an idealist; he cannot be both with equal skill and conviction.

A State can direct the attention of its universities either to the appreciation of the arts or to the discovery of chemical by-products, but no university system outside that of the Kingdom of Heaven can satisfactorily turn its attention to, and use the same methods upon, a verbal vignette by Jean Paul and the production of a new purple aniline dye, whose by-product in turn shall be at once a high-explosive and a drug giving relief to sufferers from angina pectoris. German analysts of by-products, working in what I believe is called the phenophenyl ring of coal-tar products, have produced these last three marvels. In so far as these latter things are of service to humanity, that amount of credit should be accorded to the Prussian State university system. But these researches are purely materialist and have nothing whatever to do with culture. It might even be possible to argue that a man who eats synthetic butter is likely to be less of a poet than a gentleman who eats butter made from milk, of a beautiful cow that stood ruminating amidst the meadow-sweet upon the borders of a stream.

I don't know quite how far this argument might be pushed, but I should think that a man whose bed-sheets and clothes are made from a wood-pulp product, whose morning tea is another coal-tar by-product, whose saccharine wherewith he sweetens it another, whose meat is ten years old, having been preserved by another by-product of the phenophenyl ring, whose wall-decorations are made of stamped paper that imitate Elizabethan wood-carving—who is, in fact, surrounded and filled by objects and comestibles not one of which is what it purports to be—such a man must at least be different psychologically as well as physically from one whose surroundings are purely natural. And it should be remembered that this one man is what Germany has given to the world, and it should be remembered that the ultimate issues of right and wrong in this war are the issues of the respective civilisations.

The object of our fighting to-day is not so much whether the German or the French language shall be taught in the schools of Alsace-Lorraine, as whether the Prussian on the one hand, or on the other the Anglo-French civilisation, mode of thought, methods of life, and of estimating what is worth while in life shall prevail. As I have before pointed out, the culture of England and France differs as much from the Kultur of Prussia as the two words differ in appearance. You might say that Kultur is what the Prussians have made out of the classical word and classical learning, just as Kultur is the last by-product that the Prussian State has dissolved out of a civilisation founded, in the end, upon classical ideals.

The trouble with Professor Bielschowsky's estimate of Goethe is that it is immoral because it is impracticable. A man cannot, even in an image, have his feet firmly planted on the ground whilst his spirit soars in regions beyond the realms of sense. A man cannot have the same exquisite sense of verse and of Rhenish and Burgundian wines. Why, it is impossible for one man to have a really fine sense for both Steinberger

Kabinett and the better sorts of Beaune. A poet cannot be both a materialist and a visionary. It is, perhaps, quite as good to be a materialist as to be a visionary, or it is better, or it is not so good. But it is the merest hypocrisy of the Prussian State to pretend to pay homage with one set of hands to that which is above the clouds and with another set to honour that which lies hidden in the recesses of coal-mines. The business of the Prussian State is quite obviously with by-products.

There is nothing to be said against that, since Prussia is a very poor country. But it is a crime against humanity for the Prussian State to set up as an autocrat in the realm of ideals. The realm of ideals is a republic or a kingdom of its own, outside of nationalities and outside of temporal affairs. It is, in the end, the Kingdom of God, Who decides whether the Son of the carpenter, or the descendant of princes, or the son of a butcher, or a thief, shall be a prince in Israel or a divinity. But it is not for any temporal State to say that, because Villon was the greatest of poets and a true prince of the spiritual kingdom, the whole of temporal humanity should cut purses. Yet Napoleon, if he had been a muddle-headed person and had got it into his head that the permanence of his Empire depended upon the furthering of *l'esprit Gaulois*, might quite logically have done this for Villon. This is what the Prussian State has quite definitely done.

III

Goethe, in fact, was a good, honest, domestic German poet. He would have been still more honest, still better, and still more of a poet, if he had never come under sham-classical influences of the Winckelmann type. But I am not going to say that he did not get a great deal of pleasure out of Greek poetry, or that he did not reproduce some of that pleasure—and that, too, is one of the functions of the poet—in

his imitative pieces. Still, on the whole, he was one of the journeymen rather than one of the masters of literature, and Bismarck was probably near enough to the mark when he said that he could do very well with no more than one-seventh of the forty-two volumes of Goethe's collected works. He was a prodigious worker; a good, if inconstant lover; a good and constant friend, so that one may get a great deal of pleasure out of the contemplation of his figure if one takes it on the right lines.

It is, I mean, pleasant to think of Goethe's Weimar life that he so much enjoyed:

> Donnerstag nach Belvedere,
> Freitag geht's nach Jena fort . . .
> Samstag ist's worauf wir zielen,
> Sonntag rutscht man auf das Land . . .
> Montag reizet uns die Buehne;
> Dinstag schleichet dann herbei . . .
> Mittwoch fehlt es nicht an Ruehrung . . .
> Donnerstag lenkt die Verfuehrung
> Uns nach Belveder zurueck. . . .

So, as he sings in "Die Lustigen von Weimar," the seven days of the week and the fifty-two weeks of the year glide by in that happy town. Music, dancing, conversation, the theatre, and excursions to Belvedere, to Jena, or to pleasant country villages like Zwaetzen, Burgau, and Schneidemuehlen—these things aërate the blood of the good Weimarian; so that, as he triumphantly sings:

> Lasst den Wienern ihren Prater,
> Weimar, Jena, da ist's gut!

And it is pleasant to think of the "Diné at Coblenz" in 1774 where

> Twixt Lavater and Basedow
> I sat at table in a glow!

I like, myself, best to think of Goethe as speaking for

himself in the words of the painter in "Kuenstlers Fug und Recht":

Ein frommer Maler mit vielem Fleis . . .

—the devoted painter, who by means of much industry had sometimes taken the first prize; sometimes also it happened to him to see a better man in front of him; but he painted on at his canvases; whether one praised him or paid him, sometimes something good came of it.

And so one day he said to those who liked his work that it was pleasant to have them like his work. And, it having pleased God to make the world, so he, a poor fellow, had painted what he could paint with pleasure, and, having exercised himself in many ways, partly by liking and partly by luck, had turned out several favourite pieces. And for the rest he says: "I have never made much fuss about my work and what I have painted I've painted."

Mit keiner Arbeit hab' ich geprahlt
Und was ich gemahlt hab', hab' ich gemahlt.

I think that those words are about as near the real Goethe as we shall come in these days.

But there was another aspect of Goethe—the aspect of the front part of his house at Weimar. For the house at Weimar is Goethe, and Goethe is the house at Weimar. In a street there you see a sort of poverty-stricken British Museum, with the front rooms all classical, with high stone pillars, fragments of Egyptian or classical masonry, and an atmosphere of stiff gloom and princely presentations. It was in this part of the house that, in his court suit with his orders, the Weimar Minister von Goethe received his distinguished visitors.

But behind the poorish museum-dwelling was a smallish garden, with pear-trees and a grass plat, and giving on the garden some still poorish rooms like

those of a London servant's basement. It was in these that the poet Goethe, as distinguished from the Minister von Goethe, lived—and died. I, at least, found the bedroom of Goethe affecting. There was the darkish basement room, there were the shabby furniture, the cheap-looking, small bed, the common bed-table with, upon it, a saucerful of mould. It was in that bed that to-day's superman breathed his last; it was upon that saucerful of mould that the honest German poet bestowed his last look. For Goethe really was an honest searcher into such secrets as Nature has, and he planted in that saucer some seeds whose growth he had wished to watch. I think it is the best thing that the German nation ever did for the memory of Goethe—that is, left that saucer beside his deathbed; it so renders him human.

I thus labour the point of the poverty of Goethe's furnishings and surroundings, because, about here, I must return to the theme with which I began this book—the historic poverty of the German nation. An English statesman of Goethe's temporal rank or poetic dignity—an Addison, who was Mr. Secretary of something or other—would have had a fine manor-house, standing in a broad park where the deer grazed. He would have had beautiful furniture by Chippendale or Sheraton; he would have had much silver, many white marble statues, and round the walls there would have been portraits by Vandyck, Reynolds, or Gainsborough, and pictures by Annibale Carracci, Canaletto, and Hogarth; the bed would have had purple velvet hangings; the windows would have commanded a view of grazing deer; the saucer would have been a vessel of exquisite china. I do not need to labour *those* points—the German Emperor has laboured them in many speeches just as his mother did in her speech about the silver on the tables of the Liverpool merchants. Let me, however, here for the last time re-emphasise the historic poverty of Germany, and let me figure a couple more eighteenth-century interiors.

There is an old English song that runs:

Oh, Polly, love: oh, Polly, love, the route has just begun,
And I must march away to the beating of the drum;
So dress yourself all in your best and come along with me;
I'll take you to the cruel wars, in High Germany!

And this old song might have been written at any time from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; and when one reflects upon it, with all that it means of Tilly and Wallenstein, and one plunderer and another, and Turenne and Condé, and Prince Eugene and all of them, wolves without end, the wonder is not that we are, according to our dispositions, shuddering, fainting, or gloating over stories of atrocities committed by troops from High Germany. No, it is really rather wonderful that one stone is left on another in poor Belgium, or that one Huddersfield nurse is left alive for the evening papers to comment upon.

Let us again for a moment seriously reflect upon the real case of Germany, regarded scientifically and from the point of view of "Culture." Once more the main point in the history of Germany so regarded is the record of unbelievable poverty. You had a country almost exclusively agricultural, in which for want of peace and security any advances in the science of agriculture even were almost impossible. You had a country that, compared with England, was not very fertile; every few years or so you had the spectacle of Tilly or some one else utterly destroying the crops; you had extremely wasteful systems of governments, unreasonably thick on the ground, destroying commerce with their customs and their boundaries. So that, look where you would, you had nothing but spectacles of the direst poverty.

Even the courts of the reigning princes, which mopped up most of the money there was in the respective principalities, were sordid affairs, with a good deal of whitewash in the corridors and starved servants duplicating extravagant offices. A prince might, I mean, be forced by his protocol to have sixteen

servants at dinner, sixteen gardeners, sixteen coachmen, and so on, and his income might not in bad times be much more than a couple of thousand a year. So a servant would be a gardener in the appropriate livery from nine till one, a waiter from two till five, and a coachman from five till midnight; and the prince would sell several thousands of his peasants to this country for use in its wars in America; and he would commission with the proceeds several hundred poverty-stricken statues of nymphs, dolphins, fountains, and other accumulators of greendrip. No, it was not a very good nursing-bed for culture till Napoleon swept much of it away.

So that to poke fun at Germania, who stands up above Ruedesheim, has always seemed to me to be like poking fun at a starving child with its nose glued against the windows of a cookshop. For Germania, reduced to human scale, would be an unreasonably buxom lady, five feet eleven and a quarter high, lifting with one plump arm an unreasonably heavy Imperial crown, and resting the other hand upon a sword much too heavy for the strongest supporter of woman's suffrage to lift. And the enormous arms, the great cheeks, the superabundant breasts, the extremely broad hips—all these things must have meant meals and meals and meals and meals; must have meant pork and veal and goose-breast and Rhine salmon and Rhine wine and excursions up the Rhineland hills to keep the lady fit, and heaven knows what tranquillities and prosperous years and healthy childbeds. I am not poking facile fun at these products of the bounty of the Lord. I am merely pointing out that this ideal figure—this symbol that the greater part of Germany has for forty years or so regarded as the end of idealism—that this particular Germania is the ideal of a race that has starved for ages.

But for the moment I have very strongly in my mind the image of two houses—the house at Wetzlar where the young Goethe courted, so very unsuccessfully, Lotte Buff; and the house at Ajaccio where

Napoleon was born. Well, these two, Napoleon and Goethe, stand to-day, in the imagination of the world, for the two greatest figures of their time.

The victor of Jena was born in what was by comparison a palace of elegance and chaste ease: the creator of Gretchen did his courting in a hovel. And the point about it is, that the father of Napoleon was a councillor in a poverty-stricken island, whereas the father of Lotte Buff was Imperial Councillor of the Holy Roman Empire. And how in the world did that poor father of a family get on? (Lotte was the original of the "Sorrows of Werther" lady.) He had a family of thirteen, and he had only three rooms and about £127 a year, as far as I can remember. His little gabled cottage looked upon a dung-heap. . . . And three rooms and thirteen in family!

He wore a periwig and a laced coat. But there were only the kitchen on the ground floor and one bedroom; where in the world did Lotte and the other daughters sleep? And where slept the councillor and the Frau Rath? where the servants? where the boys? I don't mean to say that the elegances were neglected. There was a long, narrow salon, with a clavichord, a work-table; three spindle-legged chairs with three more painted on the wall to give a festive appearance; flowers and things were also painted on the wall, and there was a sofa covered with chintz and a rug in front of the sofa; and there were a bird in a cage and crewel-work curtains; and these things were arranged as classically as might be. But where did Lotte cut the bread-and-butter? And where did they eat it? And where did they wash? And where in the world, again, did they sleep? Why, the reception-room of Mme. Buonaparte would have taken in the whole of the Buff cottage—a long, beautifully proportioned room, with gilt candelabra on the walls, and mirrors, and a harpsichord, and a dancing floor. . . . And the room where, upon the floor, Napoleon was born, was twice as large as the Buffs' salon itself, and the sofa upon which Napoleon was nearly born

must have cost more than all the furniture in Lotte's house taken together. And Mr. Buff was a much more important man officially than Mr. Buonaparte.

These things interest me, and I hope they will interest the reader. For it is impossible to have a widespread culture until after the establishment of a standard of material ease; and if, at about the same date, the material standard of a little island like Corsica was so much higher than that of a German Imperial city, it stands to reason that the poorer country will have miles and weary miles to go, in the direction of money-getting, before she will have caught up with the rest of the world. I am not saying that that is Germany's fault; at least, I presume it is not a fault to be poor. One cannot well help having had Tilly and the Grand Condé ravaging the lands of one's ancestors. It may be a fault to try to persuade the world that you have a spirit of culture when you do not possess it—or it may be a braveness. That depends on whether you consider keeping up appearances to be a sin or a virtue. At any rate, Germany, with precious little baggage, succeeded for forty years or so in impressing on a vastly impressed world the immensity of its services to culture.

To sum up then, I do not believe that Germany since Napoleonic days has done any service to culture at all. I believe it has done a great deal in the domain of the applied sciences—but I do not know much about the applied sciences. In the realm of the criticism of the arts, Germany with its professors has been a curse; in architecture, with its love of the heavy, the left-unfinished and the gilt, it has been at least a heavy evil; in music, by dragging the world into exclusively romantic channels it has been a nuisance; it has been the death of learning with its substitution of philology for scholarship. In all these things Germany has been professorial and professorial and again professorial. And *l'ennemi, c'est le professeur!*

If you come to think of it, before 1870 the word "professor" connoted nothing in particular to the

English mind. You had professors of dancing, professors who were barbers, professors called Pepper who invented ghosts. For other things you had scholars of one college or another, fellows of Trinity or somewhere else, or dons of this or that college. And the difference between a don and professor is enormous. A don might be eccentric, might be dry, might even be of no particular use; but at his best he was something generous—*generosus*—a gentleman, in fact.[1]

A Prussianised professor in the modern sense of the word is a specialist, without knowledge of life, without a sense of the humanities. He is harsh, minatory, desperately pushing in order to make for himself a "career," and entirely doctrinaire. He is that, that is to say, as long as he is part of the official machine. He has to find reasons, not for the existence of the world as it is, for the love that people have for this or that form of art, food, pursuit, or creed—no, he has to find reasons for the permanent remaining in power of the doctrines that the State desires to see considered orthodox. The Prussian State, cool-headed, remorseless, and utterly practical, has taken the culture of the Germanic nations in hand. The logical sequence is infallible. No professor can make a career unless he preaches doctrines acceptable to the State; no private person can make a career unless he holds doctrines preached by the professors. It is a device for giving into the hands of the State powers more disastrous than those ever held by any body of men since the world began.

What, then, is Kultur?

[1] This difference has been eloquently expressed by Dr. V. A. Huber in his monumental work upon English Universities. "English scholars," he says, "live too much in and for the world, so that it is hardly possible for them to develop that species of almost *mono-maniacal love of the subject of their investigations*. Their standard is an entirely different one; it is not derived from the subject itself, but from the opinion of the society to which they belong."—"Die englischen Universitäten," p. 150.

EPILOGUE

KULTUR

Te spectem, suprema mihi quum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.
Flebis, et arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,
Tristibus et lacrymis oscula mixta dabis.

I WAS lying in bed one morning in September, 1914, reflecting on the death of Tibullus. Ovid, you will remember, gives us the picture of Delia and Nemesis sharing the last pressures of the poet's hands as he lies upon his death couch; but, a confirmed cynic in these matters, I have always doubted Delia. But still . . . "Te spectem suprema mihi quum venerit hora." . . . It is a pious aspiration. I like to think of Tibullus sometimes, anyhow. Wealthy, beautiful, beloved, fortunate, dissipating his means gracefully, seeking honour and fortune in the wars, in Syria, possibly also in Gaul; and finding, as a poet should, nothing but expenses which the State refused to refund to him, Tibullus was very much what a poet should be to-day. He must have been moderately impecunious during his latter years, which is why I doubt Delia. But his friends in the best circles still welcomed him to their houses—Ovid, Horace, Cornelius Nepos, Messala, Corvinus, and the rest—and he died in the arms of his mother and sister.

Hinc certe madidor fugientis pressit ocellos
Mater . . .
Hinc soror in partem misera cum matre doloris
Venit . . .

That also is Ovid, though I do not know how he recon-

ciled the two deathbed scenes. For the mother and sister can hardly have really liked Delia and Nemesis ; Tibullus must have spent most of his fortune on them. But no doubt these matters were adroitly arranged, as they would be to-day. No doubt the ladies received most of Tibullus's dying sighs, and then the mother and sister, as legal heirs, came along, turned out the ladies, and attended to the funeral. Indeed, that is indicated by the author of " Tristia " in the line :

Mater, et in cineres ultima dona tulit. . . .

And no doubt the sister mourned visibly and with a decent ostentation of grief :

. . . inornatas dilaniata comas. . . .

You have only got to think of what would happen to-day in the case of a young, wealthy bachelor poet who, having gained immortality from the companionship of brilliant and gifted creatures, dies in the Albany.

Reflections to that effect were passing through my mind that morning as I lay in bed. The window was open, and through it came the greenish light made up of sunshine cast upwards on my ceiling from the trees in the orchard. I heard a plop from the grass below and I said to myself, " There goes another of the large cookers," and I considered that next spring I must attend more carefully to the pruning of my trees, as who should say :

Ipse seram teneras maturo tempore vites
Rusticus, et facili grandia poma manu. . . .

Indeed, there you have Tibullus saying that he really ought to attend to the pruning of his apple-trees himself. . . . Anyhow it was very tranquil and sunny and early, and from the not distant marshes came the thin bleating of the flocks. . . . Classical. . . .

And then there arose on the air a sound not in seeming, unclassical—a sound like the humming of a bee-god, persistent, musical, more and more musical, more and more persistent. I have never heard a sea-plane sound so like a Jew's harp. The great beautiful thing in the sunlight, against the blue of the sky and the immense clouds, was coming over the arm of the sea from Portsmouth—going over the house, God knows whither. And I assure you that there was nothing unclassical in the vision. Against the sky and the clouds it was as clear in outline and in illuminated beauty as is the Victory of Samothrace. . . . And suddenly I heard myself saying to myself: "Well, thank God, there's an end of the German language." For although, being a man of peace, I cannot entertain with equanimity the idea of every inhabitant of the German Empire with his throat cut, or her brains blown out, contemplating, amidst the smoke of his or her ruined homestead, the pale stars—although these are not the forms that my hostility or my patriotism will take, there are few people that more dislike or have more unceasingly preached against the language of Luther, Goethe, and the editorial writers of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. (The language of Heine is another matter.)

The last words of Gambetta were "L'ennemi, c'est le Prussien"; and although I do not know exactly in what sense Gambetta used the words, no one could more heartily than I subscribe to the doctrine. For the Prussian language is the enemy of the European humanities. By comparison with English scholarship, German *Philologie* is the ugliest thing in the world. I remember lecturing some years ago in the University of Jena—which is to Germany what Cambridge is to the civilised world—and it was a really painful experience. There was about the students—I was lecturing on modern English literature—an avidity for facts, dates, and factual meticulousnesses that was like the hunger of wolves. It was no use saying that Christina Rossetti was a greater master of words

than her brother or Ruskin. What the students wanted to hear was whether there was any trace of epilepsy in the family of ——, or what was the illegitimate parentage—well, of any writer you like. And one had the feeling that the accretion of every hundred such facts by a student would mean that, when he reached the age of forty-seven, his professional salary would be five marks per annum the higher.

For the purpose of education in any sensible scheme of the universe is not to turn our sons into efficient creatures, grabbing money from some other unfortunate or perfecting already too perfect machines. That is the province of instruction. And Prussia is the enemy because Prussia taught the world, for the first time, to value instruction more highly than the evolution in the young of a sense of values, the mysteries, and the joys of life. And for the English nation it is almost only an acquaintance with the Latin classics that can confer this vision—regarded, that is to say, as an aspiration.

Consider for a moment some more Latin verses :

> Tu, quod sæpe soles, nostro lætabere casu,
> Galle, quod abrepto solus amore vacem.
> At non ipse tuas imitabor, perfide, voces,
> Fallere te nunquam, Galle, puella velit.

That is Propertius, for whom I do not much care. Or this is Catullus, who also does not so very much stir my pulses :

> Quales Eurotæ progignunt flumina myrtus,
> Aurave distinctos educit verna colores.

"Fallere te nunquam, Galle, puella velit," is no very fine aspiration. But try to put that verse into clear, beautiful, and direct English. It is a year's work for the best of our stylists. It would take me all my life. The fact is, that English is a very beautiful language—it is, that is to say, capable of very beautiful uses. But it is capable also of an

imbecility, a formlessness, a lack of backbone that are almost incredible. And so it is fairly safe to say that whenever the English language comes under German influences, it shows itself at the most intolerable; whenever, on the other hand, it has fallen under classical Latin, Italian, or French derivations, it has been at its highest. You have only to think of the most horrible jargons that were written by Carlyle and Meredith to see how true—and how pitiable—this is.

As a spoken language German has its beauties, its simpleness, and its masculinity. It is, I should think, a good language in which to make love, and it is no doubt good for military commands. And because of this primitive simplicity the poems of Heine, which are written in *colloquial* German and with absolute directness of phrase, are the most exquisite things in the world. It would be nearly as great a crime to bring up a child so that he could not read Heine in the original as it would be to leave him unable to appreciate the first elegy of Tibullus or the letters of Cicero. On the one hand he will miss much joy; on the other he will be unable to think. But, apart from Heine, there is little in modern German, except perhaps what is written by Austrians and Swiss, that one will not be just as well without or that one cannot acquire from other sources or in translation. Certainly anything that one can acquire from modern German prose is insufficient to compensate for the harm that will be done to a child's intelligence by familiarity with the German habit of sentence. For it is a habit of sentence rather than a habit of mind.

Some one has said that German scientists never do any work without the idea of God in the background. They either, that is to say, desire to knock God on the head or to prove His existence as a support for their particular type. I do not suppose that God minds much either way. I do not know much about science, but I can imagine that that preoccupation has its disadvantages for an investigator who should

be passionless. For an imaginative artist, who must be ten times more passionless than any scientist, such a preoccupation is fatal—and the German imaginative artist has always some preoccupation. He is always worried about supermen, or moral polygamists, or man in a state of nature. He may worry about what he likes, but he is always worried.

And that is precisely the influence that we do not want in Anglo-Saxon countries. Our poor novelists and poets are much too worried about these things as it is. But whereas in an English novel, as a rule, the writer will now and then give up generalising and write like a poet, in a German work of the imagination you feel the stern, strenuous, hysterical moral going at it all the time. It diffuses every sentence; it gets a little nearer to its five hundredth expression with every cadence of every sentence. And inasmuch as a profound, not to say an arrogant, moral purpose is the death of clear thinking, if only because it will lead the author into excesses of sentimental adjectival colouring, we may say that German influence is just exactly what the English writer does not need. And still less does an Anglo-Saxon merchant, stockbroker, biologist, theologian, or political economist—or, for the matter of that, an Anglo-Saxon soldier or sailor—need this influence.

An author of my acquaintance has written colloquially as follows. He had been asked to advise a parent as to the choice of a school:

> The fact is that it is impossible to think in German. The German never thinks. He adds by reflection to his armament of propaganda. I know that very well, for I find myself thinking in that language quite frequently. Then, I know, I am quite a different being. I feel as if I ought to have a long white beard and thunder from the mountain tops. Whereas when I think, as I sometimes do after a long course of reading French or of staying in France, in French, I feel more cynical as to the value of my own views or as to my own importance, but much more clear in the head. As for English—well, English is the most

charming language in the world when you feel that you are handling it properly. And we are only just beginning to handle it properly. Well, just you try to translate beautifully any fine Latin or French passage into English—and then take your son off the Modern side of his school, or at any rate give up having him taught German. It will no longer be worth his while in any case to learn German if we win this war. There will be no German commerce left to capture and the poor German scientist will starve for the next century, so your son will have no chance to pick *those* brains. And you know that your only idea—and the only idea of any parent—in letting a son learn German is either to make him an efficient merchant or an efficient imitator of German engineers. You do not do it in order to make him more civilised, or more gentlemanly; it is solely to make him richer—the sheerest materialism. You do not wish him to read poems or novels in German; you do not wish him to settle in Germany. Germany is just for all the world the place where children are sent to learn money-grubbing and materialism; it has no other province for the outside civilised world—none. As for Heine—your son will learn enough German to appreciate him in six months' conversation with a German governess before the age of fourteen.

This gentleman's letter is a little more forcibly expressed than anything I should like to set down in this place, but it expresses very well, I should say, what are the motives of the outside world when its parents submit their children to modern German influences. And I think the time has very obviously come for the outside world to consider what the tendency of Germanism really is, and to what the parents of the world are submitting their children when they nervelessly let their children go into the hands of and under the rule of Prussianised teachers. The matter is the gravest matter in the whole world—and it affects the whole world.

It has been affecting the whole world for a long time—for nearly the whole lives of the still active generation. Let me once more commit myself to a personal illustration, and let me be pardoned for

dallying for a moment again with a Latinism whose influence I should like to see restored to the world.

A quarter of a century and more ago, as I dimly remember, my father and Mr. Swinburne discussed with some ardour the matter of the identity of the author of "Satyricon." I remember that they got quite angry over it; I cannot remember what their views were. I cannot remember, that is to say, whether my father took the view that Trimalchio represented Nero; Fortunata, Agrippina; Agamemnon, Seneca, and so on. I do not remember to which of the eleven celebrated writers surnamed Petronius the great Victorian poet assigned the authorship of the remarkable novel. But I remember at least my father's high, excited tones and Mr. Swinburne's mellow, exhortative, and beautiful organ. And I remember vaguely acquiring the idea that here was a complicated mystery, fit to baffle the most astute detective invented by the late M. Gaboriau, whose works at that date I preferred to the writings of Jules Verne or the "De Bello Gallico."

I don't know that I ever returned to that mystery until yesterday or the day before, and I do not know that I am much more forward with a solution. Much later, however, I read the "Satyricon," not so much for its own or any classical sake, as in the attempt to identify myself with the mediæval point of view, or the renaissance point of view, of things in general. I was trying, that is to say, to consider how the world would appear to Katharine Howard and to Udal, the author of "Ralph Roister Doister," after they had read, say, "Atque ipse, erectis supra frontem manibus, Syrum histrionem exhibebat, concinente tota familia: *Mà Δια*! perite, *Mà Δία*." . . . I suppose the results upon the Magister Udal, a coarse pedagogue, showed themselves precisely in the broad, stupid farces about roasting-spits and the like. The work, no doubt, made Katharine a too cynical companion for any sixteenth-century Trimalchio.

The "Satyricon" is a pretty good piece of work,

but it is not amazingly good. I fancy all that remained in my mind after reading it twenty years ago or so was the description, after the end of the banquet, when the narrator and his fellow-guests wander about the city in the darkness. You will remember that, rendered lachrymose by his potations, Trimalchio commands a rehearsal of his funeral —"Fingite me, inquit, mortem esse; dicite aliquid belli. . . ." The funeral trumpets then sound, and one simple player blows so lamentably that the firemen of the neighbourhood, imagining that the palace must be burning, break down the doors with hatchets, deluge the hall with water, and afford the guests an opportunity to escape. . . . It is that sort of low comedy.

I must confess that, after twenty years or so, there had remained in my mind the impression that the passage that followed was one of the really fine descriptive pieces of the world. I had in my mind a picture of a pitch-black Rome, of immensely high houses, narrow and maze-like alleys, and the guests shouting confusedly and lost in the shadows. . . . But on turning up the passage I do not discover very much. It is astonishingly short. I had imagined that it had some of the length and some of the quality of Maupassant's nightmare called "La Nuit." But it is a matter of very dry epithets. "Accedebat huc ebrietas, et imprudentia locorum, etiam interdiu obscura," and so on. Nevertheless it is marvellous language, if you come to look at it. The guests at last find their ways home by means of chalk-marks, for all the world like blazed trees, that Gito has made on their outward way. It is a picture of manners.

So too, no doubt, is the song that is immediately afterwards inserted into the chapter—the celebrated song:

> . . . Hæsimus calentes,
> Et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis,
> Errantes animas. . . .

But there Petronius is letting himself go, and becomes comparatively adjectival and uninteresting. Nevertheless, how by comparison unadjectival it is, to produce so considerable an effect of sensuousness. . . .

I like to think of my father and Algernon Swinburne discussing with heat the identity of Petronius Arbiter, or whoever he was. For that, too, is a picture of manners that I would very willingly see revived.

I should like to see revived a state of things in which port wine and long leisures over the table, and donnish, maybe rather selfish, manners and high gentlemanly traditions, possibly a little too heavy drinking, and classical topics for discussion—in which all these things were considered to be the really high standard of living. It would be an end of what, for convenience, I will call the manners of the "Park Lane gang." The manners of the "Park Lane set" are of Prussian origin. The war of 1870, even more than the other great flail of humanity, the Great Exhibition of 1851, riveted on this country the worship of wealth, the cult of ostentation, and the never-ceasing restlessness in search of wealth, and the power to be ostentatious. The standard of English culture up till that date was rather a matter of fine tablecloths, unostentatious silver-ware of good design, carefully discussed port, and carefully discussed classics. The discussion between Swinburne and my father took place in 1887 or thereabouts.

Swinburne was a very beautiful scholar; my father was exceedingly erudite. I have heard that, philologically and musically, he was one of the most erudite men of his day; and it was a grief to him that my own classical attainments were of the sketchy kind that you may perceive. But he could not at that date any longer find a school for me, either in this country or in Germany, where a classical atmosphere still existed. I do not mean that the classics were no longer taught; they were certainly taught, but already they were a means to obtaining marks in

examinations that should help you to compete in markets. They were no longer a means, if they were any means at all, to obtaining a decent "pass" in some entirely useless degree or other. Yet that was what the classics should be. I wonder how long it will be before anybody shall again pay attention to the humaner letters.[1]

I don't know. I am in a sense an unfortunate man—unfortunate in the sense that all men of forty and less, the world over, are unfortunate. For I came into, and took very seriously, English public-school life at a time when the English public-school spirit—in many ways the finest product of a civilisation—was already on the wane. I took its public traditions with extraordinary seriousness—the traditions of responsibilities, duties, privileges, and no rights. I cannot now get away from the impression that I have the responsibilities and the duties of my station, and that if I perform them efficiently I shall possibly have certain privileges accorded to me. But as to a right—I have never known the feeling of having any right at all to anything. It is still ingrained in my bones—the idea that I must give unceasingly all that I have to the world, and that in return some day, with luck, some one will spoil me a little. . . .

These are, in fact, exploded traditions, here or anywhere else. You cannot have any more a standard of fine damask; because the standard of to-day is to have six of everything—six motor-cars, six country-houses, six courses at breakfast. You could not very well have six tablecloths at once. (Stay, however,

[1] I am of course aware that in two great works two German professors have disposed of the question of the eleven authors of the "Satyricon." But that fact does not dispose of my contention that the authorship is no longer discussed over English dinner-tables of the better sort; it simply means that, in this as in so many other instances, *Philologie*, having taken hold of a subject, has surrounded it with formidable technical phraseology and banished it, along with Philosophy itself, from everyday life.

there is one thing of which you must only have one—that is wine. You must only have champagne; the bottles have gilt foil upon them.) And that, you know, is amazingly Prussian. I do not mean to say that the fault of all this in its entirety is to be laid to the door of 1870; very much of it may go to the credit of 1815. If there had been no Waterloo there would have been no Prussia; but that is, for my immediate purposes, an old story.

But the damnable fact is that in 1870 Liberal opinion in England upon the whole supported Prussia. Liberal opinion saw in 1870 the triumph of Protestantism, of sobriety, efficiency—and since Napoleon III was an Emperor, they saw, in Prussia, by an odd warping of the mental lens, triumphant democracy! At any rate, roughly speaking, they saw—the good Liberals—in the Prussians the triumph of the Great Exhibition, of the school of Samuel Smiles, and of a sort of Protestant Nonconformity. Well, they reap the fruits of that admiration now. I don't know that that much matters. Beside the moral corruption that the imitation of Prussian materialism has done to this country, militarism and the deaths of many poor men is a mere fleabite, and the considering of treaties as scraps of paper is the logical corollary of technical education. Imagine, *Mà Δία*, such a collocation of words as "technical" and "education," since education should open your mind to the perception of generalisations and of analogies; whilst the business of technical instruction is to turn you into a specialist with disproportionate ideas of the relative value of your pursuit or calling!

Let us concede—for it is well to be fair to an opponent—that the national necessities of a very poor country like Prussia forced upon that people the materialistic view of civilisation. You must, I suppose, eat before you can talk of the higher things, and that no doubt Prussia had to do. But it was "up to" the whole advanced school of the world not to go imitating Prussia; it was up to the whole school

of advanced thought of the world not to cast away a civilisation that they already possessed in order to imitate a set of semi-starving, semi-Tartar peasants on horseback, dwelling east of the Elbe. For ever since 1870 the progress of this country has been towards a liberalisation that consisted in making all careers a matter of examination. That may be sensible enough. But the accursed thing is to make education, standards, traditions, arts, cultures, and even cults a mere means to obtaining marks, or a mere means to equality of opportunity and commercial competition.

Poor Rheims Cathedral may well have fallen, and in its fall may have done for the ideas and aspirations that its towers represented more than it ever did in its centuries of beauty—if its fall have taught humanity the logical end of a world-wide Prussianisation, of the "means of supply" of thoughts and traditions and standards to the world. It does not, in fact, much matter whether you crush or do not crush the Prussian nation; it does infinitely matter that you should scotch for ever the Prussianisation of the rest of the world.

II

In a former chapter I presented the reader with an anecdote, or rather with a record, of the Emperor William II. William II was there presented as lamenting the fact that German Ober-burgomasters do not any longer very often carry off their town councillors' wives. This anecdote is symbolical enough of German life and the German ideal. I do not know that it is possible to have any very fixed ideas as to public morality. It may be that in England the loss to the public service of a statesman who has fallen from grace is amply made up for by the increased purity in private life caused by that statesman's chastisement. At any rate that is the English way of dealing with these incidents. The German

—the average German—takes a different view. In the first place, private affairs in Germany are conducted in private; in the second place, to almost every German, the State and the service of the State come immeasurably before every other human institution.

Thus such a speech as that of the Emperor's, which would be unthinkable as coming from any public man in England, is almost a commonplace in the mouth of the German Emperor. It is, that is to say, one of those humorous sayings that have in them a sufficient substratum of earnestness. It is as if William II should have said: Of course, it is undesirable that every burgomaster should run off with every town councillor's wife. At the same time the public service comes before everything. An Oberburgomaster of Hamburg is an enormously important public servant. (It should be remembered that Hamburg is a Free City and a very important sovereign State in the confederacy that is known as the German Empire.) His work is very hard, nerve-racking, and important. He has to make capital arrangements as to the commercial fleet of Germany—and the future of the Empire depends upon the commercial fleet of Germany. If then, this gentleman's nerves give way and the society of one of his town councillors' wives becomes necessary to restore his mental equilibrium, it is unthinkable that the whole vast Empire must suffer because of the inconvenience that such a liaison would cause to one or two private persons. In old German days scruples of this sort would have been unthinkable in a Hamburg Ober-burgomaster. Let us then get rid of such scruples, not only in public officials themselves, but throughout the whole public. . . .

It is, of course, no English voice which speaks in this way, but I think I am justified in saying that the great majority of Germans would be in sympathy with this point of view. Putting the matter as seriously as I can, I should say that the average German considers that a man is in this world, firstly, to do his work, whatever it may be, and then to be

pleasant to those with whom he comes into private contact. (It is probable that in England the greater part of male humanity would be in doubt about this proposition, whereas the whole feminine population would take an exactly opposite point of view.)

Here, then, comes in at once the whole difference between the Prussian word " Kultur " and the Anglo-French word " culture." Such words are very difficult to transpose from one language which implies a certain type of civilisation, to another language which implies another type of civilisation. The Kulturmensch of Prussia is by no means the " man of culture " of these islands. For our man of culture, roughly speaking, is a man of many attainments and sympathies, with the manners of a person of good family, with a certain selflessness and a certain consideration for his friends and dependants. Such people are the " good people " of the English society phrase—they are at least those " good people " who have a certain knowledge of the arts, of literature, possibly of painting, possibly also of gastronomics. " Good people " in Germany are called " vernuenftige Leute," as who should say " reasonable people." And " good people " who possess in addition to the quality of reasonableness the rounding off of some acquaintance with the arts and polite learning —such people in Germany would be called " gebildete Leute." The word " Bildung " means almost exactly the English word " culture " ; a Bildungsmensch is almost exactly a man of all-round culture, attainments, and sympathies. A Kulturmensch is almost exactly the opposite.

For the Kulturmensch is a person whose attainments in one direction are so considerable as to let him be of service to humanity in general and to the State in particular. A Kulturmensch might be a bacteriologist with the manners and appearance of a hog ; he might be an engineer who was perpetually drunk, or a philologist whose chief private characteristic was a tendency to unnatural vice. (I don't mean to say

that every Kulturmensch must of necessity have private failings or indulge in private vices.)

I trust that by now my meaning will become fairly plain—it limits itself so far to the proposition that what the Prussians would call a Kulturmensch we should call a specialist; whereas what we should call a man of culture the Prussians would call a Bildungsmensch. This feeling runs through every stratum of German society. The reasons, for instance, for the temporary popularity or unpopularity of the German Emperor would be inscrutable to the average Englishman. Upon the whole, when the Emperor designed the celebrated yellow-peril cartoon he made himself more popular in Germany. When, on the other hand, he designed a statue in the Sieges Allee, or conducted his private orchestra, he made himself appear ridiculous and to that extent unpopular. When he sent his telegram to President Kruger he gained upon the whole popularity throughout his dominions, although the telegram rendered him eminently unpopular in this country. That was because, at that date, a *rapprochement* with England did not form part of the German scheme of international politics. When, on the other hand, he signed the *Daily Telegraph* interview he became exceedingly unpopular in Germany, because the results of the publication of that interview were of extreme unpopularity in England, and at that time the Prussian State was seeking to cultivate better relations with this country. The interview was, therefore, a mistake in statesmanship, and was, as such, resented by non-official Germans. This unpopularity, however, must not be taken to imply any practical disloyalty to the head of the Hohenzollerns. The average German insists on a freedom to criticise that would appal the average Englishman. The average Englishman, however, insists upon a power to put his much milder criticisms into political effect that would appal the average German.

And this characteristic is well enough known to the

Prussian State controller of manners. At the time of the Koenigsberg speech about Divine right, the German satirical press ran over with caricatures of the Emperor in his relation to the Deity—caricatures of a grossness, of an obscenity, and of an æsthetic hideousness that in this country would be incredible. The mere depicting of an English Under-Secretary of State in such an attitude, *vis-à-vis* to the Almighty, as was accorded his Imperial Majesty in the mildest cartoon of the *Ulk*—such a caricature would ensure the immediate suppression of the offending periodical in this country. Yet no prosecution for *Majestaetsbeleidigung* took place in Germany. At the same time the smallest criticism of the Emperor's personal policy in so far as it affected German economics would at any moment land the responsible editor of the offending paper in gaol.

This again may seem illogical, and yet its logic in the eyes of the State official prosecutor was absolutely remorseless. For Prussia is the Kulturmensch of the German States, and the Emperor the Kulturmensch of the Prussian State. The business of the Prussian State as Kulturmensch is to lead Germany to commercial prosperity; the business of the Emperor as Kulturmensch is so to inspire the Prussian State that it shall lead the German nations to commercial prosperity.

The last thing that the Prussian State claims is that it is an organism for the dissemination of culture in the English sense of the term; again, the last thing that the German aspires to be is a man of culture according to the Anglo-Saxon tradition. Unfortunately for himself, from time to time the German Emperor, inheriting the tradition no doubt of his grandparents, the Prince Consort and the late Queen, has attempted to show himself an all-round man in the rôles of the arts. Thus his people, whilst they could tolerate his designing of the yellow-peril cartoon, disliked intensely his designing of statues, his conducting of orchestras, his engaging in disputes as to

biblical criticism, and his assumed acquaintance with the designs of the Almighty. The yellow-peril cartoon had in their eyes some sense, since, skilful or not, it was at least a political move. But the German people, knowing of reason that the Emperor must be an indifferent sculptor, musician, theologian, or intimate of the Almighty, let itself loose in grumbling when the Emperor became active in those departments. And the Prussian State official launched no proceedings against these grumblers because it was quite immaterial to the progress of the German nations towards commercial prosperity whether or no the Emperor were a good sculptor, musician, theologian, or friend of God.

The German art papers speak of the Emperor and of the Court intrigues of official artists in a way that would be absolutely impossible in this country; on the other hand, agricultural papers differing from the Emperor in his views of the proper management of potatoes in the Imperial farms have to refer to his Majesty's agricultural experiments with an extreme caution.

Or again, it is in Germany perfectly open to you to say that His Majesty was drunk when he sent the telegram to President Kruger, and that the language of the telegram was in consequence rather florid. You must not, however, say that the telegram led to any bad effects.

And below all these exhibitions of eccentricity, these grumblings, caricatures, prosecutions, or the withholding of proceedings, lies the spirit of what in this country it has become the habit to call the superman. It is possible to make too much of this word, as it is possible to speak too often of the "great blonde beast of Nietzsche." On the other hand, it is impossible to remember too often that Prussia is an old-fashioned State, the invention of one, or possibly of two, old-fashioned minds. Bismarck created, if he did not invent, the German Empire, which until 1891 or thereabouts retained much of the spirit of that

old Germany that saw the Iron Chancellor's birth. And, roughly speaking, William II invented, if he did not create, the entirely new Prussian spirit—the spirit that seeks to overbear opposition, not to circumvent it.

It has been said, and I dare say with a great deal of truth, that the chief defect of the new Prussian diplomacy consists in an absolute inability to take into account the psychology of opposing countries. That was certainly never a characteristic of Bismarck. Bismarck might flatter the vanity of a country from which he desired to obtain concessions; he might appeal to that country's lowest motives—to its greed, its love of peace. But he never made the mistake of imagining that an opposing country was actuated by exactly the same heroisms or vilenesses as characterised himself. Since the fall of Bismarck, however, that spirit has been the dominant note of Prussia in all its manifestations. And that spirit is the spirit of the Kulturmensch as superman.

I have already analysed with as much care and industry as have been vouchsafed me the personal characteristics of Friedrich Nietzsche. Let me say a few more words as to the effect of Nietszche upon the psychology of the German commoner sort. As I have tried to point out, the trouble with Nietzsche was that if he were not a confused thinker his peculiar methods of artistic projection present to the reader an aspect of confusion the most extreme. By apologists for Nietzsche the fact is advanced that a comparatively small handful of Germans—a comparatively few hundreds of thousands—can have read completely through the works of Nietzsche.

That is true enough. And the persons who have had the spiritual courage and industry to perform this task may be trusted to take care of themselves. The real trouble comes from people who here and there dip into Nietzsche's works to find justification for immoral actions, just as there are persons who read the Bible in order to discover in-

decent passages. And still more harm has probably been done to Germany by the incorrect reporting from mouth to mouth of such passages from Nietzsche's works. If perhaps only one hundred thousand Germans have read the whole of the works of Nietzsche, or even the whole of "Also sprach Zarathustra," it would be safe to say that there is hardly a German from Hamburg to Dresden and from Koenigsberg to Emmerich who has not had the words "the great blonde beast" held up to him as descriptive of a desirable prototype. And although one may very well agree with Dr. Oscar Levy that Nietzsche did not desire the armed conquest of Europe by Prussia, still the ignorant and the semi-ignorant who compose by far the largest proportion of the world's inhabitants might well be pardoned for thinking that he did so, more especially in a country whose official doctrines are expressed in exactly those terms.

It is not in short the complete works of Nietzsche that have done harm in Germany, it is the accidental paragraphs from his works scattered about the newspapers. I take up my daily paper and come immediately upon these two quotations from this writer:

> What I observe with pleasure in the German is his Mephistophelian nature; but to tell the truth, one must have a higher conception of Mephistopheles than Goethe had. . . . The true German Mephistopheles is much more dangerous, bold, wicked and cunning.

And again:

> That the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey is in no way surprising, but that is no reason why we should blame the great birds of prey for picking up the lambs. . . . To demand of strength that it should *not* manifest itself as strength, that it should *not* be a will for overcoming, for overthrowing, for mastery, a thirst for enemies, for struggles and triumphs, is as absurd as to demand of weakness that it should manifest itself as strength.

I ask myself—and I beg the reader to ask himself—

what will, what can be the effect of the haphazard reading in his papers of such passages upon a moneyless, ambitious, and vigorous German youth who has been kept ignorant of the outer world by the directions of his Emperor acting remorselessly upon his entire educational system; who has been informed from his birth that Friedrich Nietzsche is the new great prophet of modernity, and that the Prussian State shall function amongst the nations as the sword of God?

Of course it is very unfair to Nietzsche that his works should be quoted paragraphically in newspapers.

III

Let me now for the last time recapitulate the main theses of this book in so far as it has concerned itself with German Kultur. In order to impress them more fully upon the reader's mind, I will tabulate them under the following headings:

(*a*) Under the auspices of Prussia the standard of culture in Germany has steadily and swiftly deteriorated.

(*b*) The deterioration of the standard of culture in Germany has caused a deterioration of culture throughout the whole civilised world.

(*c*) Germany has produced no art of a really capital kind since 1870, and all German art and learning have been steadily on the down-grade since 1848. (It was after 1848 that the Prussian hegemony of Germany began to become a part of international politics.)

Let us go at once to the roots of these things. It will, I suppose, be conceded by most people that the effects of the Prussian university system, and of Prussian pedagogics upon this country, upon the United States, and upon the British colonies and dependencies have been profound and far-reaching. But I fancy that most people imagine the Latin

countries to be fairly immune from that Teutonic influence. Well, here is a passage:

Durante el siglo XIX en efecto, las Universidades alemanas han hecho el más poderoso esfuerzo por acersarse al tipo más elevado de corporación científica, en el sentido moderno de la palabra. Voy á describiros sumariamente una Universidad alemana. Se halla dividida en cuatro facultates: Teología, Jurisprudencia, Medicina y Filosofia.

And the lecturer goes on to describe in detail the working of a German university. Or, again:

Ese fin propusieron á principios del siglo XIX una multitud de excelsos ingenios, á la obra de la educación, educación interna, personal y externa, pedagógica. La consecuencia de sus esfuerzos titánicos ha sido una gran generación de hombres *que aspiraban é ese tipo de enciclopedistas en el saber, en el arte, en la vida social. . . . El dilettante no es ya más que una caricatura vil de aquellos viejos espíritos clásicos. . . .*[1]

These extracts are from a lecture delivered at the Athenæum of Madrid by Professor G. Morente in January 1914. The lecture is published *in extenso* in the *Revista de Libros*, a journal having an influential circulation not only in Spain, but in Spanish South America.

Or. here again are some passages from the *Mercure de France*, a journal which was, until its extinction owing to the present war, on the whole the most influential organ of intellectual France:

Autrefois, l'Allemagne était la première nation du monde pour les récherches philologiques et historiques. Depuis une douzaine d'années, nos universités l'ont rattrapée dans ce domaine; mais tandis que nous organisions nos facultés et notre enseignement scientifique, l'Allemagne nous a

[1] Pp. 19–20. Readers interested in this matter may consult also *Historia de la Universidad de Ovideo* (1903–4) and *Discurso leido en la solemne apertura del Curso academico de* 1912–13 and ditto for 1913–14 (also Oviedo).

devancés dans une autre voie, en consacrant tous ses efforts à la création et à l'organisation d'universités techniques.

Il est temps de suivre son exemple dans cette voie nouvelle, car ici, il ne s'agit plus seulement de sciences, théoriques, de connaissances de luxe, mais de la prospérité matérielle de la nation entière.

Le grand danger commencera pour nous quand les milliers de travailleurs formés par les universités techniques ne trouveront plus de débouchés dans leur propre pays. Il suffît que l'industrie allemande chôme pendant quelques années—et déjà certaines branches sont en pleine crise—pour que des milliers d'ingénieurs et des millions d'ouvriers soient sur le pavé. Et alors il est à craindre qu'une diversion ne devienne nécessaire. Peuple affamé n'a pas d'oreilles. C'est là que, dans un avenir plus ou moins éloigné, pourrait être le danger pour les voisins immédiats de l'Allemagne. (Henri Schoen, "Les Universités Techniques en Allemagne," article in the *Mercure de France*, January, 1909, p. 21.)

Now it is, of course, no province of ours to lecture Spain as to what is desirable or undesirable in the reform of its universities, if Spain decides to reform its universities. And although the case of France touches us much more nearly, and although it would be a calamity for all mankind if the Sorbonne or the illustrious university of Montpellier should become mere appendices to institutions for the extracting of by-products in commercially profitable forms—still, France has so sound a common sense that France may be trusted to look after herself. I only quote these passages in order to establish my thesis that the influence of German university methods has made itself felt in academic circles throughout the world.

And it is really amazing, as well as depressing, to observe how exactly Professor Morente has absorbed and adopted the Prussian formula and the Prussian ideal. That this has happened to many professors in this country, and, much more, to professors in the United States, has been lamentably apparent for many years. Particularly in the United States, and more particularly of late years, many distinguished

occupants of professorial chairs have been remarkably drilled by Prussian leaders of thought. They have, indeed, been so remarkably well drilled that certain of their utterances, particularly in regard to German life and letters, read or sound exactly as if they had been dictated by and reproduce the exact tones of a Prussian Minister of Education.

This is in itself lamentable, but it is a fairly familiar state of affairs to any one who has studied the matter. And that English scholarship also should be under the spell of German specialism, to the exclusion of more vital issues, is familiar enough too. But I must confess that my heart failed me when I read those Spanish words to the effect that " the consequence of Prussia's titanic efforts has been the arising of a great generation of men who aspire to be encyclopædic in learning, in the arts, and in social problems." For that that should be held before Spain—that great mother-country of learning—and before Spanish South America—that immense Golconda that may very well be regarded as the land of promise of the future—that is a vision very horrible indeed.

English imitation and absorption of Prussian ideas is a thing of much older growth—a growth typified by the Great Exhibition of 1851, and by monuments like the Albert Memorial. And I dare say that some such cataclysm as that of to-day was absolutely necessary to make the English nation in general, and English thinkers in particular, revise their estimate of Prussian influence upon the world. How deep the Prussian influence upon English life and thought became in the last century, and to what indecent and disgusting lengths it could force its advocates, is, I think, very forcibly proved by the following extracts from a letter to the *Times* of November 18th, 1870. It should be remembered that at that date the siege of Paris had begun, but had not ended—that France, the age-long benefactress of every human being whose aspirations soar beyond oatmeal-porridge

and raw force, was in such an agony as should have moved the most callous of elders to sympathy. And yet a human being of British extraction could be found to write:

SIR,—It is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France; but it seems to me a very idle, dangerous, and misguided feeling. . . . The question for the Germans, in this crisis, is not one of "magnanimity," of "heroic pity," and forgiveness to a fallen foe, but of solid prudence and practical consideration. . . . In all history there is no insolent unjust neighbour that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smashing down as France has now got from Germany. . . . (There follows a long typically Victorian version of the histories of France and Germany—one long glorification of Prussia and the Prussian spirit, bringing in as usual Charles V, Protestantism, liberty, and all the usual paraphernalia of the generation. And this concludes:) That pathetic Niobe of Denmark, reft violently of her children, is also nearly gone; and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. Bismarck, as I read him . . . shows no invincible "lust of territory," nor is tormented with "vulgar ambition," etc.; but has aims very far beyond that sphere, and in fact seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, grand, and successful steps towards an object beneficial to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest (sic) public fact that has occurred in my time.—I remain, Sir, yours truly.

This letter is signed "Thomas Carlyle." [1]

With the record of that indelible stain upon English civilisation—for it is a stain upon English civilisation that an English writer whom a great portion of the Anglo-Saxon world reverenced and applauded should have been found to utter, at such a date, such a sentence—with this record this book may well close.

[1] See Appendix E.

And I might leave it at that; for if I have done my work at all well the moral of these labours should be apparent to the most indifferent eye; if I have rendered them as I ought to have rendered them, the circumstances and history of these matters, there should be no need of any comment of my own. But one is always fearful of not having done one's work well enough, and in that fear I permit myself the following comments. And yet, when I come to think of it, the final comment that I should wish to have made has been taken out of my mouth by the writer of the letter that I have quoted earlier in this chapter—by the writer who says that the only idea of any parent in letting his son come under Prussian influences is either to make him a more efficient merchant or a more efficient imitator of German engineers—that Germany, in fact, is for all the world just the place where children are sent to learn money-grubbing and that Germany has no other province for the outside civilised world.

That is a terrible indictment—the most terrible that has ever been levelled against a mighty civilisation.

Let me repeat—since it is the most impressive quotation that I have made in the course of this work—the words of Professor Huber:

> English scholars live too much in and for the world, so that it is hardly possible for them to develop that species of almost monomaniacal love of the subject of their investigations.

That gives you the whole thing in a nutshell—the whole question that is the most pressing for the world to-day to decide. For the end and aim of Prussia at this moment is to turn out monomaniacs. Herr Huber has presented us with the exact word. The Prussian professor of philosophy is to be a monomaniac, knowing nothing of the world; the Prussian official is to be a monomaniac, thinking of nothing but officialism; the Prussian schoolboy is to be a monomaniac, in-

structed in and thinking of nothing but the glories of the House of Hohenzollern and the spread of Prussianism. And the thing that it is important for the whole world to consider is that, if Prussia wins the present struggle, not merely every inhabitant of the European combatant and conquered States, but every inhabitant of the whole world will have of necessity to become a monomaniac instead of a reasonable human being.

If I were a propagandist and tried to preach to the United States, to Italy, or to Denmark the necessity for supporting the cause of the Allies, that and that alone is the line that I should take. I should say to the United States: "It is all very well. Think what you like about the right to search vessels for contraband; think what you like about the shelling of unfortified towns or the burning of priceless libraries; but if the Prussian Empire assimilate Central Europe, your children born to-day and all unborn Americans for many weary centuries to come will have to become monomaniacs. There will be an end of the 'good time' that it is the ambition of every American to have now and then. In order to keep pace, in order to compete in armaments, in commerce, and in all the departments of life with this immense, remorseless, and remorselessly organised Central European State, you will have so to educate your children that they will become hopeless industrials, ceaselessly toiling at the work of self-specialisation in one cavern or another of the earth and their own souls." And, still supposing that I were an international propagandist, I should address the same words with very little alteration to Italy, to Spain, to Denmark, and even to the inhabitants of South Germany.

For whatever may be said against Prussia as a Colonial Power, there is no doubt about what she can do with subject European races. In the odd, colloquial English of a professor of history at Tuebingen University, with whom I was discussing this very matter some years ago, "she can jolly well make them work."

Prussia has oppressed Poland in a manner and with a callousness that pass the bounds of credibility and that put all other oppressions to shame. She has deported whole colonies of Poles into places like the Westphalian industrial centres, and what has happened? Those Poles have worked so hard that they have eaten the more easy-going Westphalians out of house and home. It is true that the Poles have become mere monomaniacs of the mines, of the pits, and of the foundries, having nothing else to think of, and being forbidden by Prussian law to think of anything else. And it is true that Poland is Germany's easy-going, Catholic, alien Ireland; but I wonder what our own easy-going, Catholic, alien Irish think of this pretty parable! I wonder how they would like the prospect of being transported from County Galway or the Bronx to a Prussianised Verviers and made to work ceaselessly, day in day out, until they, in their turn, had eaten out of house and home the local populations.

Whilst I write these words a great war is being waged. But, independent of all wars, there remains for solution the one unending problem. The dead die; the old houses and cathedrals fall in conflagrations or in the dust; the blood that is shed is like a seal upon the scroll of the past. But still, for us who survive, the main question remains the same. We have in fact to decide whether our children and our children's children shall be monomaniacs or graceful and all-round beings; we have to plump for professionalism or amateurism in politics, the arts, the universities, and every department of life. We have to decide whether the future of the race shall be that of organised, materialist egoism, or that of what I would call the all-round sportsmanship of altruistic culture. That question at least we can decide, whether we are at home or in the trenches in Flanders, and that question too is the most portentous that has been propounded to us by the year 1914, and remains for solution in *sæculum sæculorum*.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

GERMAN ECONOMIC DEPRESSION AS REVEALED IN CONSULAR REPORTS

THE reader, if he will trouble to read them, will find the following extracts from the Reports of H.B.M.'s Consular Agents in Germany both interesting and revelatory. It has been the custom in this country to regard the German Empire as an affair of immense and progressive prosperity. The figure of Germany that has been normally in the English mind has been that of an enormously wealthy individual bursting into the comity of nations, who may be figured as other wealthy and slightly somnolent individuals—and wresting from them by sheer force of energy and determination the larger part of their resources. Nothing could be really further from the fact. A really exact figure would present you with the image of an individual not quite wealthy enough bursting into a society of other individuals with very ancient and very immense resources, and trying to cut a dash at a rate far too rapid for his own purse, and inconveniently expensive even for his much more wealthy neighbours.

The real history of the commercial expansion of the German Empire in the twentieth century has been one of enormous artificial expansion obtained not infrequently by cutting prices to such an extent that there were no available profits when the expansions were secured; of money panics such as that of 1904; of periods of extremely shaken confidence such as that of the year of Agadir; and of periods of very short and excessive booms such as that of 1912. And it is very significant that, although the trade boom of 1912 was so excessive that the railway system of the Empire was completely disorganised and absolutely broke down, causing losses running to many millions of profit to the manufacturers and of wages to the working man—in spite of this sudden and excessive increase in prosperity the building trade of Germany, which is the real barometer of prosperity and confidence, was in a very depressed state in 1911, showed no increase during 1912, and would have gone to pieces altogether in the year 1913 except for some very large building orders from the military authorities of the Empire.

The whole financial position of Germany since the opening years of the present century has, in fact, been one of long anxieties qualified by short periods of hectic confidence ; by the fact of extreme shortage of capital, and the further fact that the population of the Empire was increasing each year by 900,000 births without any corresponding increase in the resources of the Empire—this increase in resources being necessary to start in careers such percentage of the yearly 900,000 young people who needed starting in careers. In addition, you have the fact that this percentage was largely increased by the entrance of women into the labour market, the women being forced out of their homes by the increased cost in the price of living.

It will, I think, be fairly apparent from the following quotations that, by the end of 1912, German trades and industries had reached the limit of their expansion, and that, as will appear in item after item, the competition of the French, of the Japanese, of the English and the Scotch manufacturers was either closing open markets to the Germans, or was actually making inroads into the German home trade.

The final quotation from the Consul at Duesseldorf's Report for 1912, the " boom " year, is particularly interesting as showing the complete breakdown of the State railway organisation, to which I have already referred.

I. Finance, Shortage of Capital, etc.

Reports for the year 1913 *on the Finances of the German Empire.* (By Earl Granville, Councillor of His Majesty's Embassy at Berlin.)

III. *New Issues.*—There have been two new issues in 1913, the first being a fair success, the second a dismal failure for the first time in the history of Prussian and German Imperial finance.

4 *per cent. loan of March* 1913.—The first issue on March 7th was for 50,000,000 marks (£2,458,333) Imperial 4 per cent. consols, and 100,000,000 marks (£4,916,666) Prussian 4 per cent. consols, both unredeemable before 1925. They were issued to the usual " consortium " of banks at 98 marks, and to the public at 98 marks 60 pf. (or 98 marks 40 pf. if entered in the debt book as not negotiable before January 15th, 1914). The amounts subscribed by the public were to be paid as to 50 per cent. on March 26th, as to 25 per cent. on May 14th, and the remainder on June 24th. This issue was over-subscribed, 215,000,000 marks being subscribed for the total issue of 150,000,000 marks. On the other hand, there was an issue at the same time of 400,000,000 marks

(£19,666,667) 4 per cent. Prussian treasury bonds which were issued at 99 marks, and were to fall due in 1917; though these represented an investment at 4·25 per cent. only about one-half the amount was applied for. This failure was no doubt due partly to the high bank rate at the time (6 per cent.), and partly to the knowledge that the Imperial Government were about to raise an enormous sum for military expenses by a levy on capital.

4 *per cent. loan of June* 1913.—The second issue on June 12th was for 175,000,000 marks (£8,604,167) 4 per cent. Prussian consols, 50,000,000 marks £2,458,333) 4 per cent. Imperial consols, and 75,000,000 marks (£3,687,500) 5½ per cent. Prussian treasury bonds. The stock was issued to the "consortium" at 97 marks, with an allowance of 0·25 per cent. in view of the portion of former issues which is still held, and to the public at 97 marks 90 pf. Payment was due as to 15 per cent. on June 26th, as to 30 per cent. on July 29th, as to 30 per cent. on August 28th, and as to 25 per cent. on September 19th. The issue is unredeemable till 1935, *i.e.* for the unprecedented period of twenty-two years.

No accurate figures have been published of the result, which was an undoubted failure, but it is said that only about 80 per cent. of the Imperial consols, and 57 per cent. of the Prussian consols were taken up by the public. The treasury bonds were taken over by the "consortium" without leave to issue them to the public. (Page 21.)

Report for the year 1913 *on the Trade of Germany, and of the Consular District of Duesseldorf* (*Westphalia and the Rhenish Provinces*). (By Mr. Consul-General Francis P. Koenig.)

General Remarks.—The prosperity of the year 1912 in trade and industry was not kept up during the whole of the succeeding year, and a gradual decline has since then set in. The Balkan war depressed trade and industry, and the subsequent effects of the Balkan complications and unrest are still only too evident. Unusually high bank rates proved ruinous to all banks and blocked fresh enterprise of every description. Buyers of all descriptions of goods held back with their purchases and business slackened. . . .

It is significant that the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate reduced the percentage of its members' output from 105·74 per cent. in 1912 to 87·3 per cent. in 1913, and that the Pig Iron Syndicate reduced the percentage of its members' output from 96⅕ per cent. in 1912 to 77·93 per cent. in 1913. Fresh orders got scarcer, and the increased supply of finished goods in the market reduced the price of such goods as were

not syndicated almost to cost price, in fact, in some cases, to a figure below cost price. Even the very large syndicates, such as the Coal Syndicate, the Pig Iron Syndicate, and the Steel Works Syndicate, were obliged to reduce their prices, although the actual reduction was small compared to the reduction which took place in non-syndicated goods. . . .

The trade decline arrived after only a comparatively short period of prosperity. The Balkan complications caused a general decline in stock exchange prices which it will take them a long time to recover from. The war caused a general dislocation in trade with the Balkan States, and also dislocated the trade in the countries adjoining the Balkans. All the exports to the Balkan States declined with the exception of war material, and indirectly exports to countries directly connected with the Balkans were very much reduced. The loss in the export trade to countries surrounding the Balkans was considerable, and the orders which came from these countries were not only reduced in number, but the price concessions which were required were unusually large. In consequence of the Balkan market being temporarily closed, competition in the remaining markets became severer still. The unsettled state of affairs in Mexico, as well as the changed state of the markets in the United States of America, owing to the change in the tariff, all contributed towards making business increasingly difficult. It may be admitted that, generally speaking, the quality of most German goods has improved under the pressure of the increased difficulty of marketing and the necessity of finding markets at all costs.

During the Balkan war the large majority of people believed in general European complications, and a great amount of cash was withdrawn from circulation. There is no doubt whatever that the withdrawal of large quantities of coin from general circulation was the cause of money being so dear and scarce. *Another reason for the scarcity of money is the fact that the building up of private fortunes has not kept pace with the very large increase of industries which are often built up on borrowed money, and which have to carry heavy charges in interests and deductions. The country has been getting richer during the last twenty-five years, but every year there is an increare of* 900,000 *in the population, which necessitates the creation of more employment, means expansion in industries, and requires finding more markets for the goods manufactured, if that increase in population is not to emigrate, but to remain at home, in the former case meaning a dead loss to the country.* Exclusive of private enterprise the public bought £134,000,000 worth of new issues in 1911, £146,000,000 in 1912, and £87,000,000 in 1913, which shows that ready cash has gradually become scarcer. (Pages 7–8.)

Taxation.—A war tax of £50,000,000 is being raised on

capital, and on incomes above £250 per annum, and an annual additional outlay of £10,000,000 is to be spent on the army. The annual £10,000,000 is to be got by raising the inheritance, stamp, and sugar taxes, and a special tax is to be imposed on the unearned increment on increased capital. (Page 9.)

II. Falling off in Trade and Foreign Competition

(*The following quotations are from the Report of H.B.M.'s Consul at Munich for* 1913 *and a part of* 1914).

Wine.—The Bavarian wine trade was at a very low ebb in 1913; bad harvests, high prices, and the spreading temperance movement are the causes of a decrease in a trade which used to be flourishing and profitable. (Page 13.)

Leather, Boots, and Gloves.—The price for raw hides has increased rapidly, in some cases from 10 to 20 per cent., owing to decreased slaughter and to a large demand for army purposes.

The Palatinate shoe trade, the chief branch of industry in that part of Bavaria, had to contend with great difficulties in 1913 for the reason just mentioned, on account of greater competition and labour unrest, and it is reported that both sales and profits have sensibly decreased.

The competition of a growing number of boot shops run by several factories all over the country, selling on a system of "one price only," greatly interferes with the hitherto prosperous retail boot trade. Sale prices could not be brought into harmony with increased cost prices. The shoe trade also complains of a dearth of good saleswomen, intelligent shop girls preferring more agreeable occupation than that offered by this particular branch of business. (Pages 14–15.)

Toys.—The important Bavarian toy industry felt the influence of the Balkan troubles and a falling-off of American orders, so that the warehouses remain overstocked. (Page 16.)

Rosaries.—An article of which there is a constant sale in Bavaria (rosaries) suffers much from French competition, as wages paid in France for the turning out of such devotional articles are much lower than in Bavaria. (Page 16.)

Straw Hats.—The Bavarian manufacturers of straw hats complain of large stocks having remained unsold in 1913 owing to the unpropitious weather in summer, and to Italian competition; no less than 400,000 Italian straw hats were imported into Germany during 1913 at the low duty of 10 pf. per piece. (Page 16.)

Pencils and Brushes.—The German pencil industry, concentrated almost entirely in Nuremberg, and for many years

in a most flourishing condition, has suffered in 1913, more especially from the wars in the Balkans and from keen foreign competition. The same may be said of the Nuremberg brush industry, which had also to contend with a general strike lasting from May till October. (Pages 16–17.)

Indiarubber.—Keen and not always fair competition, the Balkan troubles, and lower prices for the raw material led in 1913 to disastrous results in the Bavarian indiarubber trade; thus tyres for motor cars fell in price as much as 21 per cent.; many articles had to be sold below the manufacturing price. (Page 17.)

Baskets and Cane Furniture.—Sales of various kinds of basketware for the British market have been greatly reduced. Japanese competition is also very keenly felt. The export of baskets and cane furniture to the United Kingdom and to the United States is now considerably hampered owing to increase in freight rates which came into force on January 1st, 1913. (Page 17.)

Pianos.—The general depression in commerce has also had a bad influence on the piano trade, and the profits therefrom are decreasing on account of dearer raw materials and of higher wages asked for by skilled workmen. (Page 17.)

Matches.—The expected gradual improvement of the match industry owing to compulsory regulation by the Government of the contingent has not taken place to the extent originally expected. It is supposed that the enormous use of all sorts of substitutes, particularly the introduction of cheap cigar lighters, worked with benzine or with steel and flint, accounts for the decrease in the use of matches, no less than the more general use of electric light. (Page 17.)

Cement and Bricks.—The cement and brick industry is suffering heavily, as very few building operations on a large scale are now being carried on in Bavaria; in fact, Munich and Nuremberg are entirely deserted by masons and bricklayers owing to lack of work. The impossibility of obtaining money for building purposes and mortgages and the continual increase of rates and taxes, besides other general charges, have almost paralysed transactions in the estate and property market. The building market is also at a low ebb in the Palatinate, as municipal plots at Ludwigshafen are now sold at very moderate rates; for the purchase money left standing over interest at 4½ per cent. is charged; the amortisation amounts to 1 per cent. and the outlay for street paving, drainage, and electric light remains as mortgage on the property. (Page 17.)

Granite Industry.—The Bavarian granite industry, which is of some magnitude, has felt the effect of Scotch competition on the French markets. (Page 17.)

Paint.—The export of Bavarian paint to the United King-

dom in 1913 suffered from decreasing prices and from the fact that British water-colours are beginning to oust foreign competition. (Page 18.)

Machinery.—The State of the machine industry was fairly satisfactory during 1913. The complaints about slow payments heard during the past years in this industry seem to become a permanent feature. Orders from the Balkan States were sorely missed.

Manufacturers of large machinery were not at all satisfied. Owing to increased competition prices did not leave sufficient margin of profit. The largest factory of this type in Bavaria reports that on account of the unfavourable freight, labour, and other conditions prevailing in this country, and the chief market for this kind of machinery being in the Rhine provinces, it does not pay to construct such machinery in Bavaria. (Page 19.)

Cycles.—The cycle market was overstocked and prices fell to an unprofitable level. The difficulties under which the Bavarian cycle trade has to labour are best illustrated by the following table:

	Dividends. 1912. Per cent.	1913. Per cent.
Cycle works at Nuremberg:		
Victoria	7	6
Triumph	4	Nil
Hercules	8	4
Mars	5	Nil

The export from Bavaria to the United Kingdom of nickelled bicycle oil cans, formerly of some magnitude, has almost entirely ceased, as the United Kingdom now turns out the same article at lower prices than Germany. (Page 19.)

Motor Cars.—The motor car works did better than the cycle factories, yet some Bavarian motor car firms got rid of their large stock at any price, and allowed two or three years for full payment, which meant increased sales with scant profits. (Page 19.)

Leonine Industry.—The Bavarian leonine and metal spinning industry reports that the export to China is entirely lost since the establishment of the Republic, and gold and silver lace is no longer required for the purpose of adorning uniforms. (Page 19.)

Tobacco.—Tobacco growing is on the decrease in Germany; the area cultivated in Bavaria decreased from 2,717 hectares in 1912 to 2,508 hectares in 1913. It would appear that the climatic conditions for tobacco growing in Germany are gradually becoming less favourable, and do not allow the plant to reach its full maturity. (Page 22.)

Beetroot Sugar.—According to reports the results of the financial year 1912–13 are contrasting unfavourably with those of 1911–12. This was partly due to considerably lower prices of raw sugar, owing to a record crop of beet sugar throughout Europe, partly to a record crop of sugar in Cuba, but also to the increased cost price of beet. A further disadvantageous fact for sugar factories was the reckless competition of the South German and of Dutch works in buying up raw material, causing thereby considerable loss to factories interested in this particular trade. (Page 22.)

III. Conditions of Labour, Rise in Cost of Living, etc.

Report for the year 1913 *on the Trade of Germany and of the Consular District of Duesseldorf* (*Westphalia and the Rhenish Provinces*). (By Mr. Consul-General Francis P. Koenig.)

The Labour Market.—Statistics for 1913 show a less favourable state of the labour market than in the preceding year; one of the explanations put forward is that there is an ever-increasing number of foreigners employed every year in agriculture, mining, navvying, railway and road building; there is also no doubt that the increased cost of living having driven an increasing number of women to seek work in order to meet the daily expenses of dearer food, in many cases the women have replaced the men. In addition, the declining state of trade has tended to decrease employment. According to the statistics of the "Reichs-Arbeitsblatt," the number of applicants for 100 vacancies increased throughout 1913 with the exception of the month of January; the number of applicants increased from month to month in 1913, whilst in 1912 the number had a decreasing tendency. (Page 56.)

Report for the year 1913 *and part of* 1914 *on the Trade and Agriculture of Bavaria.* (By Mr. Consul-General L. Buchmann).

The report of the Munich Chamber of Commerce complains of the little support German Consuls give to trade in foreign countries, and refers in flattering terms to the efforts of the British Government and their consular representatives abroad in this matter. (Page 6.)

Cost of Living.—The rapid rise in the cost of living in Bavaria during the last twenty years is best illustrated by comparing average household expenses within that period

In Bavaria the weekly expenditure for food in families consisting of four members averaged in the following years:

	M.	pf.
1896	20	37
1900	21	7
1905	22	21
1911	25	10
1913	26	22

The average expenditure of the wage-earning classes on alcohol amounts to 5 per cent. of the whole income throughout the larger German cities, which average, however, reaches 7 per cent. in Nuremberg and 10 per cent. in Munich. About 8,400 persons are annually proceeded against in the Bavarian courts for various offences committed in a state of drunkenness. (Bavaria, page 6.)

Census of Unemployed.—There was a census of unemployed in Nuremberg on February 18th, 1914, when 3,774 men out of work were counted, against 2,421 on February 11th, 1913, and 2,513 on December 20th, 1908. (Bavaria, page 8.)

Meat.—The consumption of meat per head of population is declining, and the formerly unknown vegetarian restaurants are increasing rapidly. Choosing at random a town in Bavaria, it will be found that the consumption of meat at Bayreuth, with a population of 49,500, declined from 65·3 kilos. per head in 1912 to 59·2 kilos. in 1913. The number of horses slaughtered for food in the same town amounted during the last four years to:

1910	175
1911	215
1912	264
1913	236

(Bavaria, page 13.)

IV. Breakdown of Organisation of Railways

Report for the year 1912 *on the Trade and Commerce of the Consular District of Duesseldorf (Westphalia and the Rhenish Provinces).* (By Mr. Consul-General Francis P. Koenig.)

Railway Traffic.—The goods traffic of the first nine months of 1912 turned out to be a record and completely took the railway administration by surprise; the result was that towards the end of 1912 the railways were absolutely unable to meet the requirements of the public in trucks, in locomotives, and railway men. All the goods stations became congested, empty trucks were wanted everywhere, and the

losses to the public through insufficient railway service must have been very large indeed. In the coal-mining district of the Ruhr valley the railway administration provided, during the month of September, 1912, an average daily supply of 30,651 trucks, *i.e.* 16·6 per cent. more than the average daily supply during the month of September, 1911, and still this number was by a long way insufficient to meet the existing demands.

Round about Cologne the goods traffic got congested to such an extent that the only way to deal with the congestion was the refusal on the part of the railways administration to accept any fresh goods for four full days. The congestion was such that the goods stations were full of loaded trains unable to get away to their destinations; at some stations there was such a congestion that unloading trucks was next to a practical impossibility. Under the circumstances deliveries were very much delayed. The worst feature of the congestion was that large quantities of goods could not be loaded up at all, owing to a dearth of trucks.

In the coal district of the Ruhr valley it is estimated that during September and October 200,000 trucks asked for were never furnished, and in November the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate stated that daily 10,000 trucks asked for were never furnished. It will readily be conceived that an enormous loss was caused to the mining companies, and, furthermore, the loss in wages to the miners in consequence. It has been estimated that the 200,000 trucks which were not furnished in September and October represented a loss of £10,000,000 to £12,000,000 to the mining companies, and besides this a loss in wages to the miners of £5,000,000 to £6,000,000. This loss is quite apart from that sustained by the buyers of coal, *i.e.* the many industries dependent on coal to keep their works going. It is a fact that a number of mining companies had to work short time, as they could not get their coal away from the pits and delivered to the buyers. During this autumn congestion British coal found its way up the Rhine in increasing quantities, and importers of British coal maintained that they have thus made up for the loss of the German market sustained by the coal strikes in the United Kingdom in the spring; but an increasing amount of British coal comes up the Rhine every year. (Page 16.)

APPENDIX B

IMPERIAL SPEECHES AND MINISTERIAL DECREES CONCERNING PRUSSIAN EDUCATION

[The consequences of the Emperor's speech on December 17th, 1890, were the Emperor's orders of February 12th, 1891, as follows:]

(*a*) *February 12th.* The Minister of Education communicates the following to all provincial School Commissions:

In the matter of changing the conditions attaching to the Leaving Examination Order for *Gymnasien* of May 27th, 1882, the Latin essay as a final test of proficiency and the "remove" test in Greek for the upper class shall be abolished in *Gymnasien* as well as in *Progymnasien*. The proposal to abolish at the same time the "remove" test in French in *Gymnasien* and *Progymnasien*, and the "remove" test in Latin in *Realgymnasien* and the final examinational tests in other foreign languages in *Real* institutions shall not be accepted. The exercises in free Latin composition are only to be reduced in so far as concerns the abolition of the Latin essay as a final test of proficiency, since by this abolition the preparation for essays at home has become superfluous and from this time forward is to be neglected. The abolition of the Latin essay shall not affect the oral and written essays in class, in so far as these exercises promote a thorough manipulation of the linguistic material and a freer written use of the Latin language, thus imparting a better understanding of the writers.

(*b*) *End of May.* The first fruits of the reforms suggested in the School Conference of December 4th to 12th, 1890, appear in the form of three lesson-books which are intended for immediate use in such educational establishments as the Emperor considers to be directly under his authority—namely, the Cadet Training Schools. These lesson-books treat of (1) Teaching of History, (2) the Literature of the Sagas, (3) Domestic Geography.

[Details follow: the deeds of the House of Hohenzollern for five hundred years backwards from Kaiser Wilhelm II were the principal subject in history. The stories of Wodin or Odin, of Thor, Balder, Freya and the Twilight of the Gods were named in the second section. The third dealt only with general geography, working from German geography outwards.]—Deutscher Geschichtskalender for 1891, Pt. I, pp. 280–1). For German text of the above see Appendix F.

II

The following passages are extracted from "German Higher Schools," by Mr. James E. Russell, an American authority upon education:

A

"The Emperor, in an order dated May 1st, 1889, said: 'I have for a long time been occupied with the thought of making use of the schools in their separate grades for combating the spread of socialistic and communistic ideas. . . . The school must endeavour to create in the young the conviction that the

teachings of Social Democracy contradict not only the Divine commands and Christian morals, but are, moreover, impracticable, and, in their consequences, destructive alike to the individual and to the community. The school must bring the new and the newest history of the times more than hitherto into the circle of the subjects of instruction, and show that the power of the State alone can protect for the individual his family, his freedom, and his rights. And it must bring the youth to know how Prussia's kings have exerted themselves to elevate the conditions of the labourers, in a continuous development from the legal reforms of Frederick the Great, and from the abolition of serfdom to the present day. Moreover, the school must show by statistics how considerably and constantly in this century the wages and condition of the labouring classes have improved under this monarchical protection.'

" This led to definite proposals by the Ministry of State for carrying out the Emperor's wishes."—" German Higher Schools " (1905), by James E. Russell, pp. 389–90.

B

" The Emperor's words [speech to the School Conference of December 17th, 1890] were a direct challenge to all parties. The humanists were charged with being philologists merely, not educators in the truest sense of the term. ' The foundation of our *Gymnasium* must be German. It is our duty to educate young men to become young Germans, and not young Greeks and Romans.' The *Realgymnasium* was declared to be a hybrid institution, which gives ' but a partial education and . . . incomplete preparation for life.' And, lastly, the entire system, *Realschulen* included, was condemned as wanting a national basis.

" While the charge that the higher schools were responsible for the growth of Social Democracy was indignantly repudiated by the conference, the results of their deliberations appear in the school curricula of 1892, in which the subjects of religion, German, and history are made the centres of instruction. To that extent nationalism, as represented by the Emperor, might claim a victory."—" German Higher Schools " (1905), by James E. Russell, p. 392.

APPENDIX C

MINISTERIAL OPPRESSION OF PROFESSORS

[The following quotations from various works of Professor Paulsen may interest the reader who wishes to know what is the fairly representative Prussian official position with regard to such matters as the above:]

I

(Opinions hardly differ on this point. On the other hand,) "... It is a debatable question whether membership in the social democratic party should exclude a man from the university, even from lecturing on subjects that have nothing to do with politics. The Prussian Ministry of State has affirmed the question.

"In trying the case of the private-docent of physics, Dr. Arons, as the highest disciplinary authority, according to the new law, it based its decision upon the general theory that membership in the social democratic party was in itself incompatible with the position of a private-docent, and furnished cause for removal, under the provisions of the new 'law dealing with disciplinary measures for private-docents,' since it made him unworthy of the confidence which his calling demanded. Sitting in judgment on the same case as the disciplinary tribunal of the first instance, and according to the same law, the philosophical faculty of the Berlin University had not been able to convince itself of the soundness of this position. The faculty was, in my opinion, right in assuming that the private-docent was not an official, and hence had no special official duties towards the State, that his character as a man and as a scholar, hence also his worthiness of confidence [trustworthiness] in these respects were not affected by his political opinions, and that, therefore, in so far as these opinions did not influence his teaching, he suffered no loss of confidence [trustworthiness] in his standing as a private-docent, which would have been the case with an official. Nor was the faculty able to discover any political danger to the State in the fact that a private-docent of physics was an active member of the social democratic party." [1]

[The reader should understand that this means that the Prussian Ministry condemned Dr. Arons on appeal after the Berlin Faculty had acquitted him. On the other hand, in another of his works, Professor Paulsen makes the following statement:]

II

"The only way in which an attempt is still made now and then to influence the course of the development of scientific thought, especially in the faculty of theology, is by giving preference to certain teachers, on account of their personal standpoint, in filling the university chairs. This selection, however, is usually forced on the educational authorities from

[1] F. Paulsen, "The German Universities and University Study," p. 251.

without, being mainly due to influences which have to be looked for at court, in the synods, or in parliamentary life."[1]

III

"The wish has been expressed that the universities, for the sake of greater uniformity, especially in the promotion of professors, be placed under the control of the Imperial Government [as opposed to institutions under the control of separate States]. But I do not think that this demand will meet with the approval of intelligent persons. If decentralisation is possible and necessary anywhere, it is in the field of State supervision of intellectual culture. The independence of the several States has kept alive a spirit of competition which has shown itself to be a wholesome incentive. Nor has it been less favourable to the internal freedom of the universities: *for every proscribed professor there has always been found another chair beyond the boundary of the State*, as in the case of the seven teachers at Goettingen, and the men driven from Leipsic after 1850. And the independence of the university teacher depends in no little measure upon the fact that, in case he becomes impossible in a certain place, he can go elsewhere and establish a sphere of usefulness for himself under a different administration."[2]

[The words underlined are not historically true, as witness the cases of Jahn and Arndt; but this passage goes to establish my contention—which in passage number two Professor Paulsen seems to deny—that cases of ministerial oppression of professors are in Germany frequent and well known.]

APPENDIX D

PROFESSOR PAULSEN

[Professor Paulsen's real views as to the rightness and wrongness of ministerial interference with professors are difficult to discover, which is not surprising when one remembers that he himself was subject to the Minister der Geistlichen und Unterrichts-Angelegenheiten. The following passages will give the reader a fair view of the varying attitudes adopted by this writer towards this subject:]

I

"*The Appointment of Professors.*—This is brought about throughout Germany by the State governments; in Prussia

[1] "German Education Past and Present." By Friedrich Paulsen, Ph.D. Translated by T. Lorenz, Ph.D., p. 194.

[2] F. Paulsen, "The German Universities and University Study," p. 77.

the sovereign himself appoints the ordinary professors, and the Minister of Education the extraordinary ones. The faculty, however, has the right, based upon tradition and also, for the most part, upon statutory regulations, to co-operate in the appointment, in the following manner. When a vacancy occurs in a chair, the faculty suggests, as a rule, the names of three men who, in its judgment, are suitable for the position. But the government is not bound to confine its choice to these names, and, as a matter of fact, they are not infrequently disregarded in that neither the faculty's first choice nor, indeed, any one of the men suggested receives the appointment. And for the first appointment to a newly created chair the faculty's right to make nominations is, generally, not recognised at all."[1]

II

"This is also largely true, so far as I can see, with regard to the occasional complaints of the faculties against the arbitrariness of the administration. Here, too, mistakes are made which can, for the most part, be traced back to illegitimate political influences. But as a rule the German universities have no just cause for complaint. They cannot and do not wish to deny that the men who have had, and still have, charge of their administration are governed by a conscientious concern for the welfare of the whole as well as by a kindly interest in individuals. And in reviewing the past they must themselves admit that the rejection of their nominations has not in every case been unjustifiable.

"It may therefore be asserted that their method of appointing professors suits our conditions." (Page 85.)

III

"This, of course, does not mean that the State should absolutely suppress all attempts to formulate such theories. Nor do I deny the need of a social democratic party and of its criticisms of existing political institutions. Though it may often shoot far beyond the mark, it has given rise to wholesome reforms in our legal and social institutions, and

1 According to a report in the *Nord. Allgem. Zeitung*, December 5th, 1901, 311 appointments were made in the theological faculty between 1817 and 1900, 209 upon the recommendation of the faculty, and 102 without or against the recommendation; 432 in the juridical, 346 upon recommendation, 86 without or contrary to such recommendation; 612 in the medical, 478 upon recommendation, 134 without or contrary to it. For the years after 1882 the figures are: in the theological faculty, upon recommendation 82, without or contrary 38; in the juridical, upon recommendation 125, without or contrary 15; in the medical, upon recommendation 207, without or contrary 29.—"The German Universities and University Study," by Friedrich Paulsen. Authorised translation by Frank Thilly and William W. Elwang, p. 83.

will continue to do so in the future the more clearly it keeps in view, as a political party should, the most immediate positive ends and allows the ultimate ideals to take care of themselves. All I assert is this: The State cannot hand over the business of teaching the science of the State to men who show no deeper appreciation of the inner necessity of historical products, and who have no more respect for established institutions than the platforms, literature, and press of the social democracy express. The State will permit such men to gain followers for their doctrines wherever they choose, but it cannot appoint them as the authorised leaders in the science of these things.

"It is also to be added that so long as the social democracy boasts of being a revolutionary party, expecting and aiming at the overthrow of the entire established political and legal order, no professor, be his chair what it will, can join this party without at the same time renouncing his office. The official oath includes the recognition of the existing constitution, and manifestly no State can relinquish its right of expressly demanding or tacitly assuming such recognition from every official. No State, be it republican or monarchical, or what you please, will confer an office upon a man who declares it to be his political function to destroy its very foundation. To destroy its very foundation, mind you, not to reform and improve the State, for which provision is made by the constitution itself. No one can be an officer of the State who seeks to destroy it. Not for a moment can we imagine that a social democratic republic or whatever the future State might call itself would assume a different attitude in this respect. Indeed, it is to be presumed that it would go much farther and be forced to go much farther in watching those under suspicion and expelling its enemies than any one of the existing States. The more firmly established a State is, the less sensitive it is to criticism; the weaker it is, the more anxious it will be to ward off attacks and to suppress public criticism. And hence the freedom of teaching would be nowhere less assured than in a place where a new revolutionary government was compelled to defend itself against reactionary movements, where law and authority were insecure and depended wholly upon public opinion, the most uncertain thing in the world."

[1] F. Paulsen, "The German Universities and University Study," p. 248.

APPENDIX E

THOMAS CARLYLE AND PRUSSIANISM

[THE following extracts from various works of Carlyle indicate of how strongly Prussian a type of mind this once-esteemed personality was. I may point out that (*a*) Carlyle wrote a letter to the *Times* in defence of Prussia in 1870 (November 18th), and (*b*) he received the Prussian Order of Merit, 1874.]

I

"Latter-Day Pamphlets." 1. Present Time (1850): "Curious enough: the model of the world just now is England and her constitution; all nations striving towards it. . . . Prussia, too, solid Germany itself, has all broken out into crackling of musketry, loud pamphleteering, and Frankfort parliamenting and palavering . . . " etc., *ad nauseam.*

II

"Shooting Niagara: and after?"—Essays, Vol. VI. page 341: "It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany should either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation; but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the English newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now do-able; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks?" —August, 1867.

III

"I always fancy there might be much done in the way of military drill withal . . . one often wishes the entire population could be thoroughly drilled: into co-operative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points—and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it!

"That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it, and how many ever do?"—Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, April 2nd, 1866. Essays, Vol. VI. page 297.

APPENDIX F

GERMAN TEXTS

I

Treitschke, "Politik," vol. i, pp. 75–6: "Immer sind es nur die müden, geistlosen, und erschlafften Zeiten gewesen, die mit dem Traum des ewigen Friedens gespielt haben. Die neuere Geschichte zeigt vorzüglich drei so geartete Perioden. Es war erstens die traurige Zeit nach dem Utrechter Frieden, nach Ludwigs XIV Tode. Die Welt schien aufzuatmen, Friedrich der Grosse aber nannte scharfsinnig diese Jahre eine Zeit allgemeiner Entartung der europäischen Politik. Das heilige roemische Reich in seinem damaligen lächerlichen Zustande, das unfertige Preussen—das vor der Frage stand zu wachsen oder unterzugehen—alle diese unreifen Verhältnisse wurden von Aposteln der Vernunft für sittlich erklärt. Der ältere Rousseau, der Abbé Castel de Sainte-Pierre und andere traten auf und schrieben ihre verrückten Bücher vom ewigen Frieden. Die zweite Epoche in der man wieder stark die Friedenspfeife rauchte, kam unter ähnlichen Verhältnissen nach dem Wiener Kongress. Die Wiener Verträge wurden als ratio scripta betrachtet; es sollte vernünftig und sittlich sein dass zwei edle Völker, die Italiener und die Deutschen, in alle Ewigkeit verstümmelt blieben. Die dritte Epoche erleben wir heute, wiederum nach einem grossen Krieg, der allen Idealismus in Deutschland zerstört zu haben scheint. Erschallt nicht heute laut und schamlos das wiehernde Gelächter der Gemeinheit, wenn irgendetwas zugrunde geht was Deutschland gros gemacht hat? Die Fundamente unserer alten, edlen Bildung werden jetzt zerstört, alles was uns zu einer Aristokratie unter den Völkern gemacht hat, wird verhöhnt und mit Füssen getreten. Das ist denn allerdings die rechte Zeit auch wieder von einem ewigen Frieden zu phantasieren. Im übrigen lohnt es sich nicht der Mühe über diesen Gegenstand noch länger zu reden; der lebendige Gott wird dafür sorgen dass der Krieg als eine furchtbare Arzenei für das Menschengeschlecht immer wiederkehrt."

II

Hans Delbrueck, "Whigs und Tories," p. 134: "Auch dem heutigen englischen Liberalismus würde man sehr unrecht tun, wenn man ihn nach seiner Staats- und Rechts-

philosophie beurteilen wollte. Die herrschende Lehre dieser Partei basiert auf dem Satz, dass der Zweck des Staates die Glückseligkeit der Individuen sei. Der Deutsche mag lächeln über diese etwas naive Metaphysik. . . ."

III

Op. cit., *ibid.*: "Wählt also keine hochtönenden, irreführenden Ausdrücke, sondern sagt es mit einem Wort, was ihr meint: Komfort ist der Zweck des Vaterlandes. Komfort der Mitmenschen ist der Begriff, der zu substituiren ist, wenn Vater und Mutter den Freunden melden, dass für König und Vaterland in der jüngsten Schlacht auch ihr Sohn den Heldentot gestorben sei."

IV

Op. cit., p. 135: "Wenn Glück der Zweck des Staates ist so sind wir entweder Narren dass wir uns den feindelichen Kugeln ausgesetzt haben, statt uns ebenfalls für dieses Glück aufzusparen . . . oder ihr seid Nichtswürdige, dass ihr die sittliche Natur des Menschen leugnet, der Besseres kennt, als physisches Leben und irdisches Glück."

V

Op. cit., p. 135: ". . . und stellen vom Standpunkt der objektiven historischen Betrachtung den englischen Liberalen das Zeugnis aus, dass sie zwar schlechte Philosophen, aber sehr gute Leute sind. Auf Grund und durch das Glückseligkeits- und Nützlichkeitsprinzip haben die heilsamste Reformen in ihrem Vaterlande teils selber durchgeführt, teils indirect durch moralischen Druck erzwungen. Die Einführung der geordneten Beamtenverwaltung nach kontinentalem Muster, die Nachahmung der preussischen Städteverfassung, die Befreiung aller produktiven Kräfte ist zum grössten Teil ihr Werk. Nicht nur ihr Volk und seine zukünftigen Geschlechter, sondern die ganze civilisierte Erde hat an dem Segen, der von diesen Reformen ausgegangen ist, der grandiosen Entwickelung von Handel, Industrie, Ackerbau, Gesundheitspflege, allen Künsten, die das Leben schmücken und verschönern, teilgenommen und ist ihnen dafür dankschuldig. Entgegen und trotz des Glückseligkeits- und Nützlichkeitsprinzips würden aber ohne jeden Zweifel im Momente der Gefahr die Liberalen ebensowohl für ihren Staat einstehen, wie jede andere Partei. Wenn eine russische Flotte vor der Themse erschiene und der Kommandeur der Landungsarmee sie in einem Manifest aufforderte, . . . so würden sie sich gar

nicht erst mit der Bekehrung zu einer andern Staatsphilosophie aufhalten, sondern den Vorwurf der Inkonsequenz und Prinzipwidrigkeit ruhig auf sich nehmen, um ihn mit möglichst kräftigen Hieben zu erwidern."

VI

Hans Delbrueck, "Stein, Hardenberg und die sozialpolitischen Ideen der Gegenwart," pp. 193–4: "Der Staat Preussen, welcher 1806 in der Schlacht bei Jena zusammenbrach, war ein durch die absolute Monarchie, unterdrücktes und überbautes, aber nicht zerstörtes, ständisches Staatswesen. Adel, Bürger und Bauern waren kastenartig geschieden. Der Bauer war erbuntertänig, und musste den Adel Frohndienste leisten. Der Bürger durfte sein Gewerbe nur innerhalb einer Stadt und als Mitglied einer Zunft treiben, durfte keine Rittergüter erwerben, und war von den höchsten Stellen des Beamtentums, wie vom Offizierstande so gut wie ausgeschlossen. Der Adel hatte die obrigkeitliche Gewalt über seine Bauern, die angesehensten Staatsämter wurden ihm reserviert, bei der Steuergesetzergebung war er stark bevorzugt. Dafür würde von ihm erwartet, dass er im Offizierstand sich dem Kriegdienst widme, und um den Adel als Stand zu erhalten war dem einzelnen Edelmann verboten, seine Güter an den Bürgerstand zu verkaufen. Da dieser am leichtesten bar Geld hatte, so wurde natürlich der Preis der Güter durch dieses Verbot sehr herabgedrückt und die materiellen Vorteile, die sonst dem Adel aus seiner priviligierten Stellung vielfach zuflossen, durch diese Einschränkung wieder stark beschnitten.

"Der Sinn dieser Verfassung, wie Friedrich der Grosse sie aufgefasst hatte, war, dass jeder Stand in sich eine gewisse traditionelle Gesinnung erhalten und fortpflanzen sollte, die dem einzelnen den sittlichen Halt gab, und die moralischen u.s.w. . . . Um es ganz zu verstehen, welches Gewicht Friedrich darauf legte, dass seine Offiziere alle oder fast alle Edelleute seien, muss mann in Betracht ziehen, dass das damalige Preussen kein nationaler Staat war. Es war der reine Zufall, welche gerade die Landschaften Preussen, Brandenburg und Cleve mit den andern unter ein und den selben Herrscher gestellt hat. Die Vassallentreue des Edelmannes musste den fehlenden nationalen Zusammenhang einigermassen ersetzen. Der Edelmann regierte wieder über seine erbuntertänigen. Bauern. Den Bürgerstand fesselte eigentlich gar nichts an seinen Landesherrn; dafür wurde aber auch ausser Steuerzahlen, nichts von ihm verlangt, denn vom Militärdienst war er meistenteils befreit.

" Dieser so künstlich konstruierte Staat war den Anforderungen der Neuzeit nicht gewachsen, und ist durch die Gesetzgebung eines halben Jahrhunderts, allmählich in einen demokratisch-individualistischen Körper verwandelt worden."

VII

12 *Februar.* Der Unterrichtsminister teilt allen Provinzial-Schulkollegen Folgendes mit:

" In Abänderung der betreffenden Bestimmungen der Reifeprufüngs Ordnung für Gymnasien vom 27 Mai 1882 sollen von Ostern 1892 an der lateinische Aufsatz als Zielleistung und das griechische Versetzungsscriptum für Prima sowohl an Gymnasien wie an Progymnasien in Wegfall kommen. Der Vorschlage wegen gleichseitiger Aufhebung auch des franzosischen Versetzungsscriptums an Gymnasien und Progymnasien und wegen Beseitigung des lateinischen Versetzungsscriptums an Realgymnasien und sonstiger fremdsprachlicher Prüfungsleistungen an Realanstalten sei nicht Folge zu geben. Die Uebungen im freien schriftlichen Gebrauche der lateinischen Sprache seien nur insoweit beschränkt, als der lateinische Aufsatz als Zielleistung weggefallen, somit auch die Vorbereitung darauf in Hausaufsätzen überflüssig geworden sei und fernerhin zu bleiben habe. Nicht berührt von der Aufhebung des lateinischen Aufsatzes seien aber die mündlichen und schriftlichen Uebungen in der Klasse, sofern dieselben eine allseitige Verarbeitung des sprachlichen Materials zu einem freieren schriftlichem Gebrauche der lateinischen Sprache fördern und dadurch zum besseren Verständnisse der Schriftsteller befähigen sollen."—Deutscher Geschichtskalender, 1891, Part I, pp. 282–3.

VIII

SCHULREFORMFRAGE

Ende Mai. Die ersten Früchte der in der Schulkonferenz vom 4 bis 12 Dezember 1890 angeregten Reform liegen in Gestalt vom drei Lehrbüchern vor, welche zunächst für die Lehranstalten bestimmt sind, die der Kaiser als direkt unter ihm stehend bezeichnete, die Kadettenhaüser. Diese Schulbücher behandeln: 1. den Geschichtsunterricht, 2. die Sagenkunde, 3. die Heimatskunde.

APPENDIX G

NOTE ON GERMAN SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

Sir William Ramsay has kindly furnished me with the following account of the matters treated of in Professor Fischer's lecture referred to on page 168:

Excellenz Professor Emil Fischer, of Berlin University, gave a lecture before the Kaiser at the close of 1912 on the occasion of the opening of one (or more) of the "Kaiser Wilhelm Institut" at Dahlen, near Berlin. There are four such institutes, three for different branches of Chemistry, one for Physiology.

Fischer, in his lecture, spoke of the following discoveries or inventions, but did not in most cases give their origins. They were:

(1) Radiothorium: attributed to Otto Hahn. I gave Hahn (who was my student) the material and told him what to do. I am indifferent about such matters and allowed him to publish in his own name; he added his acknowledgments to me at the end of his paper. It was *my* discovery, but he worked it out, and well, as Germans do.

(2) Liquid hydrogen: first obtained by Olszewski of Cracow: then in quantity by Dewar, and by Trowers. The machine (modified) is due to Hampson of London.

(3) Electrical oxidation of nitrogen: artificial nitrates from the air. Original process due to Priestley and Cavendish (1780). Shown to be feasible by Crookes (1895) and Rayleigh (1895). Worked on a large scale by Birkeland and Eyde (both of Christiania, Norway).

(4) Calcium cyanomide (alternative method of combining nitrogen): this is due to Caro and Franke, both of Berlin.

(5) Synthetic ammonia (third method of combining atmospheric nitrogen): process suggested by Haber (German Jew, head of the Chemical Department at Karlsruhe); made practical by Le Rossignol, of Jersey, one of my old students, who published in collaboration with Haber. Le Rossignol is a practical experimenter: Haber is not.

(6) Electrolytic iron: Tracey (I don't know much about this).

(7) Development of colour industry: introduced by Perkin, who first made mauveine.

(8) Artificial silk: due chiefly to Cross and Bevan, analysts in London.

(9) Artificial rubber: first made by Tilder, about 1888. Much could be said about this. An English company has the only practicable means of making rubber economically.

(10) Artificial camphor: discovered by Béhal of the Ecole Supérieure de Pharmacie, Paris.

(11) "Backelite," a sort of imitation amber. Backeland is a Belgian, settled in New York.

(12) Caffein (synthetic): Fischer himself. It does not compete with the same material extracted from refuse tea.

(13) Suprarenin: Schäfer and Moore, of University College, discovered that adrenalin, an extract from certain glands, was a useful medicine. Takaminu, a Japanese prepared the stuff synthetically. Stolz, a German, has introduced a modification called suprarenin. Medical men doubt if its effect is as good as the original gland secretion, adrenalin.

(14) Salvarsan (remedy for syphilis): this is due to a German Jew, Ehrlich, who fully deserves the credit.

(15) Tonone, a stuff having the odour of violets: due to Tieman, Professor at Berlin.

They classify (roughly)—

German	$4\frac{1}{2}$
English	$8\frac{1}{2}$
French	1
American	1

INDEX

Abeken (Bernhard Rudolf), 276
Abeken (Heinrich), 82
Acton (Lord), 242
Addison (Joseph), 109, 285
Æschylus, 142, 151, 271, 274
Agadir, 321
Agincourt (Battle of), 3
Agrarian Party, 202, 204
Aix-la-Chapelle, 201, 272
Ajaccio, 287
Albert Hall, 49
Albert Memorial, 49, 314
Albert of Brandenburg, 24
Albert, Prince Consort, 133, 307
Alcibiades, 214
Alembert (Jean le Rond d'), 109
Alexander of Battenberg (Prince), 122, 162
Alsace-Lorraine, 31, 88, 89, 123, 281
"Also sprach Zarathustra" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 130, 132, 155, 310
"Ancient Law" (by Sir Henry Maine), xv
Angeivarians, 70
Anhalt, 54, 55
"Annalen des preussischen Schul- und Kirchenwesen" (by Frederick Gedicke), xii
Annunzio (Gabriele d'), 197
"A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?" (by Edmond Demolins), 252, 254
Arminius, 69, 106
Arndt (Ernst Moritz), 28, 272, 273
Arnold (Matthew), 78, 79, 249, 250
"Art and Revolution," *see* "Kunst and Revolution"
Ashford, 100, 173
Auerstadt (Battle of), 25
Augsburg, 7, 10, 13
Augustenburg (C. F. Friedrich Augustus, Duke of), 82
Austria, 13, 21, 23, 30, 52, 82–4, 86, 123, 124, 125, 129, 161
Austrians, 25, 53, 57
Avignon, 52

Bach (Johann Sebastian), 19, 20, 80
Baden, 54, 72, 84, 85, 259
Bad Soden, 155, 157
Bakunin (Mikhail Aleksandrovitch), 62, 63, 66, 72–5
Balkan War, 324–7
Bartels (Professor Adolf), 80, 89, 90, 128, 162, 173, 244, 245
Basle, 10, 131, 147
Baumgarten (Alexander), 276
Bavaria, 21, 54, 82, 84–7, 126, 195, 325–9
Bavarian Trade (Consular Report), 325–9
Bayreuth, 135, 137, 143, 144, 146–51
Beethoven (Ludwig van), 19, 20, 268
Belgium, 119
Belvedere, 282
Bennigsen (Count), 91, 93
"Berenice" (by Catullus), xiv, xvi
Bergisch-Marckischebank, 198
Berlin, 23, 24, 25, 62, 67, 165, 198, 201, 202, 203, 227, 233, 234, 236, 237, 240, 251
Berlin (University of), 38, 39, 41, 81, 175, 182, 212, 218, 219, 226, 243, 247, 264
Bernhardi (Fredrich A. J., General von), 34, 125
Bernheim (Professor von), 255, 259, 266

Beust (Friedrich Ferdinand, Count von), 71
Bideford, 244
Bieberstein (Marschall von), 63, 65, 73
Bielschowsky (Albert), 275–8
"Birth of Tragedy, The," *see* "Geburt der Tragoedie"
Bismarck (Otto, Fuerst v.), 12, 32, 35, 40, 48, 77, 78, 81–96, 107, 108, 115, 120–9, 162, 205, 212, 217, 250, 278, 308–9, 315
Bizet (Georges), 153–4
Bluecher (Feldmarschall Gebhart L. v.), 4, 28, 34
Blum (Professor Hans), 88
Bode (Dr. von), 229, 230
Boehm (Sir Edgar), 233
Boer War, *see* South African War
Bohemia, 37
Bonn (University of), 41, 255
Boppard, 271
Bornhofen, 118
Bothmer (General von), 83
Bourbons, 30, 31
Brahms (Johannes), 79
Brandenburg (Mark of), 4, 23, 24, 25, 30, 32, 46, 47, 172
Brandl (Professor Alois), xiii
Bray (Count, Bavarian Prime Minister), 86, 87
Bremen, 55
Brentano (Clemens), 108, 119
Breslau, 72, 201
Breslau (University of), 41
Brown (Ford Madox), vii
Browne (Sir Thomas), xv
Browning (Robert), 79
Bructerians, 69
Brunswick, 19, 55, 82, 180, 201
Brunswick-Celle, 19
Brunswick-Wolfenbuettel, 19
Buckingham Palace, 234
Buecheler (Professor), xiii, xiv
Buff (Lotte), 287–9
Bulgaria, 122
Bunyan (John), 247
Burns (John), 255
Burns (Robert), 245
Burschenschaften, 27
Busch's "Bismarck," 84, 115, 126
Busch (Moritz), 82, 121, 122, 125, 126, 133
"Bygmester Solness" (by Henrik Ibsen), 164
Byron (Lord), 107, 108, 109, 115

Caine (Hall), 118
Calais, viii
Cambridge, 243, 293
Canova (Antonio), 233
Cardemin, 78
Carlsruhe, 201–2
Carlyle (Thomas), 33, 47, 49, 78, 87, 133, 134, 143, 273, 275, 295, 315, 337
Carlyle (Thomas) and Prussianisn, 337
"Carmen" (by Bizet), 153–4
Cassel, 251
Castel de Saint Pierre (Abbé), 38
Catullus, xiv, 80, 275, 294
"Cena Trimalchionis mit Uebersetzung und Anmerkungen" (by Professor Friedlaender), xiii
Centre Party, 95, 128
Chamisso (Adalbert von), 108
Chapman (George), 242
Charlemagne, 242, 246
Charles I (of England), 112
Charles V, 315
Chartist agitations, 60
Chateaubriand (François Réné de), 110, 113
Chattians, 69
Chemnitz, 75
Cheruscans, 69, 215
China, 254
Chlum (Battle of), 43, 123
Cicero, 295
Clarendon (Earl of), xv
Clausewitz (Carl von), 53, 55, 67
Clausnitzer (L.), xii, 29, 48
Cleves, 25, 47, 225
Cobden Club, 95
Coburg-Gotha, 55
Cohen (Hermann), 130
Cologne, 7, 10, 13, 180
Columbia (University of), 51
Condé (Le Grand), 12, 123
Confédération du Rhin (La), 54
Corot (J. B. Camille), 228, 237
Corps-Studenten, 26
Corsica, 249
Crédit Lyonnais, 198
Cromwell (Oliver), 8, 24
Cromwell (Thomas), 11, 12, 255

Daily Telegraph, The, 306
Dante (Alighieri), 271, 272
Dantzig, 201–2
Darley (George), 79
Darmstadt, 83, 201–2
"Das deutsche Reich zur Zeit Bismarcks" (by Professor Hans Blum), 88
"De Bello Gallico" (Julius Cæsar's), 297
Debussy(Claude Achille), 135
Defoe (Daniel), 109
Dehmel (Richard), 164
Delacroix (F. V. Eugène), 229
Delbrueck (Professor Hans), ix, x, 42–8, 56, 57, 58, 69, 70, 93, 103, 104, 130, 169, 242, 338–40
Demolins (Edmond), 252–4
Denmark, 55, 82, 84, 122, 125, 315, 317
"Desirable Alien, The" (by Violet Hunt), 121
Dessauer, 4
"Deutsche Archiv der Weltliteratur," 254
Deutschebank, 198–9
"Deutsche Dichtung, Die" (by Professor Bartels), 173, 254
"Deutschen Universitaeten, Die gegenwaertigeVerfassungvon" (by Professor Paulsen), *see* "German Universities, The"
"Deutsche Reden in schwerer Zeit" (by Professor Hans Delbrueck), 70
"Deutscher Geschichtskalender," 331, 341
"Deutsches Volksschulwesen" (by Heppe), xii
Dickens (Charles), 108, 109, 112, 115, 116, 118
Diderot (Denis), 109
"Don Juan" (by Byron), 110
Doughty (Charles), xv
Dresden, 62–4, 72, 74–6, 201, 239, 240, 310
Dryden (John), 245
Ducamp (Maxime), 162
Duehring (Professor von), 255
Dueppel (Battle of), 43, 84, 123
Duerer (Albrecht), 7, 20, 141, 144
Duesseldorf (Consular Report), 323–5, 328–30
Duesseldorf, 180, 323–5
"Ecce Homo" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 150, 272
Eckermann (Johann P.), 139, 141, 273
"Educational Codes of Foreign Countries" (by Adolf Sonnenschein), 249
Egerton (F. Clement C.), 253
Ehrenbreitstein, 271
"Einsame Nietzsche, Der" (by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche), 146, 150
Elbe, xvii, 144, 303
Eliot (George), 109, 110, 132, 133, 143, 275
Elsass-Lothringen, *see* Alsace-Lorraine
Emmerich, 310
England, 41, 45, 123, 233, 235, 271
"Englischen Universitaeten, Die" (by Professor V. A. Huber), 290, 316
"Erlkoenig, Der" (by Goethe), 278
Essen, 31
"Etat des Ministeriums der geistlichen und Unterrichts-Angelegenheiten," 224
Eucken (Professor Rudolf), 242
Euripides, 108
Exeter, 244

Fabianism, 203
Falk (Adalbert), 11, 93, 94, 106, 111, 217, 250, 271, 275–7
"Fall Wagner, Der" (by Friedrich Nietszche), 153, 154
"Faust" (Goethe's), 112, 115 273, 275, 278
Favre (Jules), 87
"Fidelio" (by Beethoven), 179
Finances of the German Empire (Earl Granville's Report), 322–3
Fischer (Professor Emil), 168,342
Fitzgerald (Edward), 79
Flaubert (Gustave), 46, 80
Foerster-Nietzsche (Frau), 136, 145, 146, 147–51
Fontane (Theodor), xvii
Fontenelle (Bernard le B. de), 157–8
Fragonard (Jean Honoré), 22
France, viii, xvi, xix, 54, 65

119, 123, 124, 125, 145, 176, 199, 212, 233, 235, 265
Franchi (Cardinal), 95
Franck (César), 135
Franco-Prussian War, 64, 85, 94, 121, 126, 204
Frankfort, 50, 54, 83, 85, 157, 203
Frankfort Convention, 67–8
Frankfurter Zeitung, Die, 204, 230, 293
Frederick the Great, 13, 21, 25, 37, 42, 47, 68, 106, 133, 151
Frederick (Empress), 122
Frederick William I (of Prussia), 25
Frederick William II (of Prussia), 25
Frederick William III (of Prussia), 25, 26, 28, 39, 48, 56, 57
Frederick William IV, 67
Free Trade, 60
Freiberg, 73, 74
Freie Conservativen, 95
Freiheits-Kriege, 33, 35, 38, 272
Freiligrath (Ferdinand), 20, 76
"Freischuetz" (by Weber), 179
French Revolution, 13, 14, 212
Friedlaender (Professor), xiii, xiv
Friedrichsruh, 122, 123
Fuersten-Conzern, 198
"Future of Education, The" (by F. Clement C. Egerton), 253

Gaboriau (Emile), 298
Galsworthy (John), 194, 196, 197
Gambetta (Léon), 293
Gardiner (Professor Samuel Rawson), 242
Gautier (Théophile), 162
Gavelkind (Law of), 71
"Geburt der Tragoedie, Die" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 130, 131, 132, 141
Gedicke (Frederick), xii
"Gegenwaertige Verfassung der Universitaeten, Die" (by Professor Friedrich Paulsen), *see* "German Universities"
"Geistigen und Socialen Stroemungen des XIX Jahrhunderts, Die" (by Professor Theodor Ziegler), 111
Georg (Stefan), 164
George I (of England), 19
George II (of England), 12
"German Education" (by Friedrich Paulsen), 174–5, 332–6
"Germania" (by Heinrich Heine), 272
Germanic Confederation, 52, 54, 55, 59, 62
"German Higher Schools" (by James E. Russell), 331–2
"German Literature" (by Professor Calvin Thomas), 51
"German Universities and University Study, The" (by Professor Friedrich Paulsen), 257, 258, 267, 334
Germany, *passim*
Giessen (University of), 41, 255
Glasgow, 203
Gneisenau (August Wilhelm Anton, Graf von), 40, 53, 67, 68
Goethe (Johann Wolfgang v.), 18, 19, 20, 50, 64, 76, 79, 80, 94, 106, 108, 112, 115, 139, 140, 141, 268, 270, 272–85, 287–9
"Goethe, Life of" (by Professor A. Bielschowsky), 275–8
"Goetterdaemmerung" (by Richard Wagner), 135, 155
Goettingen (University of), 77
Goetzendaemmerung" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 157
"Goetz von Berlichingen" (Goethe's), 228
Grabowsky (Dr. Adolf), 254, 255, 263
Granville (Earl), 322–3
Gravelotte (Battle of), 5, 43, 86, 143
Great Britain, 71, 86, 173, 212, 219
Great Exhibition of 1851 (The), 49, 301–2, 314
Greece, 108, 271
Greek Anthology, The, 248
Grimm (Brothers), 20, 118, 119, 179
Guild System, 36, 61
Gutzkow (Karl), 52

Hacker (Professor Ludwig), 277
Hafiz, 248
Hague Convention, The, 219
Halberstadt, 25, 46

Hamburg, 55, 82, 161, 165, 203, 303–4
Hamburg, Burgomaster of, 226, 229, 237, 303–4
Hamlin, 180
Hanau, 114
Hanover, 19, 21, 54, 59, 82, 172, 180, 201
Hapsburgs, 6, 31, 52, 58
Hardenberg (Carl August, Fuerst von), 38, 39, 56, 57, 90, 183
Hartmann (Professor von), 255, 266
Hauff (Wilhelm), 158, 160
Hauptmann (Gerhart), 64, 163–4, 256
"Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," 264
Headcorn, 100
Hebbel (Christian Friedrich), 81
"Hedda Gabler" (by Henrik Ibsen), 161
Hegel (Georg W. F.), 18, 19, 20, 129, 130, 273
Heidelberg, 13, 126, 255
Heilige Jungfrau zu Telgte, Die, 99, 100, 113–5
Heine (Heinrich), 20, 49–52, 56, 64, 79, 80, 108, 119, 272, 293, 295, 297
Henry VII (of England), 71
Heppe, xii
Herder (Johann Gottfried), 34, 279
"Hermann und Dorothea" (Goethe's), 278
Herrick (Robert), 109, 244
Hessen-Cassel, 12
Hessen-Darmstadt, 83–4, 262
Hessen-Nassau, 14
Hessia, 12, 21, 23, 54, 82, 106
Heubner(Otto),62, 63,65,66, 73–5
"Hexenküche, Die" (by Goethe), 218
Hichens (Robert), 118
Hildersheim, 180
"Histoire de Prusse" (by A. Waddington), 24
"Historische und Politische Aufsaetze" (by Hans Delbrueck), 104
"History of the Great Rebellion" (by the Earl of Clarendon), xv
Hohenzollern (Principalities of), 54
Hohenzollerns, *passim*.
Holbach, 109
Holbein (Hans the Younger), 7, 8, 11, 20, 80, 141, 235
Holland, 105
Holnstein (Count), 82, 86
Holstein, 55
Holy Alliance, 30
Holy Roman Empire, 13, 24, 37, 52, 54, 58
Homer, 80, 242, 271
Hoops (Johannes), 24
Horace, 49, 291
Howard (Katharine), 298
Huber (Professor V. A.), 290,316
Hubertusburg (Treaty of), 31
Humboldt (Alexander von), 38, 39, 61, 247, 264
Hundsrueck, 118
Hunt (Violet), 120

Ibsen (Henrik), 161–4
"Iliad," 273
India, 254
Irish Nationalists, 219
Italians, 38
Italy, 60, 86, 145, 176, 271, 317

Jacoby (Johann), 121
Jahn (Otto), 77
Japan, 254
Jatho (Pastor), 120
Jena, 26, 27, 255, 273, 293
Jena (Battle of), 12, 23, 25, 38, 42, 47, 88
Jerome (King of Westphalia), 54, 109
Jews, 168
"Jingos," 138
July Revolution, 77
"Junge Nietzsche, Der," 145
Junkers, 95

Kant (Immanuel), 19, 34, 129, 130
Kevlar, 114
"King Lear," xi, 273
Kipling (Rudyard), 118
"Kleine historische Schriften" (by Professor Max Lenz), 212
Klopstock (Friedrich Gottlieb), 109
Knox (John), 153
Koenig (Mr. Consul-General Francis P.), 322–5

Koeniggraetz (Battle of), 53, 84, 123
Koenigsberg, 24, 27, 28, 34, 307
Koenigsmark (Count Philip von), 19
Koenigstein, 71
"Konversationslexikon," Meyer's, 276
Kruger (President), 306–7
Kultur, *passim.*
Kulturkampf, 48, 92–6, 111, 112, 217
Kulturmensch, 9, 34, 305–7
"Kunsthandbuch für Deutschland," 225
Kunstkronik (of Leipsic), 227, 228
"Kunst und Revolution" (by Richard Wagner), 133

Lancret (Nicholas), 22
Langensalza (Battle of), 6, 84
Langobardians, 70
Lasker (Eduard), 93
"Latter-Day Pamphlets" (by Thomas Carlyle), 337
Laube (Heinrich), 52
Lauenburg, 55
"Leben des Generals Karl von Clausewitz" (by Karl Schwartz), 53
Lehman (Dr. J. H. O. L.), 276
Leipsic, 36, 72, 145, 227, 228, 240
Leipsic (Battle of), 12, 27, 36, 40
Lenz (Professor Max), 78, 212
Leo XIII (Pope), 95
Levy (Dr. Oscar), 311
Lewes (George Henry), 133, 275
Lex Allemanica, 71
Liberals, 43, 45
Lichtenstein (Principality of), 55
Liebig (Justus, Freiherr von), 41
"Life of Bismarck" (by Max Lenz), 78
Liliencron (Detlev von), xvii
Lindau (Paul), 162
Lippe-Detmold (Principality of), 55
Literarische Echo, Das, 272
Liverpool University, 209
Livy, 248
Locke (John), 196
"Lohengrin" (by Richard Wagner), 142, 167
Lohrhaupten, 159
London, 170, 180, 190, 191, 203, 233, 247
Lorraine, 23
Louis XIV, 6, 15, 21, 37
Louis XV, 15, 22
Louis XVI, 214
Louis Philippe, 60
Louvain, 153, 269
Lovelace (Lord), 107
Lucretius, 240
Ludwig (Paul), 81
Luebeck, 55
"Lustigen von Weimar, Die" (by Goethe), 283
Luther (Martin), 12, 293
Lutheran Church, 48
Lutheran Reformed Church, 48
Luxemburg (Duchy of), 55, 88

Machiavelli (Nicolo), 213
Madrid, 312–3
Maetzner (Professor Eduard), xi, xii, xiii
Magdeburg, 13, 223
Main, 37
Maine, 46
Maine (Sir Henry), xv
Manchester, 203
Mann (Brothers), 163
Mann (Thomas), 64
Marathon (Battle of), 3
Maria Theresa, 13
Marie Antoinette, 242
Marius, 122
Markford, 100
Marlborough (First Duke of), 12
Marlowe (Christopher), 109
Marston Moor (Battle of), 41
Martial, 80
Marwitz (Friedrich August Ludwig von der), 57
Maupassant (Guy de), 162, 299
Maurice (Frederick Denison), 79
May-laws, 106
Mazarin (Cardinal), 24
"Mealy Potatoes, Die Schwester von," 246
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 54, 55
Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 54, 55
"Mein Leben" (by Richard Wagner), 73
"Meistersingers, The" (by Richard Wagner), 144

"Menschliches Allzumenschliches" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 272
"Merchant of Venice, The" (by Shakespeare), 110
Mercure de France, Le, 202, 312–14
Meredith (George), 33, 295
"Merry Widow, The," 194, 196
Metternich (Prince Clemens Lothar von), 30, 57–9
Metz, 104
Meyer (Professor Kuno), xiii, 219
Meyer (Professor Richard M.), 275
Meyerheim (Professor), 228
Mill (John Stuart), 60
Minden, 25, 46
Minnesingers, 102
Mirabeau (Gabrielle Honoré Riquetti de), 78, 120, 129
Moltke (Helmuth, Graf von), 4, 34, 40, 85–7, 124, 125
"Moltke als Politiker" (by Dr. Rudolf Peschke), 124
Mommsen (Theodor), vii, xv, xvii
Montpellier (University of), 313
Morente (Professor G.), 312–3
Morris (Sir Lewis), 118
Motley (John Lothrop), 77
Mozart (W. A. von), 20, 80
Mueller (Max), 133
Muenster, 13, 14, 32, 101, 180
Mundella (A. J.), 249
Mundt (Theodor), 52
Munich, 64, 201–2, 239, 240, 325
Munich (University of), 41

"Nachlassen Marwitz," 57
Napoleon I, 6, 12, 13, 14, 23, 26, 30, 31, 32, 40, 53, 54, 57–9, 61, 108, 109, 123, 214, 264, 265, 273, 285
Napoleon III, 40, 302
Nassau, 54
National Insurance Act, 103
National Liberal Party, 93, 94, 138
Nero, 214, 298
Netherlands, 55
New York, 117, 180
Niebuhr (Barthold Georg), 33, 38, 39
Nietzsche (Friedrich), 34, 128–32, 136–57, 206, 272, 308–11
Nihilism, 61, 62
Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, 335
North German Confederation, 55, 58, 84, 85
Nostitz, 83
"Nuit, La" (by Guy de Maupassant), 299
Nuremberg, 7, 10

O'Connell (Daniel), 78, 120, 129
Oldenburg, 54, 55
Ompteda (Freiherr von), 163
Oppenheimer, 168
Osnabruck, 14
Ostwald (Professor Wilhelm), 263
Ovid, 291–2
"Oviedo, Historia de la Universidad de" and "Discurso," etc., 312
Oxford, 243

Paardeberg (Battle of), 44
Paderborn, 119
Palestrina (Giovanni Pierluigi da), 80
Palmerston (Lord), 82
"Parerga and Paralipomena" (by Arthur Schopenhauer), 272
Paris, 86, 87, 116, 125, 133, 180, 233, 314
"Parisina's Sleep" (by Byron), 114
"Parsifal" (by Richard Wagner), 152
Paulsen (Professor Friedrich), 174–6, 201, 222, 241, 257–9, 266–7, 332–6
Peel (Sir Robert), 78, 120, 129
Percy (Earl), 71
Peschke (Dr. Rudolf), 124
Pestalozzi (Johann Heinrich), 77
Petronius, xiv, 298–300
Pforta, 151
Pheidias, 233
"Pickwick Papers, The" (by Dickens), 110
"Pilgrim's Progress, The" (by John Bunyan), 247
Platen (Countess von), 19
Plato, 248
Poland, 30, 31, 114, 318
Poles, 24, 123, 318

"Politik" (by H. von Treitschke), 29, 36, 338
Pope (Alexander), 245
"Pot-Bouille" (by Emile Zola), 160
Pragmatic Sanction (First), 52
"Principe, Il" (by Machiavelli), 213
Propertius, 292, 294
Protection, 192, 202
Provence, 116
Prussia, *passim*
Prussian Education (Imperial Speeches and Ministerial Decrees concerning), 330–1
Prutz (Robert Eduard), 275

Radziwill Affair, 48
"Ralph Roister Doister" (by Nicholas Udall), 298
Ramsay (Sir William), xxi, 167, 342
Ranke (Leopold von), 42, 56, 130
Ravel (Maurice), 135
"Reallexikon der germanischen Altertumskunde" (by Johannes Hoops), 24
Renan (Ernest), 49, 110, 113, 131, 273
"Reports on Elementary Schools" (by Matthew Arnold), 249
Reuss (Principalities of), 55
Revista de Libros, 312–4
Rheims Cathedral, 303
Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, 323–4
Rhine, 13, 23, 40, 165, 180, 271
Rickert (Eugen), 93
Ried (Treaty of), 126
"Ring of the Nibelungs, The" (by Richard Wagner), 135, 146, 147, 148
Robert of Gloucester, xi, xii, xiii
Roeckel (August), 63, 65
"Roemische Geschichte" (by Theodor Mommsen), vii, xv
Rohde (Erwin), 145
Romanoffs, 31
Rome, 94, 116
"Rome, Naples et Florence" (by Stendhal), 275
Roon (Albrecht T. E., Graf von), 34, 40, 85, 86
Rosin (H.), xii, 48
"Rosmersholm" (by Henrik Ibsen), 161
Rossetti (Christina), 293
Rothenburg, 10
Rothschild, 168
Rousseau (Jean Baptiste), 37
Rousseau (Jean Jacques), 110
Rueckert (Friedrich), 79, 108, 118, 119
Ruedesheim, 287
Ruskin (John), 294
Russell (James E.), 331–2
Russia, 30, 31, 61, 86, 123, 124, 129, 176, 213
Russians, 25, 40

St. Privat (Battle of), 4, 123
Salic Law, 173
Sans Souci, 15
Sappho, 80, 274
Sarto (Andrea del), 235
Sassenberg, 100
"Satirarum reliquiæ" (by Professor Buecheler), xiii
Saturday Review, The, 171, 173
"Satyricon," 298–300, 301
Saxe-Altenburg, 54, 55
Saxe-Coburg, 54
Saxe-Meiningen, 54, 55
Saxe-Weimar, 15, 55
Saxony, 54, 55, 59, 62, 63, 66, 71, 75
Scarlatti (Alessandro), 80
Schaefer (Arnold), 275
Scharnhorst (General Gerhard J. D. von), 28, 40, 53, 67, 68
Schaumburg-Lippe (Principality of), 55
Scherzer (Professor), 277
Schiller (J. C. Friedrich v.), 20
Schlegel (C. W. Friedrich v.), 51
Schleswig-Holstein, 82, 124
Schlossbruecke (of Berlin), 233, 236, 237
Schneidemuehlen, 283
Schoen (Henri), 312
Schoengauer (Martin), 141
Schoenhausen, 78
"Schopenhauer als Erzieher" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 132
Schopenhauer (Arthur), 79, 130, 272
Schrenkh, 83
Schumann (Robert), 78

Schwartzburg, 54, 55
Scott (Walter), 109
Sedan (Battle of), 6, 12, 82, 86, 121, 123, 143, 159
Sevigné (Madame de), 109
Shakespeare (William), xiv, 80, 81, 108, 109, 112, 115, 271
Shaw (George Bernard), 197
"Shooting Niagara: and after?" (by Thomas Carlyle), 337
Sieges Allee (in Berlin), 237, 306
Sievers (Professor Eduard), xi, xii, xiii
Sigismund (Emperor), 23
Silesia, 25, 31
Simeon Stylites, St., 153
Simplicissimus, 119, 205
Smiles (Samuel), 302
Socrates, 80
Sonnenschein (Adolf), 249
Sophia Dorothea (Electress), 19
Sorbonne, 313
Sorrento, 150–2
"Sorrows of Werther, The" (by Goethe), 280, 288
South African War, 39, 118, 119
Spain, 312–4
Spencer (Herbert), 132
Spessart, 158
Spielhagen (Friedrich), 110
Spion Kop (Battle of), 44
"Standard Library of International Literature," xiii
Steele (Richard), 109
Stein (H. S. Carl, Freiherr vom und zum), 38, 56, 57, 89, 183
"Stein, Hardenberg und die sozial-politischen Ideen der Gegenwart" (by Hans Delbrueck), 48, 340
Stejskal (Dr. Karl), 277
Stendhal (Henry Beyle), 274–5
Strafford (Earl of), 112
Strasburg, 104
Strauss (David Friedrich), 129, 132, 133
Strauss (Richard), 64
Strindberg (August), 197, 272
Students, *see* Corps-Studenten
Stuttgart, 201, 240
Sudermann (Hermann), 64, 108, 163–4
Swift (Jonathan), 109
Swinburne (Algernon Charles), 298, 300
Switzerland, 65, 161

Tacitus, 70, 248
Taine (Hippolyte A.), 49, 110, 113, 273
"Tannhaeuser" (by Wagner), 65
Taunton, 244
Tel-el-Kebir (Battle of), 44
Telgte, 99, 100, 104, 112–4, 116
Tenniel (Sir John), 127
Tennyson (Alfred, Lord), xiii
Teutoburger Wald, 106
Teutonic Knights, 24
Thackeray (William Makepeace), 109, 112, 115, 116, 118
Thiers (Adolphe), 87
Thomas (Professor Calvin), 51, 52
Thomson (James), 245
Thorwaldsen (Bertel), 233
Tibullus, xv, 80, 291–2, 295
Tilly (Joan T., Graf von), 12, 286
Tilsit (Treaty of), 25, 28
Times, The, 133, 252, 314
"Travels in Arabia Deserta" (by Charles Doughty), xv
Treitschke (Heinrich von), 28, 29, 30, 34–7, 39, 42, 43, 48, 58, 65, 86, 88, 107, 120, 126, 128, 130, 138, 169, 185, 338
Treveris Romanorum (Trèves), 4
"Trimalchionis, Cena" xiii, 298
"Tristan und Isolde" (by Richard Wagner), 142, 144, 151
"Tristia" (Ovid's), 293
Troyon (Constant), 228
Tschudi (Hugo von), 227–9
Tuebingen (University of), 317
Tugendbund, 28
Turenne (Maréchal), 12
Turgenieff (Ivan), 62, 80, 81
Turkey, 77, 146, 198

Udall (Nicholas), 298
United States of America, xvi, 17, 116, 145, 168, 169, 176, 185, 218, 313–4, 317
"Unterrichtsgesetzes, Geschichte des preussischen" (by Clausnitzer and Rosin), xii, 48
"Unzeitgemaesse Betrachtungen" (by Friedrich Nietzsche), 139, 143, 146
Utrecht (Treaty of), 37

Vandyck (Sir Anthony), 235
Velasquez (R. de Silva), 235
Venice, 128
Verne (Jules), 298
Versailles, 5, 14, 82
"Versunkene Glocke, Der" (by Gerhart Hauptmann), 163
Victoria (Queen), 121, 122, 124, 126, 307
Victory of Samothrace, 80, 162, 293
Viebig (Clara), 163
Viehoff (Heinrich), 275
Vienna, 21, 62, 240
Vienna (Congress of), 38, 57–9, 61, 62
Villemessant (J. Hippolyte A. D. de), 162
Villon (François), 80, 272
Vinci (Leonardo da), 80, 229
Voltaire (Arouet de), 22, 109, 113, 156
Vossische Zeitung, Die, 199

Waddington (A.), 24
Wagner (Richard), 20, 49, 63–6, 71–4, 78, 132–7, 142–7, 151–4, 167, 206, 226
"Wagner's Prose Works" (translated by Ashton Ellis), 134
"Wahlfahrt nach Kevlar" (by Heine), 50
Wahnfried, 143
Waldeck-Pyrmont (Principality of), 55, 67
"Wallenstein" (by Schiller), 194, 196
Wallenstein (Albrecht W. E. von), 12, 286
"Walpurgisnacht" (by Goethe), 276
Walter von der Vogelweide, 10
Wars of Freedom, *see* Freiheits-Kriege
Waterloo (Battle of), 41
Watteau (Antoine), 22
Weber (Friedrich Wilhelm), 118
Wedekind (Frank), 197
Weimar, 15, 115, 240, 273, 285
Wendels (Professor), 269
"Wer ist's?" 264
Westphalia, 21, 23, 31, 32, 54, 59, 99, 100, 102, 106, 109, 111, 117, 180, 318
Wettin (House of), 66
Wetzlar, 287–9
"Whigs und Tories" (by Professor Hans Delbrueck), 43, 338–9
Wienberg (Ludolf), 52
Wilamowitz-Moellerndorff (Professor), xvi, xvii
William I (German Emperor), xvi, 85, 88, 87, 162
William II (German Emperor), xv, xvii, 35, 106, 180, 202, 205, 209–16, 225–31, 235–7, 251–3, 285, 303–4, 306–9
William of Orange, 12
Winckelmann (Arnold), 141, 144
"Wirtshaus im Spessart" (by Wilhelm Hauff), 160
Wolfenbuettel, 21
Wolff (Eugen), 275
Wolfram von Eschenbach, 10
Wurtemberg (Württemberg), 54, 83, 86, 247
Wye, 100

"Yellow Press," 34, 138, 179
"Young Germany" (School of), 52, 55

"Zampa," 148
"Zehn Jahre Deutscher Kaempfe" (by H. von Treitschke), 36
Zichlinsky (Leo von), 73
Ziegler (Professor Theobald), 110, 111, 138, 255
Zola (Emile), 160–4

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